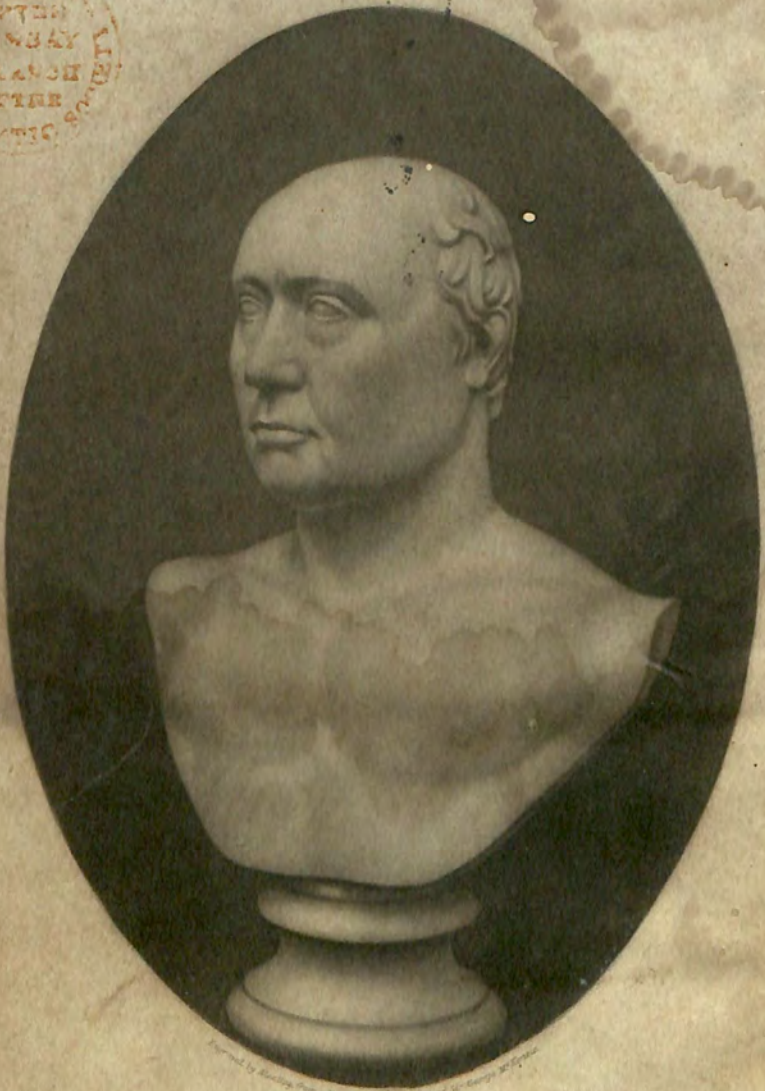
NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 23 March, 2016

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF DAVID HUME.



DAVID HUME

Edinburgh, Published by William Tait

LIFE

AND

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

DAVID HUME.

FROM THE PAPERS BEQUEATHED BY HIS NEPHEW TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH; AND OTHER ORIGINAL SOURCES.

24325 a 1

BY JOHN HILL BURTON, ESQ.
ADVOCATE.

VOLUME II.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM TAIT, 107, PRINCE'S STREET.
MDCCCXLVI.

00024325

EDINBURGH:
Printed by William Tait, 107, Prince's Street.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME SECOND.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO VOL. II.

Portrait of Hume from a Bust, ... *Frontispiece.*
Fac simile of a page of the History of England, . . Page 79
Fac simile of a letter from Rousseau, . . . 326

CHAPTER X.

1756—1759. ÆT. 45—48.

The second volume of the History of the Stuarts — His Apologies for his Treatment of Religion — The Four Dissertations — The Two Suppressed Dissertations — Resigns his Office of Librarian — Home's Douglas — Commences the History of the Tudors — Wilkie's Epigoniad — Hume's Nationalism — Warburton — Colonel Edmondstoune — Dr. Robertson — Negotiations as to Ferguson's Chair — Hume goes to London — Writes Letters of Fictitious and Extravagant News — Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments — Publication of the History of the House of Tudor — General View of the Constitutional Principles of the History. 1

CHAPTER XI.

1760 — 1762. ÆT. 49 — 51.

Alterations of the History in the direction of despotic Principles — Specimens — Alterations in Style — Specimens — His Elaboration — Ossian's Poems — Labours at the early part of the History — Ferguson's "Sister Peg" — Acquaintance with Madame de Boufflers — Account of that lady — First intercourse with Rousseau — Rousseau's position — The exiled Earl Marischal — Campbell and his Dissertation on Miracles. 73

CHAPTER XII.

1762 — 1763. ÆT. 51 — 52.

The Publication of the History anterior to the Accession of the Tudors — Completion of the History — Inquiry how far it is a complete History — Hume's Intention to write an Ecclesiastical History — Opinions of

Townsend and others on his History — Appreciation of the Fine Arts — Hume's House in James's Court — Its subsequent occupation by Boswell and Johnson — Conduct of David Mallet — Hume's Projects — The Douglas Cause — Correspondence with Reid. . . Page 120

CHAPTER XIII.

1763 — 1764. ÆT. 52 — 53.

Lord Hertford's appointment to the French Embassy, and invitation to Hume to accompany him — Correspondence on the occasion — Residence in London, and remarks on the Political Movements of 1763 — State of his reputation in France — His Arrival — Letters to friends at home about his flattering reception — The young French princes — Observations on eminent French people — His recommendations to a Clergyman — Introductions of Fellow Countrymen. 156

CHAPTER XIV.

1764 — 1765. ÆT. 53 — 54.

The French and English Society of Hume's day — Reasons of his warm reception in France — Society in which he moved — Mixture of lettered men with the Aristocracy — Madame Geoffrin — Madame Du Page de Boccage — Madame Du Deffand — Mademoiselle De L'Espinasse — D'Alembert — Turgot — The Prince of Conti — Notices of Hume among the Parisians — Walpole in Paris — Resumption of the Correspondence — Hume undertakes the management of Elliot's sons — Reminiscences of home — Mrs. Cockburn — Adam Smith — Madame De Boufflers and the Prince of Conti — Correspondence with Lord Elibank. 207

CHAPTER XIV.*

1765 — 1766. ÆT. 54 — 55.

Hume's Sentiments as to the Popularity of his works — A letter to the Scottish Clergy — Correspondence with Elliot continued — Sir Robert Liston — Mallet — Hume appointed Secretary of Legation — Chargé d' Affaires at Paris — Proposal to appoint him Secretary for Ireland — Reasons of the Failure of the Project — Lord Hertford — Resumption of Communication with Rousseau — Rousseau in Paris — Notices of his History and Character — Hume's Solicitude for his welfare — Return to Britain — Disposal of Rousseau — Death of Jardine. . . 263

* By mistake two chapters have been numbered XIV.

CHAPTER XV.

1766—1767. ÆT. 55—56.

Rousseau at Wooton—Mr. Davenport—Negotiations as to Rousseau's pension—Origin and rise of his excitement against Hume—Proper method of viewing the dispute—Incidents illustrative of Rousseau's state of mind—His charges against Hume—Smith's opinion—Opinion of the French friends—Hume's conduct in the publication of the papers—Voltaire—Rousseau's flight and wanderings—Hume's subsequent conduct to him. . . . . Page 319

CHAPTER XVI.

1766—1770. ÆT. 55—59.

Hume Under Secretary of State—Church Politics—Official abilities—Conduct as to Ferguson's book—Quarrel with Oswald—Baron Mure's sons—Project of continuing the History—Ministerial convulsions—Hume's conduct to his Family—His Brother—His Nephews—Baron Hume—Blacklock—Smollett—Church Patronage—Gibbon—Robertson—Elliot—Gilbert Stuart—The Douglas Cause—Andrew Stewart—Morellet—Return to Scotland. . 382

CHAPTER XVII.

1771—1776. ÆT. 60—65.

Hume's social character—His conversation—His disposition—Traditional anecdotes regarding him—Correspondence—Letter about the Pretender—Gilbert Stuart's quarrel with Dr. Henry—Commercial State of Scotland—Letter to his nephew on Republicanism—Smith's "Wealth of Nations"—Hume's illness—His Will—Smith appointed Literary Executor—Strahan substituted—His journey to England with Home—Prospects of Death—Communications with his Friends and Relations—His Death—General view of his influence on Thought and Action. 437

INDEX. 523

THE LIFE

OF

DAVID HUME.

CHAPTER X.

1756—1759. ÆT. 45—48.

The second volume of the History of the Stuarts — His Apologies for his Treatment of Religion — The Four Dissertations — The Two Suppressed Dissertations — Resigns his Office of Librarian — Home's Douglas — Commences the History of the Tudors — Wilkie's Epigoniad — Hume's Nationalism — Warburton — Colonel Edmonstoune — Dr. Robertson — Negotiations as to Ferguson's Chair — Hume goes to London — Writes letters of Fictitious and Extravagant News — Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments — Publication of the History of the House of Tudor — General View of the Constitutional Principles of the History.

We have now followed the personal history of David Hume through nearly twenty years of authorship. We have seen him approach the tribunal of public opinion with the strongest internal assurance of success, and in a form so different from that of his predecessors, as a high reliance on his own powers could alone have prompted. Baffled in the first, and in the second, and in the third attempt, he still persevered; and while the coldness of each reception showed him that his last effort had proved a failure, it never extinguished the fire of literary ardour which he felt burning within him, or quenched the hope, that it would one day blaze forth before the world. It is only towards the termination of this long period of laborious authorship that we find the

philosopher's early visions of intellectual greatness beginning to be fulfilled. At the period at which we have now arrived, his name was famous over Europe. It was a fame that, once spread abroad, was not soon to die; for those to whom his name was first made known in his new popular work, speedily discovered that, in his earliest neglected effort, he had laid the foundation of a still surer claim on their admiration, and justified the sagacity with which, in the pride and strength of youthful genius, he had thrown its first fruits before the world unaided and unadvised.

The year 1756 seems to have been in a great measure devoted by Hume to the printing of the second volume of his History, to which the following letters to Millar refer. A great part of the correspondence with this sagacious publisher relates to minute business arrangements. It is presumed, that the reader may wish to see some specimens of the manner in which Hume transacted such matters, but that he will not care to have the whole of the arrangements between the author and publisher laid before him. A few specimens of the business part of the letters are accordingly selected, while those portions which have any general interest, literary, philosophical, or political, are given in full. The reader will see, perhaps, with some surprise, that he was very anxious to subject his style to the critical eye of Mallet. We shall hereafter have to disclose some curious features of his literary intercourse with this extraordinary person.

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"*Edinburgh, 22d September*, 1756.

"Mr. Strahan, in a few days, will have finished the printing this volume; and I hope you will find leisure,

before the hurry of winter, to peruse it, and to write me your remarks on it. I fancy you will publish about the middle of November. I must desire you to take the trouble of distributing a few copies to my friends in London, and of sending me a few copies here. The whole will be fifteen copies.

"Notwithstanding Mr. Mallet's impertinence in not answering my letter, (for it deserves no better a name,) if you can engage him from yourself to mark on the perusal such slips of language as he thinks I have fallen into in this volume, it will be a great obligation to me: I mean that I shall lie under an obligation to you; for I would not willingly owe any to him. I am, dear sir, your most humble servant."[1]

"*Edinburgh, 4th December*, 1756.

"DEAR SIR,—I have two of yours before me, and should have answered them sooner, had not Mr. Dalrymple told me that he would come to a resolution, in a few days, about the method of printing his volume. As soon as he does so, I shall write you.

"I am certainly very well satisfied with your sale, which I hope continues. Lord Lyttelton's objection is not well grounded; I have not contradicted that story betwixt Shaftesbury and Clifford: I have only omitted it. It stands only on Burnet's authority, who is very careless and inaccurate. I believe I could convince both you and him that it was without foundation. I am very glad that Mr. Mallet has marked those expressions which appeared Scotticisms. You could not do me a greater pleasure than to procure me a list of them. I beg of you to employ all your interest with him to that purpose. I am very anxious to see them soon, that I may examine them at leisure, and

[1] MS. R.S.E.

correct them in all my writings. A very little time would suffice for him to take down the page and the line and the expression. If counting the line were too troublesome, he would oblige me by only marking the page and the expression; I would easily find it.

"I had a conversation, yesterday, with Messrs. Kincaid and Donaldson, when I made them a proposal, which, I hope, will be for both your advantage. They told me that you had only about four hundred complete sets of my philosophical writings. I am extremely desirous to have these four volumes, with that which you will publish this winter, brought into a quarto volume. They said that the small size was rather more proper for their sale; and, therefore, they would gladly take, at present, two hundred sets of the four volumes, to be paid for by so many of their shares in the quarto edition as would be an equivalent; that is, if the quarto volume were sold at the same price with the four volumes, then set for set: if at more, then such allowance to be made as, upon calculation, would appear to be an equivalent. If the History meet with success, it will certainly quicken the sale of the philosophical writings; and the taking two hundred sets from you, leaves you so small a number on hand, as gives you a certain prospect of coming soon to a new edition. Though some odd copies of particular volumes remain on hand, there is no great matter, as they may be disposed of with a small discount. If you agree to this proposal, they empowered me to desire you to put the two hundred copies on board a ship with the first occasion, and to write them a letter, by which they may be sure that there is no mistake in the conditions. The bringing these scattered pieces into one volume will, of itself, quicken the sale; and every new edition has naturally that effect.

"I again recommend to you, very earnestly, the procuring me that favour from Mr. Mallet. It is not possible that he can refuse you. I wish I had desired you to ask the same favour of Mr. Reid, to whom please to make my compliments. I am, dear sir, your most obedient servant."[1]

The second volume of the History, bringing down the narrative to the Revolution, was published in 1756. "This performance," says Hume in his "own life," alluding to the previous volume, "happened to give less displeasure to the Whigs, and was better received. It not only rose itself, but helped to buoy up its unfortunate brother."

The manner in which he had characterized the different religious bodies, whose conduct he had to describe, gave offence to many readers, and was afterwards matter of regret to himself. The toleration which forbids us to punish our neighbour on account of his creed, he had fully learned. That still higher toleration, which forbids us to treat our neighbour's religious creed with disrespect, he had not yet acquired. He always speaks of the extreme Independents and Presbyterians as enthusiasts. With this term, not in itself opprobrious, because, though it implies excess, it does not imply the excess of a bad quality, he, on some occasions, associates the word fanaticism, and other expressions having a like sarcastic, or at least slighting tendency. To the Roman Catholic religion he was still less respectful, generally speaking of it as "the Catholic superstition."[2]

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] In a small book, called "Letters on Mr. Hume's History of Great Britain," Edinburgh, 1756, known to have been written by Daniel Macqueen, D.D. the chief object is to prove that Hume

In his "Natural History of Religion," published in 1757, he used the same offensive expressions, and spoke of the ceremonies and essential doctrines of the church of Rome, in a tone which no sincere member of that church can encounter without painful feelings. In this respect he certainly did not act up to the character of a true philosopher, though his expressions are no doubt in harmony with the general tone of his mind. He certainly had no wish to insult any man's creed, but he never dreamed that, among his readers, there might be some who sympathized deeply with the catholic spirit of the gothic ages, or with the independent temper of the covenanters. One whose mind revolted so nervously against whatever was not stamped with the character of profound philosophy, or of brilliant intellect, could see nothing to admire in the adaptation of the catholic system to the dark ages in which it flourished; and would have little respect for such achievements as it gained in the war with barbarous minds and brutal passions.[1]

In Scotland, the Episcopal Church was at that time barely tolerated; and many an outcry against

has not treated the Roman Catholic religion with sufficient severity, and to supply this defect in his History. In a few remarks at the end, however, Dr. Macqueen had the merit of suggesting many of the constitutional criticisms on Hume, which were afterwards followed out.

[1] A sketch of Hume's character and habits, in *The Edinburgh Magazine* for 1802, professing to be by one who was personally acquainted with him, is discredited, by its containing a statement that he had joined the Roman Catholic Church when he was in France. The reader will remember that, almost from the moment of his setting foot on foreign soil, he censures the Roman Catholics, in his letters to his friends; and nothing could be mentioned more at variance with a known character, than this writer's assertion, which seems to rest on some imaginative parallel between the personal history of Hume and that of Gibbon. As the reader may

this toleration, as one of the sins of the time, made its adherents daily fear that their freedom of conscience

desire to read the sketch thus condemned, and to judge for himself of its applicability to Hume, it is here given.

"ANECDOTES OF DAVID HUME, ESQ.

By one who personally knew him.

"David Hume was a man of parts, natural and acquired, far superior to most of mankind; of a benevolent heart, a friendly, kind disposition, and a real affection for all his connexions. No man is without his failings; and his great views of being singular, and a vanity to show himself superior to most people, led him to advance many axioms that were dissonant to the opinions of others, and led him into sceptical doctrines only to show how minute and puzzling they were to other folk; in so far, that I have often seen him (in various companies, according as he saw some enthusiastic person there) combat either their religious or political principles; nay, after he had struck them dumb, take up the argument on their side with equal good humour, wit, and jocoseness, all to show his pre-eminency. For the justness of these observations, I appeal to his life, wrote by himself, and published by his friend and admirer, Adam Smith, where you see he was so chagrined at no notice of, or answer being made to, his Essays, and was so disappointed, that he proposed to retire to Saumure, or some other part of France, to be lost to the unheeding world; and, in short, be a perfect hermit. But, on being answered by a bishop, on some of his dogmas, and other favourable circumstances flattering him that he would at last be conspicuous, he gave up the project, and was first a companion, for some time, to the Marquis of Annandale; then librarian to the Advocates here; after that, secretary to General Sinclair at Turin (who was, under pretence of an ambassador to his Sardinian Majesty, a spy, as his conduct was dubious to the allies, against Louis XV.;) afterwards, by General Conway's interest, secretary to Lord Hertford at Paris; left there chargé d'affairs; and, finally, one of the under secretaries of state for about half a year. After which he settled in Edinburgh for life, and made all his friends and connexions happy by the possession of so worthy a man.—Thus far I have given my real sentiments of the man, and can only now regret that he was so weak as to write his life in the style he did.

"I must add, that he was a cheerful and most agreeable companion, well informed, and who accommodated himself to the company; and, for all his abstruse learning, was never happier than in a select

might be made still more narrow. For the Roman Catholics there was no toleration in the proper acceptation of the term. Had their priesthood

company of ladies and friends, and fond to engage in a party at whist, of which game he was a complete adept, and, of consequence, successful. He never played deep; never above a shilling, one, two, or three; and I have known him come into Edinburgh for some weeks, pay his residence there, and get a recruit of clothes and necessaries out of his gains; nay, sometimes to have a pound or two to give in assistance to a necessitous relation; and carry back to his brother's house, at Ninewells, the cash he brought with him from that place, in order to defray the expenses of his visit to the metropolis. General Scott of Balcomie, who was a good judge in these matters, was so convinced of his superior skill at whist, that I was assured he offered David his purse to gamble at London; and that he would give him £1000 a-year if he would communicate his winnings. This he refused with disdain, saying, he played for his amusement; and though General Scott would give him ten times more per annum, he would be accessary to no such fraudulent doings.

"It was very remarkable, that, though from study and reading the purest authors in the English language he learnt to write in a correct and elegant style, yet, in conversing, he spoke with the tone, idiom, and vulgar voice of the commonalty in the Merse or Berwickshire. This, I presume, arose from his having been greatly, in his early years, about his brother's house, conversing with servants, &c.; and having no ear (though a foreign or even a dead language, which he acquired by grammar and rules, he wrote pointedly,) it was impossible for him to attain, in speaking, any other dialect of the Scots than that he caught in his childhood: besides, he had but a creeping voice, rather effeminate than manly.

"I could give you several anecdotes with regard to him; I shall content myself with one. One day when he was advancing some irreligious maxims in a sarcastical style, I said to him, 'L——, David, ye are much altered in your sentiments since you professed yourself a sincere Roman Catholic, confessed yourself to the priests, declared yourself a sincere penitent, got absolution, and even extreme unction.' He was much offended at this, as he believed none knew, in this country, that all this had happened to him at Nice. He answered in a huff, 'I was in a high fever then, and did not know what I said, or they did with me.' I replied, 'You put me in mind of Patie Birnie's answer to the minister of King-

mingled in the ordinary society of Edinburgh, and had Hume become acquainted with them as he afterwards was with the clergy of France, he would perhaps have blushed to write as he did, of the creed of learned and accomplished men. In his subsequent editions, he carefully cleansed his History of these offensive expressions, substituting in general the word "creed" or "religion," instead of superstition.

The coincidence of his metaphysical opinions, with those of a considerable portion of the Presbyterians, has already been noticed; and his desire to strip religion of all forms and symbols, would seem to point out the Presbyterian system as that with which he should naturally have had the greatest sympathy. But he disliked enthusiasm or zeal, whatever were the opinions of the zealots; and therefore he invariably marks with censure the extreme views of that religious party. In the English church, on the other hand, he met with a larger proportion of learned, accomplished, and gentlemanlike men. Among persons, too, many of whom were tempted to assume the sacerdotal character by its emoluments, not by its duties, he found a tolerable portion of that philosophical indifference, which it is to be feared he looked upon as no blemish in a clergyman's character. In the Church of England, his sympathies were thus with the insincere.[1] Where

horn, who, stumbling o'er him in a passage dead drunk, said, 'Ah! Patie, is this your promise that you would never be fu' again, if the Lord spared you?' — 'Wow,' quo' Pate, 'I wonder to hear ane of your honour's sense mind what ony body says in a red raving fever; I kent naithing of what was ga'en.' David and I, for years after, were tolerable good friends, but never so cordial as before. G. N."
[These initials are supposed to be those of George Nichol, M. P.]

[1] Hume was inclined to admire the polity of the Church of England, on grounds peculiar to himself. The tendency of his remarks on the wealth and dignity of that establishment, is to hold

there was sincere belief, but not to the extent of enthusiasm, the clergy of the Church of Scotland would have the largest share of his confidence. Accordingly, we find that he had formed a warm intimacy with many of the members of the "moderate" party in that church. His own good taste and sense of colloquial politeness, would suggest to him the propriety of avoiding, whether in correspondence or conversation, all forms of expression or enunciations of opinion, such as it would be unbecoming in a clergyman to hear without reproving. On the other hand, his correspondence with the clergy bears traces of his having made it part of the understanding on which their intercourse was to be based, that they were not to make him a subject for the exercise of their calling; and that they were to abstain from all efforts of conversion, and all discussion of religious subjects. Hence, although there are many observations on church politics in his correspondence with his reverend friends, religion is a matter never mentioned.

Before he published his second volume, Hume felt conscious of the impropriety of the tone he had adopted in the first, towards religious creeds. In a letter to Dr. Clephane, he says,—"I am convinced that whatever I have said of religion should have received some more softenings. There is no passage in the History

that heaping riches and honours on a clergy, by occupying their minds in pomps and vanities, diverts a certain portion of the spirit of priestcraft from its natural propensity to subdue or annoy the rest of the community, and is on the whole a judicious investment of a considerable proportion of the wealth and honours which may happen to be at the command of a state. Adam Smith's opinion, on the other hand, was, that the people are best protected against the influence of priestcraft, by allowing no sect to have a superiority over others, and by leaving the clergy of different denominations to expend their zeal in fighting with each other.

which strikes in the least at revelation. But as I run over all the sects successively, and speak of each of them with some mark of disregard, the reader, putting the whole together, concludes that I am of no sect; which to him will appear the same thing as the being of no religion. With regard to politics and the character of princes and great men, I think I am very moderate. My views of *things* are more conformable to Whig principles; my representations of *persons* to Tory prejudices. Nothing can so much prove that men commonly regard more persons than things, as to find that I am commonly numbered among the Tories."[1]

The following paper is evidently a draft of a preface, which, in the consciousness that some apology was called for in connexion with this subject, he intended to prefix to the second volume. He afterwards published a great part of the substance of it in a note towards the end of the volume: but there is sufficient difference in the contents of the two papers to make the following a distinct object of interest.

PREFACE.

It ought to be no matter of offence, that in this volume, as well as in the foregoing, the mischiefs which arise from the abuses of religion are so often mentioned, while so little in comparison is said of the salutary consequences which result from true and genuine piety. The proper office of religion is to reform men's lives, to purify their hearts, to enforce all moral duties, and to secure obedience to the laws and civil magistrate. While it pursues these useful purposes, its operations, though infinitely valuable, are secret and silent, and seldom come under the cognisance of history. That adulterate species of it alone, which inflames faction, animates sedition, and prompts rebellion, distinguishes itself in the

[1] Original at Kilravock.

open theatre of the world. Those, therefore, who attempt to draw inferences disadvantageous to religion from the abuses of it mentioned by historians, proceed upon a very gross, and a very obvious fallacy; for, besides that every thing is liable to abuse, and the best things the most so, the beneficent influence of religion is not to be sought for in history. That principle is always the more pure and genuine, the less figure it makes in the annals of war, politics, intrigues, and revolutions, quarrels, and convulsions; which it is the business of an historian to record and transmit to posterity.

It ought as little to be matter of offence, that no religious sect is mentioned in this work without being exposed sometimes to some note of blame and disapprobation. The frailties of our nature mingle themselves with every thing in which we are employed, and no human institutions will ever reach perfection, the idea of an infinite mind. The author of the universe seems at first sight to require a worship absolutely pure, simple, unadorned, without rites, institutions, ceremonies; even without temples, priests, or verbal prayer and supplication. Yet has this species of devotion been often found to degenerate into the most dangerous fanaticism. When we have recourse to the aid of the senses and imagination, in order to adapt our religion in some degree to human infirmity, it is very difficult, and almost impossible, to prevent altogether the intrusion of superstition, or keep men from laying too great stress on the ceremonial and ornamental parts of their worship. Of all the sects into which Christians have been divided, the Church of England seems to have chosen the most happy medium; yet it will undoubtedly be allowed, that during the age of which these volumes treat, there was a tincture of superstition in the partisans of the hierarchy, as well as a strong mixture of enthusiasm in their antagonists. But it is the nature of the latter principle soon to evaporate and decay. A spirit of moderation usually succeeds in a little to the fervours of zeal; and it must be acknowledged, to the honour of the present Presbyterians, Independents, and other sectaries of this island, that they resemble in little more than in name their predecessors, who flourished during the civil wars, and who were the authors of such disorders. It would appear ridiculous in the eyes of

the judicious part of mankind, to pretend that even the first reformers, in most countries of Europe, did not carry matters to a most violent extreme, and were not on many occasions liable to the imputation of fanaticism. Not to mention that uncharitable spirit which accompanies zealots of all kinds, and which led the early reformers, almost universally, to inflict upon the Catholics, and on all who differed from them, the same rigours of which they themselves so loudly complained.

These hints, however obvious, the author thought proper to suggest, with regard to the free and impartial manner in which he has treated religious controversy. As to the civil and political part of his performance, he scorns to suggest any apology, where he thinks himself entitled to approbation. To be above the temptation of interest is a species of virtue, which we do not find by experience to be very common; but to neglect at the same time all popular and vulgar applause, is an enterprise much more rare and arduous. Whoever, in a factious nation, pays court to neither party, must expect that justice will be done him by time only, perhaps only by a distant posterity.[1]

The "Natural History of Religion" above referred to, remarkable even among its author's other works, for the breadth of its research, and its apt union of philosophy with historical detail, was published in 1757, along with three other essays;[2] and a curious incident connected with this publication has now to be revealed. In 1783, a work was published in London, called "Essays on Suicide and the Immortality of the Soul, ascribed to the late David Hume, Esq., never before published; with remarks, intended as an antidote to the poison contained in these perfor-

[1] Scroll in Hume's handwriting, Minto MSS.

[2] Four Dissertations: The Natural History of Religion; Of the Passions; Of Tragedy; Of the Standard of Taste. 8vo, A. Millar. Hume, in his "own life," says they were published in the interval between the first and second volumes of his History.

mances, by the Editor." The editor and his antidote are now both forgotten: but the style of Hume and his method of thinking were at once recognised in these essays, and they have been incorporated with the general edition of his works. If any doubt attached to the authorship, it would be cleared up by some allusions in his subsequent correspondence, where we shall find him naturally expressing alarm at the circumstance of Wilkes having, through the negligence of Millar, had possession of a copy containing the two suppressed essays. Many copies, indeed, of the first edition of the dissertations bear marks of having been mutilated.[1] That Hume wrote these essays, and intended to publish them, is thus an incident in his life which ought not to be passed over; but it is also part of his history, that he repented of the act at the last available moment, and suppressed the publication.

That after the ghastly scene which he witnessed twenty years earlier,[2] he should have written on suicide with his usual philosophical indifference, and contempt for the prevalent sentiments and feelings of mankind, is a remarkable proof how little he was liable to ordinary imaginative impressions; how completely he was free of subjection to those

> "lords of the visionary eye, whose lid
> Once raised remains aghast, and will not fall."

It may safely be pronounced, that had he widened the circle of his utilitarian theory, and embraced

[1] In a copy which I possess, after p. 200, the end of the third dissertation, there are four strips of paper, the remains of half a sheet cut away. This occurs in signature K, and signature L begins with the fourth dissertation.

[2] Vol. i. p. 216.

within it, as he might have done, Hutcheson's theory of universal benevolence, he never would have palliated self-slaughter. He looked at it only in relation to the person who perpetrates the act. The utilitarian principle, however, should have suggested to him the misery caused to surviving relatives by one such deed, the horrible uncertainty that must pervade any society where it is common; and he would have felt that no single life can be so dreadful a burden to the owner as to justify him in causing such an amount of evil to the rest of the world, as he would produce by casting it away. The result of modern reading and inquiry into vital statistics, is to show that the desire of longevity, which the author of our being has implanted in all bosoms, is an adaptation to universal utility; because it is from premature deaths, produced by violence or disease, that communities are burdened with those unproductive members of society, which in a healthy and long-lived community, receive domestic support from the productive members.[1]

The reasonings of an enthusiast have generally more plausibility than those of a philosopher who has gone astray from his own theory; for the straying

[1] A simple example tells at once the whole philosophy of this view. In an unhealthy community, a workman dies after he has been ten years married, and leaves a widow and children dependant on the public. In a healthy community, he lives for twenty years after his marriage, and leaves children grown up and able to provide for themselves.

In general, the aim of all remarks on Hume's writings in the present work is expository, not controversial. The reader desirous of having every light thrown on Hume's opinions, will care nothing about mine; but where, as in the present case, he seems to have gone astray from his own leading principles, it appeared to be right to notice the aberration.

philosopher speaks like one who has misgivings; while the enthusiast never doubts that he is in the right, and urges his opinions with a corresponding confidence and sincerity. Thus the justification of suicide which Rousseau puts into a letter from St. Preux to Lord Edward Bomston, is a far more attractive vindication than that which Hume had intended to publish.

This was not the only suppression connected with the publication of the Dissertations. As at first printed, they were preceded by an affectionate and laudatory dedication to John Home. Before the edition was published, this dedication was suppressed; because Hume thought it might injure his friend, in the estimation of his brethren of the church. Before the edition was sold, however, Hume desired the dedication to be restored. This step was probably owing to Home having intimated to him his design of resigning his charge as minister of Athelstaneford, which he did in June, 1757. This not only removed the objection to the dedication, but as it severed the dramatic martyr from his professional brethren, it made him more dependant on the sympathy and suffrages of other friends, and rendered Hume's testimony to his merits more valuable.

He thus writes on this subject to Smith.

Hume *to* Adam Smith.

[1] "Dear Smith,—The dedication to John Home, you have probably seen; for I find it has been inserted in some of the weekly papers, both here and in London. Some of my friends thought it was indiscreet in me to make myself responsible to the public, for the produc-

[1] This letter is not dated.

tions of another. But the author had lain under such singular and unaccountable obstructions in his road to fame, that I thought it incumbent on his well-wishers to go as much out of the common road to assist him. I believe the composition of the dedication will be esteemed very prudent, and not inelegant.

"I can now give you the satisfaction of hearing that the play, though not near so well acted in Covent Garden as in this place, is likely to be very successful. Its great intrinsic merit breaks through all obstacles. When it shall be printed, (which will be soon,) I am persuaded it will be esteemed the best, and by French critics the only tragedy of our language! This encouragement will no doubt engage the author to go on in the same career. He meets with great countenance in London, and, I hope, will soon be rendered independent in his fortune.

"Did you ever hear of such madness and folly as our clergy have lately fallen into? For my part, I expect that the next Assembly will very solemnly pronounce the sentence of excommunication against me; but I do not apprehend it to be a matter of any consequence; what do you think?

"I am somewhat idle at present, and somewhat undetermined as to my next undertaking. Shall I go backwards or forwards in my History? I think you used to tell me, that you approved more of my going backwards. The other would be the more popular subject; but I am afraid that I shall not find materials sufficient to ascertain the truth—at least, without settling in London, which, I own, I have some reluctance to. I am settled here very much to my mind; and would not wish, at my years, to change the place of my abode.

"I have just now received a copy of 'Douglas'

from London; it will instantly be put in the press. I hope to be able to send you a copy in the same parcel with the dedication."[1]

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"*Edinburgh, 20th January*, 1757.

"DEAR SIR,—The dedication of my Dissertations to Mr. Hume[2] was shown to some of his friends here, men of very good sense, who were seized with an apprehension that it would hurt that party in the church, with which he had always been connected, and would involve him, and them of consequence, in the suspicion of infidelity. Neither he nor I were in the least affected with their panic; but to satisfy them, we agreed to stand by the arbitration of one person, of great rank and of known prudence; and I promised them to write to you to suspend the publication for one post, in case you should have resolved to publish it presently. Next post you shall be sure to hear from me; and if we be obliged to suppress it, you'll be pleased to place the charges of print and paper to my account. I indorse this day your two bills to Mr. Alexander Cunningham. I am," &c.

Early in 1757, Hume resigned his office of librarian of the Advocates' Library. As a verbal intimation of his wishing to leave this situation was not considered satisfactory, he favoured his learned employers with the following laconic letter:—

"*Edinburgh, January* 8, 1757.

"SIR,—A few days ago, I sent the Faculty a verbal resignation; but as I am told that it is expected I

[1] MS. R.S.E. [2] He persisted in spelling the poet's name thus.

should give a resignation under my hand, and as I am very desirous to deliver over the charge of the library as soon as possible, I have been induced to write you at present, and beg of you to inform the Faculty, that they may choose me a successor whenever they think proper. I am, sir, your most humble servant.[1]

"*To Mr. Charles Binning,*
Vice-Dean of the Faculty of Advocates."

HUME *to* WILLIAM MURE *of Caldwell.*

"DEAR MURE,—I hope you do not think yourself obliged, by saying civil things, to make atonement for the too homely truths, which you told me formerly.

[1] MS. Advocates' Library. A good example of the same thing being done in two ways, is afforded by comparing Hume's resignation with that of his venerable predecessor, Ruddiman. The latter is a document of considerable length, and ends in the following strain:—"But though I can be no longer serviceable to the honourable Faculty in that my former capacity, yet there is one duty still in my power, and which can never be dispensed with; and that is, that from the deep and most grateful sense which I shall always retain of your great and manifold favours, I should earnestly pray to Almighty God for the honour, prosperity, and flourishing state of your most learned and useful society; that ye may continue a great ornament to those high courts, of which you are members; and that in them, and every where else, ye may shine forth with that splendour and dignity, that unblemished character for justice and probity, and the faithful discharge of all those duties your honourable profession has laid upon you, for which you are so remarkable; and which the superior name and rank you bear in the world, give your country just ground to expect of you.

"This is the last best testimony and assurance I can give, of my most sincere gratitude, warm affection, and high regard to the honourable Faculty; and that I am, now, and always, my much honoured patrons and masters, your most obliged, most humble, and most dutiful servant,—

Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus

"T. RUDDIMAN."

I will not believe so. I take for granted, that you are equally sincere in both: though I must own that I think my first volume a great deal better than the second. The subject admitted of more eloquence, and of greater nicety of reasoning, and more acute distinctions. The opposition, I may say the rage, with which it was received by the public, I must confess, did not a little surprise me. Whatever knowledge I pretend to in history, and human affairs, I had not so bad an opinion of men as to expect that candour, disinterestedness, and humanity, could entitle me to that treatment. Yet such was my fate. After a long interval, I at last collected so much courage, as to renew my application to the second volume, though with infinite disgust and reluctance; and I am sensible that, in many passages of it, there are great signs of that disposition, and that my usual fire does not every where appear. At other times, I excited myself, and perhaps succeeded better.

Exul eram; requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est;
Mens intenta suis, ne foret usque malis.
Nam simul ac mea caluerant pectora musae,
Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.[1]

"I leave you to judge whether your letter came in a very seasonable time. I own that I had the weakness to be affected by it, when I found that a person, whose judgment I very much valued, could tell me, though I was not asking his opinion —— But I will not proceed any farther. The matter gave me uneasiness at the time, though without the least resentment.

[1] These two distichs are taken from separate parts of the fourth book of Ovid's "Tristia." The first is accurate, but the second is evidently a variation of the following:

Sic ubi nota calent viridi mea pectora Thyrso
Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.

At present the uneasiness is gone; and all my usual friendship, confirmed by years and long acquaintance, still remains.

"Pray, whether do you pity or blame me most, with regard to this dedication of my Dissertations to my friend, the poet? I am sure I never executed any thing which was either more elegant in the composition, or more generous in the intention; yet such an alarm seized some fools here, (men of very good sense, but fools in that particular,) that they assailed both him and me with the utmost violence; and engaged us to change our intention. I wrote to Millar to suppress that dedication; two posts after, I retracted that order. Can any thing be more unlucky than that, in the interval of these four days, he should have opened his sale, and disposed of eight hundred copies, without that dedication, whence, I imagined, my friend would reap some advantage, and myself so much honour? I have not been so heartily vexed at any accident of a long time. However, I have insisted that the dedication shall still be published.

"I am a little uncertain what work I shall next undertake; for I do not care to be long idle. I think you seem to approve of my going forward: and I am sensible that the subject is much more interesting to us, and even will be so to posterity, than any other I could choose: but can I hope that there are materials for composing a just and sure history of it? I am afraid not. However, I shall examine the matter. I fancy it will be requisite for me to take a journey to London, and settle there for some time, in order to gather such materials as are not to be found in print. But, if I should go backwards, and write the History of England from the accession of Henry the Seventh, I might remain where I am; and I own to you, at

my time of life, these changes of habitation are not agreeable, even though the place be better to which one removes.

"I am sorry my fair cousin does not find London so agreeable as, perhaps, she expected. She must not judge by one winter. It will improve against next winter, and appear still better the winter after that. Please make my compliments to her, and tell her that she must not be discouraged. By the by, Mrs. Binnie tells me that she writes her a very different account of matters, so that I find my cousin is a hypocrite.

"I shall make use of your criticisms, and wish there had been more of them. That practice of doubling the genitive is certainly very barbarous, and I carefully avoided it in the first volume; but I find it so universal a practice, both in writing and speaking, that I thought it better to comply with it, and have even changed all the passages in the first volume, in conformity to use. All languages contain solecisms of that kind.

"Please make my compliments to Sir Harry Erskine, and tell him that I have executed what I proposed. I am," &c.[1]

The following letter shows that he did not long remain idle, or undecided in his historical projects:—

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"*Edinburgh*, 20*th May*, 1757.

"I have already begun, and am a little advanced in a third volume of History. I do not preclude myself from the view of going forward to the period after the Revolution; but, at present, I begin with the

[1] *Literary Gazette*, 1822, p. 636. MS. R.S.E.

reign of Henry the Seventh. It is properly at that period modern history commences. America was discovered; commerce extended; the arts cultivated; printing invented; religion reformed, and all the governments of Europe almost changed. I wish, therefore, I had begun here at first. I should have obviated many objections that were made to the other volumes. I shall be considerably advanced in this volume before I be in London.

"I come now to speak to you of an affair which gives me uneasiness, and which I mention with reluctance. I am told that one Dr. Brown has published a book in London, where there is a note containing personal reflections on me, for which he quotes a letter I wrote to you.[1] What sort of behaviour this is, to make use of a private letter, without the permission of the person to whom

[1] In a work by Dr. John Brown, called, "An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times," 1757, there is the following passage:—"A certain historian, of our own times, bent upon *popularity* and *gain*, published a large volume, and omitted no opportunity that offered to disgrace religion. A large impression was published, and a small part sold. The author being asked why he had so larded his work with irreligion, his answer implied:—'He had done it that his book might sell.' It was whispered him, that he had totally mistaken the spirit of the times;—that no allurements could engage the *fashionable* infidel world to travel through a large quarto; and that, as the few readers of quartos that yet remain lie mostly among the serious part of mankind, he had offended his best customers, and ruined the sale of his book. This information had a notable effect; for a second volume, as large and instructive as the first, hath appeared; not a smack of irreligion is to be found in it; and an apology for the first concludes the whole."—P. 57.

Dr. Brown's book is said to have been very popular, and to have run to a seventh edition in a few months. It is rather singular that the edition marked as the seventh, has precisely the same matter in each page, and the same number of pages as the first.

it was addressed, is easily conceived; but how he came to see any of my letters, I cannot imagine; nor what I wrote, that could give him any handle for his calumny. All I can recollect of the matter is this, that above two years ago, when Bailie Hamilton was in London, he wrote me, that the stop in the sale of my History proceeded from some strokes of irreligion, which had raised the cry of the clergy against me. This gave me occasion to remark to you, that the Bailie's complaint must have proceeded from his own misconduct; that the cause he assigned could never have produced that effect; that it was rather likely to increase the sale, according to all past experience; that you had offered (as I heard) a large sum for Bolingbroke's Works, trusting to this consequence; and that the strokes complained of were so few, and of such small importance, that, if any ill effects could have been apprehended from them, they might easily have been retrenched. As far as I can recollect, this was the purport of my letter;[1] but I must beg you, that you would cause it to be transcribed, and send me a copy of it, for I find by John Hume that you have it still by you. I doubt not but I could easily refute Dr. Brown; but as I had taken a resolution never to have the least altercation with these fellows, I shall not readily be brought to pay any attention to him; and I cannot but be displeased that your inadvertence or indiscretion (for I cannot give it a better name) should have brought me to this dilemma. I fancy Brown will find it a difficult matter to persuade the public that I do not speak my sentiments in every subject I handle, and that I have any view to any interest whatsoever. I leave that to him and his gang: for he is a flatterer, as I am

[1]. The letter does not appear to have been preserved.

told, of that low fellow, Warburton; and any thing so low as Warburton, or his flatterers, I should certainly be ashamed to engage with. I am, &c.

"P.S. Since you are acquainted with Dr. Brown, I must beg of you to read this letter to him; for it is probably, or indeed certainly, all the answer I shall ever deign to give him."[1]

The reader will feel interested in the sketch, by the pen of Hume, of an eminent contemporary—his friend Wilkie—in the following letter.

HUME *to* GILBERT ELLIOT *of Minto.*

"*Edinburgh, 3d July,* 1757.

"DEAR SIR,—To show you that I am not such an affecter of singularity as to entertain prejudices against ministers of state,[2] I am resolved to congratulate you on your return to power, and to express my wishes, that, both for your sake and the public's, your ministry, and that of your friends, may be more durable than it was before. We even hope it will, though the strange motley composition which it consists of, gives us some apprehensions. However, we are glad to find, from past experience, that you can neither rise nor fall, without credit and reputation. You know that, according to the whimsical way in this country, it is more difficult to rise than fall with reputation.

"I suppose that, by this time, you have undoubtedly read and admired the wonderful production of the Epigoniad, and that you have so much love for arts, and for your native country, as to be very industrious in propagating the fame of it. It is certainly a most singular production, full of sublimity and genius,

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] Elliot had been made a Lord of the Admiralty in 1756.

adorned by a noble, harmonious, forcible, and even correct versification. We generally think the story deficient and uninteresting; but perhaps the new fancy of crossing the invention of all modern romance-writers may make some atonement, and even bestow an air of novelty on the imitation of Homer. As I cannot but hope that this work will soon become the subject of conversation in London, I shall take this opportunity of supplying you with some anecdotes with regard to the author, besides such as you already know,—of his being a very worthy and a very entertaining man, adorned with all that simplicity of manners, so common to great men, and even with some of that rusticity and negligence which serve to abate that envy to which they are so much exposed.

"You know he is a farmer's son, in the neighbourhood of this town, where there are a great number of pigeon-houses. The farmers are very much infested with the pigeons, and Wilkie's father planted him often as a scarecrow (an office for which he is well qualified) in the midst of his fields of wheat. It was in this situation that he confessed he first conceived the design of his epic poem, and even executed part of it. He carried out his Homer with him, together with a table, and pen and ink, and a great rusty gun. He composed and wrote two or three lines, till a flock of pigeons settled in the field, then rose up, ran towards them, and fired at them; returned again to his former station, and added a rhyme or two more, till he met with a fresh interruption.

"Two or three years ago, Jemmy Russel put a very pleasant trick on an English physician, one Dr. Roebuck, who was travelling in this country. Russel carried him out one day on horseback to see the outlets of the town, and purposely led him by Wilkie's

farm. He saw the bard at a small distance, sowing his corn, with a sheet about him, all besmeared with dirt and sweat, with a coat and visage entirely proportioned to his occupation. Russel says to his companion, 'Here is a fellow, a peasant, with whom I have some business: let us call him.' He made a sign, and Wilkie came to them: some questions were asked him with regard to the season, to his farm and husbandry, which he readily answered; but soon took an opportunity of digressing to the Greek poets, and enlarging on that branch of literature. Dr. Roebuck, who had scarce understood his rustic English, or rather his broad Scotch, immediately comprehended him, for his Greek was admirable; and on leaving him, he could not forbear expressing the highest admiration to Russel, that a clown, a rustic, a mere hind, such as he saw this fellow was, should be possessed of so much erudition. 'Is it usual,' says he, 'for your peasants in Scotland to read the Greek poets?'—'O Yes,' replies Russel, very coolly, 'we have long winter evenings; and in what can they employ themselves better, than in reading the Greek poets?' Roebuck left the country in a full persuasion that there are at least a dozen farmers in every parish who read Homer, Hesiod, and Sophocles, every winter-evening, to their families; and, if ever he writes an account of his travels, it is likely he will not omit so curious a circumstance.

"Wilkie is now a settled minister at Ratho, within four miles of the town.[1] He possesses about £80 or £90 a-year, which he esteems exorbitant riches. Formerly, when he had only £20, as helper, he said that he could not conceive what article, either of human convenience or pleasure he was deficient in,

[1] Viz. of Edinburgh.

nor what any man could mean by desiring more money. He possesses several branches of erudition, besides the Greek poetry; and, particularly, is a very profound geometrician, a science commonly very incompatible with the lively imagination of a poet. He has even made some new discoveries in that science; and he told me, that, when a young man, he threw cross and pile, whether he should devote himself chiefly to mathematics or to poetry, and fears that rather he crossed the bent of his genius in taking to the latter. Yet this man, who has composed the second epic poem in our language! understands so little of orthography, that, regularly through the whole poem, he spelled the word yield in this manner, 'ealde;' and I had great difficulty to convince him of his mistake.

"I fancy our friend, Robertson, will be able to publish his History next winter. You are sufficiently acquainted with the merit of this work; and really it is admirable how many men of genius this country produces at present. Is it not strange that, at a time when we have lost our princes, our parliaments, our independent government, — even the presence of our chief nobility; are unhappy, in our accent and pronunciation; speak a very corrupt dialect of the tongue we make use of,—is it not strange, I say, that, in these circumstances, we should really be the people most distinguished for literature in Europe?

"Having spoke so much to Mr. Elliot, the man of letters, you must now allow me to say a few words to Mr. Elliot, the lord of the admiralty. There is a cousin-german of mine, Alexander Edgar, who is midshipman in the Vestal, off Harwich, and has passed his trials, above four months ago, for a lieutenantcy. He always behaved well in all his service, which has been very long; and, almost from his infancy, he has

had the good-will, and even friendship, of all his captains; is modest, sober, frugal, and attentive, and very deserving of promotion. I recommended him to Mr. Oswald, who always protected him, but can no longer be of service to him. He is of a very good family, though his father spent his estate and died a bankrupt; and the poor lad has now scarce any other friends than what I can procure him: permit me the freedom of recommending him to your protection. If I did not think him worthy of it, I should not venture to do so, notwithstanding his near relationship to me. I think I ought to make some apologies for this liberty I use with you; but I think it would be wronging our friendship to make too many. I am, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant."[1]

Wilkie's Epigoniad, of which few ordinary readers now know more than the name, if even that be very generally remembered south of the Tweed, inspired many zealous Scotsmen of the day, with the belief that their country had, at last, produced a great epic poet: but the national feeling was not responded to in England.[2]

[1] Minto MSS.

[2] The title of the Epigoniad does not, unfortunately, convey any associations to the general English reader, who requires to be told that it is derived from Ἐπίγονοι, or descendants, in allusion to those of the warriors who had been slain at the first siege of Thebes; and the main incident of the poem is the subsequent sacking of that city. It is not difficult for the reader of the better parts of the Epigoniad to imagine, that he is perusing Pope's translation of Homer. When an approach was thus made to a model so famous, all was supposed to have been gained; and it was thought that a work had been produced which would stand beside the Iliad and the Odyssey. It is hardly necessary, at the present day, to ask, whether the highest genius will produce an immortal poem out of the machinery of another age and nation, and appealing to

Finding that the Epigoniad was attacked by the English critics, Hume was determined to be the champion of his countryman's fame against all comers; and accordingly addressed a letter to the editor of *The Critical Review*, containing a long complimentary criticism, in which he says, —

There remained a tradition among the Greeks, that Homer had taken this second siege of Thebes for the subject of a poem, which is lost; and our author seems to have pleased himself with the thoughts of reviving the work, as well as of treading in the footsteps of his favourite author. The actors are mostly the same with those of the Iliad; Diomede is the hero; Ulysses, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Nestor, Idomeneus, Merion, even Thersites, all appear in different passages of the poem; and act parts suitable to the lively characters drawn of them by that great master. The whole turn of this new poem would almost lead us to imagine, that the Scottish bard had found the lost manuscript of that father of poetry, and had made a faithful translation of it into English. Longinus imagines, that the Odyssey was executed by Homer in his

sentiments which have no response in the habits or feelings of the people to whom its author appeals? We read the great national poems of other countries in their own language, because we thus endow ourselves, as far as it is possible, with the feeling and ideas of those to whom the poem was addressed. We read spirited translations, because they are an attempt to represent to us, in our own tongue, that which is grand in another language; and our interest is like that with which we view the portrait of a great man. We thus encounter Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Menelaus in the Iliad, with the interest of excited curiosity; and those who cannot read the original, are content to make acquaintance with persons whom a great genius has made so famous, even through a rude translation. But few cared to meet them reappearing in Wilkie's imitation; nor, however forcible may be his expressions, or flowing his versification, do we feel very vividly the horrors of Cacus' den, and the destructive ire of the Cyclops, or sympathize in the torments of Hercules, from the Centaur's poisoned robe, when they are described in the Epigoniad.

old age; we shall allow the Iliad to be the work of his middle age; and we shall suppose that the Epigoniad was the essay of his youth, where his noble and sublime genius breaks forth by frequent intervals, and gives strong symptoms of that constant flame which distinguished its meridian. . . .

The story of a poem, whatever may be imagined, is the least essential part of it; the force of the versification, the vivacity of the images, the justness of the descriptions, the natural play of the passions, are the chief circumstances which distinguish the great poet from the prosaic novelist, and give him so high a rank among the heroes in literature; and I will venture to affirm, that all these advantages, especially the three former, are to be found, in an eminent degree, in the Epigoniad. The author, inspired with the true genius of Greece, and smit with the most profound veneration for Homer, disdains all frivolous ornaments; and relying entirely on his sublime imagination, and his nervous and harmonious expression, has ventured to present to his reader the naked beauties of nature, and challenges for his partisans all the admirers of genuine antiquity.[1]

In his conduct on this occasion, Hume exhibited strong national partiality. It may seem at first sight at variance with some of his other characteristics; but it is undoubtedly true, that Hume was imbued with an intense spirit of nationality. It was a nationality, however, of a peculiar and restricted character. He cared little about the heroism of his country, or even its struggles for independence: Wallace, Bruce, and the Black Douglas, were, in his eyes, less interesting than Ulysses or Æneas,

——carent quia vate sacro.

But in that arena which he thought the greatest, in the theatre where intellect exhibits her might, he panted to see his country first and greatest. No Scotsman

[1] The paper is reprinted from *The Critical Review*, in the Appendix to Ritchie's Life of Hume.

could write a book of respectable talent without calling forth his loud and warm eulogiums. Wilkie was to be the Homer, Blacklock the Pindar, and Home the Shakspere, or something still greater, of his country. On those who were even his rivals in his own peculiar walks — Adam Smith, Robertson, Ferguson, and Henry, he heaped the same honest, hearty commendation. He urged them to write; he raised the spirit of literary ambition in their breasts; he found publishers for their works; and, when these were completed, he trumpeted the praises of the authors through society.

The following letter shows how accidentally Hume became acquainted with a matter, which, according to modern notions, should have formed part of his systematic studies, before he began to write a history of England.

Hume *to* Gilbert Elliot *of Minto.*

"*Edinburgh, 9th Aug.* 1757.

"Dear Sir,—I can easily perceive that your friends were no lawyers, who said that there was no statute in Henry the Seventh's reign, which facilitated the alienation of lands, and broke the ancient entails: it is 4 Hen. VII. cap. 24; but a man may read that passage fifty times, and not find any thing that seems, in the least, to point that way. I should certainly have overlooked the meaning of it, had I not been guided by Lord Kames. You must know that it was a practice in the courts of justice, before Henry the Seventh's time, to break entails by a device which seems very ridiculous, but which is continued to this day, and first received the sanction of law during the reign of that prince. You have an entailed estate, I suppose, and want to break the entail. You agree with me

that I am to claim the estate by a sham title, prior to the first entailer; you confess in court that my title is good and valid; the judges, upon this confession of the party, adjudge the estate to me; upon which I immediately restore the estate to you, free and unencumbered; and by this hocus-pocus the entail is broke. — Such was the practice, pretty common before Henry the Seventh. All that the parliament then did, was to regulate the method of proceeding in this fine device, and to determine that the titles of minors, and femmes couvert, were not to be injured by it. As to other people, who had an interest to preserve an entail, and who had any good reason to plead in their own favour, they would naturally appear for themselves. This practice is called a fine, and a recovery: fine, from the Latin word finis; because it forecloses all parties, and puts a final issue to their claims and pretensions: a recovery, because a man thereby recovers his estate, without the encumbrance of an entail.

"By the bye, I am told, that there are many of these practices still continued in the law of England; which are as foolish, juvenile, and ridiculous, as are to be met with in —— I mean in —— I would be understood to mean in —— any craft or profession of the world.[1]

"I am writing the History of England, from the accession of Henry the Seventh, and am some years advanced in Henry the Eighth. I undertook this work because I was tired of idleness, and found reading alone, after I had often perused all good books, (which I think is soon done,) somewhat a languid occupation. As to the approbation or esteem of those

[1] These fictions were to a considerable extent superseded by an act, so late as the year 1833; 3 & 4 Will. IV. c. 74.

blockheads who call themselves the public, and whom a bookseller, a lord, a priest, or a party can guide, I do most heartily despise it. I shall be able, I think, to make a tolerable smooth, well-told tale of the history of England during that period; but I own I have not yet been able to throw much new light into it. I begin the Reformation to-morrow.

"I find the public, with you, have rejected the Epigoniad, for the present. They may do so if they please; but it has a great deal of merit, much more than any one of them is capable of throwing into a work.

"I disapprove very much of Ferguson's scruples, with regard to entering into Lord Bute's family, with the inspection of more than one boy; but I hope Lord Bute will conform himself to his delicacy, at least if he wants to have a man of sense, knowledge, taste, elegance, and morals, for a tutor to his son.[1]

"I am obliged to you for your good intentions, with regard to my cousin; but you must express yourself otherwise, than by saying that you will concur with the rest of my friends in endeavouring to promote him; for now that Oswald is out of court, whom have I besides to apply to? Dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant."[2]

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"*Edinburgh, 3d September*, 1757.

"As to my opinions, you know I defend none of them positively; I only propose my doubts where I am so unhappy as not to receive the same conviction with the rest of mankind. It surprises me much to see any body who pretends to be a man of letters, dis-

[1] In 1757 Adam Ferguson became tutor to the family of Lord Bute.

[2] Minto MSS.

cover anger on that account; since it is certain, by the experience of all ages, that nothing contributes more to the progress of learning than such disputes and novelties.

"Apropos to anger; I am positively assured, that Dr. Warburton wrote that letter to himself, which you sent me; and indeed the style discovers him sufficiently.[1] I should answer him; but he attacks so

[1] Warburton writes as follows to Hurd:—"As to Hume, I had laid it aside ever since you was here; I will now, however, finish my skeleton. It will be hardly that. If, then, you think any thing can be made of it, and will give yourself the trouble, we may, perhaps, between us, do a little good, which, I dare say, we shall both think worth a little pains. If I have any force in the first rude beating out of the mass, you are best able to give it the elegance of form and splendour of polish. This will answer my purpose; to labour together in a joint work to do a little good. I will tell you fairly, it is no more the thing it should be, and will be, if you undertake it, than the Dantzic iron at the forge is the gilt and painted ware at Birmingham. It will make no more than a pamphlet; but you shall take your own time, and make it your summer's amusement, if you will. I propose it to bear something like this title:—'*Remarks on Mr. Hume's late Essay, called The Natural History of Religion; by a Gentleman of Cambridge, in a Letter to the Rev. Dr. W.*' I propose the address should be with the dryness and reserve of a stranger, who likes the method of the letters on Bolingbroke's Philosophy, and follows it here against the same sort of writer, inculcating the same impiety, naturalism, and employing the same kind of arguments. The address will remove it from me; the author, a gentleman of Cambridge, from you; and the secrecy in printing from us both."—*Letters from a late Eminent Prelate to one of his Friends*, p. 240. In the immediately preceding letter, we find him saying, "I will trim the rogue's jacket, at least sit upon his skirts, as you will see when you come hither, and find his margins scribbled over."

Thus were concocted the "Remarks on Mr. David Hume's Essay on the Natural History of Religion, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Warburton," (1757) wherein the candid author, in pursuance of his instructions, says, "Of my *person*, indeed, I must have leave to make no discovery; and to tell you the truth, I have taken such effectual precautions, as to that particular, that I will venture to

small a corner of my building, that I can abandon it without drawing great consequences after it. If he would come into the field and dispute concerning the principal topics of my philosophy, I should probably accept the challenge: at present nothing could tempt me to take the pen in hand but anger, of which I feel myself incapable, even upon this provocation.

"I have finished the Index to the new collection of my pieces; this Index cost me more trouble than I was aware of when I began it. I am obliged to Mr. Strahan, for the uncommon pains he has taken in making it correct. The Errata which I have given, consist mostly of small alterations in the style, which I made myself. You know I always expect half-a-dozen of copies on each new edition. I would wish that Mr. Strahan would accept of one, as a proof of the sense which I have of his care on this occasion. Please keep one by you, which I fancy I shall have occasion to send abroad; and be so good as to send the other four, with any other parcel you are sending hither. I am very assiduous in writing a new volume of History, and am now pretty well advanced. I find the whole will be comprised in one volume, though somewhat more bulky than any of the former. The period of time is a great deal longer than that of either of the former, but is not near so full of interesting matter; and as the original historians are much fewer, there are not so many circumstances trans-

say you will never know more of me than you do at present." The original notes are to be found in the quarto edition of Warburton's works. Hume says, in his "own life," of the Natural History of Religion, "Its public entry was rather obscure, except only that Dr. Hurd wrote a pamphlet against it, with all the illiberal petulance, arrogance, and scurrility which distinguish the Warburtonian school. This pamphlet gave me some consolation for the otherwise indifferent reception of my performance."

mitted to us. I am pretty certain, that I shall be able to deliver to you the manuscript about a twelvemonth hence, and shall certainly be in London myself for that purpose. You seemed desirous that we should mutually enter into articles about this volume; which I declined, till I should be so much advanced as to be sure of my resolution of executing it, and could judge with some certainty of the bulk. Now that I am satisfied in both these particulars, I am willing to engage with you for the same price, viz. seven hundred pounds, payable three months after the publication. If you approve of this proposal, please write me a letter for that purpose; and I shall also, in return, send you an obligatory letter. I think this justice is due to you, that you may see I do not intend, on account of any success, to screw up the price, or ask beyond what you have already allowed me, which, I own, was very reasonable.

"Mr. Dalrymple has paid me twenty pounds and a crown. I can never meet with Mr. Wright, though I call often at his shop. Mr. Balfour does not name any day.

"I am glad of the approbation which Mr. Dalrymple's book meets with; I think it really deserves it.[1]

"Nothing surprises me more than the ill usage which the Epigoniad has received. Every body here likes it extremely. The plan and story is not so much admired, as the poetry and versification; but your critics seem willing to allow it no merit at all. I fancy it has not been enough dispersed; and that your engaging on it, would extremely forward its success. The whole edition is out. There were five

[1] Probably "An Essay towards a General History of Feudal Property in Great Britain, under several heads," 1757-8, by Mr. afterwards Sir John Dalrymple.

hundred and fifty disposed of here; two hundred sent to London. As the author is my very good friend and acquaintance, I should be much pleased to bring you to an understanding together. If the bad success on the first edition has not discouraged you, I would engage him to make you proposals for that purpose. He will correct all the blemishes remarked. I should not be displeased that you read to Dr. Warburton, the paragraph in the first page of my letter, with regard to himself. The hopes of getting an answer, might probably engage him to give us something farther of the same kind; which, at least, saves you the expense of advertising. I see the doctor likes a literary squabble.

"I would be glad to know, how near you think you are to a new edition of my History, and whether you intend a duodecimo edition of these philosophical pieces. I am," &c. [1]

DAVID HUME *to* DR. CLEPHANE.

"*Edinburgh, 3d Sept.* 1757.

"DEAR DOCTOR,—I am charmed to find you so punctual a correspondent. I always knew you to be a good friend, though I was afraid that I had lost you, and that you had joined that great multitude who abused me, and reproached me with Paganism, and Jacobitism, and many other wretched isms, of which I am only guilty of a part.

"I believe a man, when he is once an author, is an author for life; for I am now very busily engaged in writing another volume of history, and have crept backwards to the reign of Henry the Seventh. I wish indeed that I had begun there; for, by that means, I should have been able, without making any digression,

[1] MS. R.S.E.

by the plain course of the narration, to have shown how absolute the authority was which the English kings then possessed, and that the Stuarts did little or nothing more than continue matters in the former track, which the people were determined no longer to admit. By this means I should have escaped the reproach of the most terrible ism of them all, that of Jacobitism. I shall certainly be in London next summer; and probably to remain there during life; at least, if I can settle myself to my mind, which I beg you to have an eye to. A room in a sober, discreet family, who would not be averse to admit a sober, discreet, virtuous, frugal, regular, quiet, good-natured man of a bad character,—such a room, I say, would suit me extremely, especially if I could take most of my meals in the family; and more especially still, if it was not far distant from Dr. Clephane's. I shall then be able, dear doctor, to spend £150 a-year, which is the sum upon which, I remember, you formerly undertook me. But I would not have you reckon upon *probabilities*, as you then called them, for I am resolved to write no more. I shall read and correct, and chat and be idle, the rest of my life.

"I must now make room for Sir Harry, who smiles at the sum at which I have set up my rest. I am," &c.[1]

Among the officers of the Scottish Royal Regiment who served in the expedition to Port L'Orient, and afterwards continued in terms of familiar acquaintance with Hume, was captain, afterwards Colonel Edmondstoune, of Newton in Perthshire. His letters, which were preserved by Hume, and will occasionally be

[1] *Scots Magazine* for 1802, p. 978.

cited in these pages, show that he was a man of wit and learning. Frequent allusions to him, under the name of Guidelianus, have already occurred in Hume's letters to mutual friends. The following, graceful and thoroughly amiable as it is, is apparently the earliest of Hume's letters to him which has been preserved.

HUME *to* CAPTAIN EDMONDSTOUNE.

"*Edinburgh, 29th Sept.* 1757.

"DEAR EDMONDSTOUNE,—I believe it is a rule in law, that any summons prevents prescription; and in like manner, that the wakening a process keeps one's rank in the lords' row.[1] It is with some such view that I now write to you; not to send you a formal letter, which would require a formal answer, and would therefore get no answer at all: but just to take a shake of your hand, and ask you how you do, and speak a little nonsense to you as usual, and then fall into s[ilence] without giving myself the trouble of supporting the conversation any lon[ger]; and, in a word, keep you from forgetting that you have some such friend in the world as myself.

"But pray, why did you not write me as you promised and give me your direction? Was you afraid I should write to you? You see I can find out a method of directing to you without your information.

"Tell me about the Epigoniad. Was there ever so much fine versification bestowed on so indifferent a story? Has it had any success in Ireland? I fancy

[1] These analogies are taken from the technicalities of Scots law. The southern reader may as well be informed, that Prescription stands for "The Statute of Limitations" in Scotland; that a summons is the writ by which the plaintiff brings the defendant into court; and that "the lords' row," is the roll of cases in the Court of Session.

not; for the criticklings in Dublin depend on the criticklings in London, who depend on the booksellers, who depend on their interest, which depends on their printing a book themselves. This is the cause why Wilkie's book is at present neglected, or damned, as they call it: but I am much mistaken if it end so. Pray what says the primate of it? I hear he has the generosity to support damned books till the resurrection, and that he is one of the saints who pray them out of purgatory. I hope he is an honest fellow and one of [us.] Captain Masterton told me, that he was not quite of my opinion with regard to the 'Douglas,' and that he blamed my dedicatory address to the author. But I persist still, and will prove in spite of him and you, and of every man who [wears eit]her black or scarlet, that it is an admirable tragedy, comparable [to the exce]llent pieces of the good age of Louis Quatorze. The author is here at present, and is refitting his 'Agis' for the theatre, which I hope will have justice done it. *Il est le mieux renté de touts les beaux esprits.* He has a pension from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, as you have probably heard.

"I hear sometimes from the Doctor, who desires me to tell him something about you. But I am no necromancer; only, as the ancients said, — *prudentia est quædam divinatio.* I conjecture that you are lounging, and reading, and playing at whist, and blaming yourself for not writing letters, and yet persisting in the neglect of your duty."[1]

The following is the second letter in which we find Hume appreciating the merits of his friend and

[1] Original in the possession of the Cambusmore family.

rival, Robertson. There is no passage in literary history, perhaps, more truly dignified, than the perfect cordiality and sincere interchange of services between two men, whose claims on the admiration of the world came in so close competition with each other.

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"*Edinburgh, 6th April*, 1758.

"DEAR SIR,—I am very glad that Mr. Robertson is entering on terms with you. It was indeed my advice to him, when he set out for London, that he should think of no other body; and I ventured to assure him that he would find your way of dealing frank, and open, and generous. He read me part of his History, and I had an opportunity of reading another part of it in manuscript above a twelvemonth ago. Upon the whole, my expectations, both from what I saw, and from my knowledge of the author, were very much raised, and I consider it as a work of uncommon merit. I know that he has employed himself with great diligence and care in collecting the facts: his style is lively and entertaining; and he judges with temper and candour. He is a man generally known and esteemed in this country: and we look upon him very deservedly as inferior to nobody in capacity and learning. Hamilton and Balfour have offered him a very unusual price; no less than five hundred pounds for one edition of two thousand; but I own, that I should be better pleased to see him in your hands. I only inform you of this fact, that you may see how high the general expectations are of Mr. Robertson's performance. It will have a quick sale in this country, from the character of the author; and in England, from the merit of the work, as soon as it is known.

"Some part of his subject is common with mine; but, as his work is a History of Scotland, mine of England, we do not interfere; and it will rather be an amusement to the reader to compare our method of treating the same subject. I give you thanks, however, for your attention in asking my opinion."[1]

The following is from another letter on the same subject.

"*Edinburgh*, 20*th June*, 1758.

"I send enclosed a letter from Mr. Robertson. He wishes it were practicable to send him more than one sheet every post. I am afraid, if this be not done, our publications will interfere, which would be disagreeable to you as well as to both of us.

"I have read a small pamphlet called 'Sketches,' which, from the style, I take to be Dr. Armstrong's, though the public voice gives it to Allan Ramsay.[2] I find the ingenious author, whoever he be, ridicules the new method of spelling, as he calls it; but that method of spelling *honor*, instead of *honour*, was Lord Bolingbroke's, Dr. Middleton's, and Mr. Pope's; besides many other eminent writers'. However, to tell truth, I hate to be any way particular in a trifle; and therefore, if Mr. Strahan has not printed off above ten or twelve sheets, I should not be displeased if you told him to follow the usual, that is, his own way of spelling throughout; we shall make the other volumes conformable to it: if he be advanced farther, there is no great matter."[3]

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] The Painter. The "Sketches and Essays on various subjects," were written by Armstrong.

[3] MS. R.S.E.

A letter to Elliot, after some farther recommendations of Hume's nephew, young Edgar, to his attention, thus proceeds: —

HUME *to* GILBERT ELLIOT *of Minto.*

"*Edinburgh*, 11*th May*, 1758.

"I have the prospect of paying my respects to you this autumn, in London. I am now come within sight of land, and am drawing near to a period of that volume which I had undertaken. I find the subject curious; and I believe that this volume will contain some novelty, as well as greater accuracy of composition, than is employed by our ordinary historians. I could add, greater than is requisite to please the taste of the public,—at least if we may judge by the vast success of Dr. Smollett's history. *Vanitas vanitatum, atque omnia vanitas*, says the Preacher; the great object of us authors, and of you orators and statesmen, is to gain applause; and you see at what rate it is to be purchased. I fancy there is a future state, to give poets, historians, and philosophers their due reward, and to distribute to them those recompenses which are so strangely shared out in this life. It is of little consequence that posterity does them justice, if they are for ever to be ignorant of it, and are to remain in perpetual slumber in their literary paradise. However, it is some comfort, that virtue is its own reward, and that a man connot employ himself in the cultivation of letters without reaping a real present satisfaction from his industry. I am, dear sir, your most obliged humble servant.

"P.S.—I am sorry to hear that the bill for the importation of Irish cattle is rejected. Besides other arguments for it, I remember a strong argument which was used in Charles II.'s time against the

prohibition, when it was first laid on: it was affirmed that the shipping employed in that commerce was nearly equal to that which served for the carriage of coal from Newcastle to London. It is not improbable that this argument has, at present, escaped all the reasoners on that subject; and I thought it a proper one to be suggested to a lord of the Admiralty. It is to be found, if my memory do not deceive me, in Carte's Ormond, and was employed by that duke."[1]

In the year 1759, Adam Ferguson was appointed professor of natural philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. From the following correspondence, it appears that Hume and others were desirous that Smith should occupy a chair in Edinburgh, and, apparently, the same that was obtained by Ferguson,[2] and that Ferguson should succeed Smith in Glasgow. The singular terms on which the Edinburgh professorship appears to have been disposed of, were, probably, not such as Smith would accede to; and we afterwards find Hume conducting a negotiation for Ferguson alone.

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

"*8th June*, 1758.

"DEAR SMITH,—I sit down to write to you along with Johnstone; and as we have been talking over the matter, it is probable we shall employ the same arguments. As he is the younger lawyer, I leave him to open the case, and, suppose that you have read his letter first. We are certain that the settlement of you

[1] Minto MSS.

[2] It appears, however, from a letter to Smith, farther on, that an attempt had been made to procure a chair for Ferguson, in Edinburgh, which had failed.

here, and of Ferguson at Glasgow, would be perfectly easy, by Lord Milton's interest. The prospect of prevailing with Abercromby is also very good; for the same statesman, by his influence over the town council, could oblige him either to attend, which he never would do, or dispose of the office for the money which he gave for it. The only real difficulty is, then, with you. Pray, then, consider that this is, perhaps, the only opportunity we shall ever have of getting you to town. I dare swear that you think the difference of place is worth paying something for; and yet it will really cost you nothing. You made above £100 a-year, by your class, when in this place, though you had not the character of professor. We cannot suppose that it will be less than £130 after you are settled. John Stevenson; and it is John Stevenson, makes near £150, as we were informed upon inquiry.[1] Here is £100 a-year for eight years' purchase; which is a cheap purchase, even considered as the way of a bargain. We flatter ourselves that you rate our company at something; and the prospect of settling Ferguson will be an additional inducement. For, though we think of making him take up the project if you refuse it, yet it is uncertain whether he will consent; and it is attended, in his case, with many very obvious objections. I beseech you, therefore, to weigh all these motives over again. The alteration of these circumstances merit that you should put the matter again in deliberation. I had a letter from Miss Hepburn, where she regrets very much that you are settled at Glasgow, and that we had the chance of seeing you so seldom. I am," &c.

[1] John Stevenson was appointed professor of logic and metaphysics in 1730.

"P.S.—Lord Milton can, with his finger, stop the foul mouths of all the roarers against heresy."[1]

HUME *to the* REV. JOHN JARDINE.[2]

"REV. SIR,—I am informed, by the late Rev. Mr. John Home, that the still Rev. Adam Ferguson's affair is so far on a good footing, that it is agreed to refer the matter to the Justice Clerk, whether more shall be paid to Mr. Abercromby than he himself gave for that professorship. Now, as it is obvious that, in these kinds of references, where the question is not of law and justice, the circumstances of the person are to be considered, I beg of you to inform my Lord of the true state of the case. Ferguson must borrow almost the whole sum which he pays for this office. If any more, therefore, be asked than £1000, it would be the most ruinous thing in the world for him to accept of the office. I am even of opinion that if any other method of subsistence offered, it were preferable to this scheme of paying the length of £1000; at least such would be my sentiments, if the case were mine.

"If the Justice Clerk considers the matter aright, he will never agree to so unreasonable a demand as that of paying more; and I hope you will second these arguments with all your usual eloquence, by which you so successfully confound the devices of Satan, and bring sinners to repentance. I am, Rev. Sir, your most obsequious humble servant."[3]

Towards the end of the year 1758, but at what particular time is not more minutely known, Hume went to London, and resided in Lisle Street, Leicester

[1] MS. R.S.E. [2] Without date.

[3] Original in possession of Sir Henry Jardine.

Fields. His object probably was to superintend the printing of the "History of the House of Tudor;" but he was able at the same time to perform essential services to his friend Dr. Robertson, whose "History of Scotland" was then going through the press in London. Of Hume's letters to Dr. Robertson, several have been published, though only in a fragmentary form, in Dugald Stewart's "Life of Robertson."[1] The portions thus preserved, are naturally those which have most relation to the person to whom they are addressed; but of the letters themselves, which doubtless, like many others from the same hand, contained some curious particulars of their author's habits and passing thoughts, no trace has been found.[2] Several of these letters, written while Robertson's work was at press, have relation to minor historical questions, which have subsequently been settled. The following extracts are given, from the parts which have least reference to these details.

Hume *to* Dr. Robertson.

(Extracts.)

I am afraid that you, as well as myself, have drawn Mary's character with too great softenings. She was, undoubtedly, a violent woman at all times. You will see in *Murden* proofs of the utmost rancour against her innocent, good-natured, dutiful son. She certainly disinherited him. What think you of a conspiracy for kidnapping him, and delivering him a prisoner to the King of Spain, never to recover his liberty till he should turn Catholic? Tell Goodall, that if he can but give me up Queen Mary, I hope to satisfy him in every thing else; and he will have the pleasure of seeing John Knox and the Reformers made very ridiculous. . . . .

[1] Note B.

[2] It is also remarkable, that there is not one letter from Robertson among the MSS. R.S.E., or in any known collection.

You have very good cause to be satisfied with the success of your History, as far as it can be judged of from a few weeks' publication. I have not heard of one who does not praise it warmly; and were I to enumerate all those whose suffrages I have either heard in its favour, or been told of, I should fill my letter with a list of names. Mallet told me that he was sure there was no Englishman capable of composing such a work. The town will have it that you was educated at Oxford, thinking it impossible for a mere untravelled Scotsman to produce such language. In short, you may depend on the success of your work, and that your name is known very much to your advantage.

I am diverting myself with the notion how much you will profit by the applause of my enemies in Scotland. Had you and I been such fools as to have given way to jealousy, to have entertained animosity and malignity against each other, and to have rent all our acquaintance into parties, what a noble amusement we should have exhibited to the blockheads, which now they are likely to be disappointed of. All the people whose friendship or judgment either of us value, are friends to both, and will be pleased with the success of both, as we will be with that of each other. I declare to you I have not of a long time had a more sensible pleasure than the good reception of your History has given me within this fortnight.

25th January, 1759.

I am nearly printed out, and shall be sure to send you a copy by the stage-coach, or some other conveyance. I beg of you to make remarks as you go along. It would have been much better had we communicated before printing, which was always my desire, and was most suitable to the friendship which always did, and I hope always will, subsist between us. I speak this chiefly on my own account. For though I had the perusal of your sheets before I printed, I was not able to derive sufficient benefits from them, or indeed to make any alteration by their assistance. There still remain, I fear, many errors, of which you could have convinced me, if we had canvassed the matter in conversation. Perhaps I might also have been sometimes no less fortunate

with you. Particularly I could almost undertake to convince you, that the Earl of Murray's conduct with the Duke of Norfolk was no way dishonourable.

Dr. Blair tells me that Prince Edward is reading you, and is charmed. I hear the same of the Princess and Prince of Wales. But what will really give you pleasure, I lent my copy to Elliot during the holidays, who thinks it one of the finest performances he ever read; and though he expected much, he finds more. He remarked, however, (which is also my opinion,) that in the beginning, before your pen was sufficiently accustomed to the historic style, you employed too many digressions and reflections. This was also somewhat my own case, which I have corrected in my new edition.

Millar was proposing to publish me about the middle of March; but I shall communicate to him your desire, even though I think it entirely groundless, as you will likewise think, after you have read my volume. He has very needlessly delayed your publication till the 1st of February, at the desire of the Edinburgh booksellers, who could no way be affected by a publication in London. I was exceedingly sorry not to be able to comply with your desire, when you expressed your wish that I should not write this period. I could not write downward. For when you find occasion, by new discoveries, to correct your opinion with regard to facts which passed in Queen Elizabeth's days, who, that has not the best opportunities of informing himself, could venture to relate any recent transactions? I must, therefore, have abandoned altogether this scheme of the English history, in which I had proceeded so far, if I had not acted as I did. You will see what light and force this History of the Tudors bestows on that of the Stuarts. Had I been prudent, I should have begun with it. I care not to boast, but I will venture to say, that I have now effectually stopped the mouths of all those villanous Whigs who railed at me.

You are so kind as to ask me about my coming down. I can yet answer nothing. I have the strangest reluctance to change places. I lived several years happy with my brother at Ninewells; and had not his marriage changed a little the state of the family, I believe I should have lived and died there. I used every expedient to evade this journey to

London; yet it is now uncertain whether I shall ever leave it. I have had some invitations, and some intentions, of taking a trip to Paris; but I believe it will be safer for me not to go thither, for I might probably settle there for life. No one was ever endowed with so great a portion of the *vis inertiae*. But as I live here very privately, and avoid as much as possible (and it is easily possible) all connexion with the great, I believe I should be better in Edinburgh. . . . . .

London, 8th February, 1759.

. . . . As to the "Age of Leo the Tenth," it was Warton himself who intended to write it; but he has not wrote it, and probably never will. If I understand your hint, I should conjecture, that you had some thoughts of taking up the subject. But how can you acquire knowledge of the great works of sculpture, architecture, and painting, by which that age was chiefly distinguished? Are you versed in all the anecdotes of the Italian literature? These questions I heard proposed in a company of literati, when I inquired concerning this design of Warton. They applied their remarks to that gentleman, who yet, they say, has travelled. I wish they do not, all of them, fall more fully on you. However, you must not be idle. May I venture to suggest to you the Ancient History, particularly that of Greece? I think Rollin's success might encourage you; nor need you be in the least intimidated by his merit. That author has no other merit but a certain facility and sweetness of narration; but has loaded his work with silly puerilities. . . . . .

I forgot to tell you, that two days ago I was in the House of Commons, where an English gentleman came to me, and told me that he had lately sent to a grocer's shop for a pound of raisins, which he received wrapped up in a paper that he showed me. How would you have turned pale at the sight! It was a leaf of your History, and the very character of Queen Elizabeth, which you had laboured so finely, little thinking it would so soon come to so disgraceful an end. I happened a little after to see Millar, and told him the story;

consulting him, to be sure, on the fate of his new boasted historian, of whom he was so fond. But the story proves more serious than I apprehended: for he told Strahan, who thence suspects villany among his apprentices and journeymen; and has sent me very earnestly to know the gentleman's name, that he may find out the grocer, and trace the matter to the bottom. In vain did I remonstrate that this was sooner or later the fate of all authors, *serius, ocyus, sors exitura.* He will not be satisfied; and begs me to keep my jokes for another occasion. But that I am resolved not to do; and, therefore, being repulsed by his passion and seriousness, I direct them against you.

Next week I am published; and then I expect a constant comparison will be made between Dr. Robertson and Mr. Hume. I shall tell you in a few weeks which of these heroes is likely to prevail. Meanwhile, I can inform both of them for their comforts, that their combat is not likely to make half so much noise as that between Broughton and the one-eyed coachman. *Vanitas vanitatum, atque omnia vanitas.* I shall still except, however, the friendship and good opinion of worthy men. I am, &c.

London, 12th March, 1759.

My Dear Sir, — I believe I mentioned to you a French gentleman, Monsieur Helvetius, whose book, "De l'Esprit," was making a great noise in Europe. He is a very fine genius, and has the character of a very worthy man. My name is mentioned several times in his work with marks of esteem; and he has made me an offer, if I would translate his work into English, to translate anew all my philosophical writings into French. He says that none of them are well done, except that on the "Natural History of Religion," by Monsieur Martigny,[1] a counsellor of state. He added, that the Abbé Prevôt, celebrated for the *Memoires d'un homme d'Honneur*, and other entertaining works,[2] was just

[1] Perhaps this may be a mistake for M. Mérian, the name of the author of a translation of this essay, published in 1759.

[2] See above, p. 408. See the letters of Helvetius in the Appendix. He does not seem to have translated any of Hume's works, his proposed reciprocity treaty not having been concluded. He

now translating my History. This account of Helvetius engaged me to send him over the new editions of all my writings; and I have added your History, which, I told him, was here published with great applause; adding, that the subject was interesting, and the execution masterly; and that it was probable some man of letters at Paris may think that a translation of it would be agreeable to the public. I thought that this was the best method of executing your intentions. I could not expect that any Frenchman here would be equal to the work. There is one Carraccioli, who came to me and spoke something of translating my new volume of History; but as he also mentioned his intentions of translating Smollett, I gave him no encouragement to proceed. The same reason would make me averse to see you in his hands.

But though I have given this character of your work to Monsieur Helvetius, I warn you, that this is the last time that, either to Frenchman or Englishman, I shall ever speak the least good of it. A plague take you! Here I sat near the historical summit of Parnassus, immediately under Dr. Smollett; and you have the impudence to squeeze yourself by me, and place yourself directly under his feet. Do you imagine that this can be agreeable to me? And must not I be guilty of great simplicity, to contribute, by my endeavours, to your thrusting me out of my place in Paris as well as at London? But I give you warning that you will find the matter somewhat difficult; at least in the former city. A friend of mine, who is there, writes home to his father, the strangest accounts on that head, which my modesty will not permit me to repeat, but which it allowed me very deliciously to swallow.

I have got a good reason or pretence for excusing me to Monsieur Helvetius, with regard to the translating his work. A translation of it was previously advertised here.

——— 20*th*, 1759.

I am afraid that my letters will be tedious and disagreeable to you by their uniformity. Nothing but continued

appears to have had considerably more at heart the being chosen a member of the Royal Society of London, as a means of restoring his lost popularity at home.

and unvaried accounts of the same thing must in the end prove disgusting. Yet since you will hear me speak on this subject, I cannot help it, and must fatigue your ears as much as ours are in this place, by endless and repeated, and noisy praises of the "History of Scotland." Dr. Douglas told me yesterday, that he had seen the Bishop of Norwich, who had just bought the book, from the high commendations he heard of it from Mr. Legge. Mallet told me that Lord Mansfield is at a loss whether he shall most esteem the matter or the style. Elliot told me, that being in company with George Grenville, that gentleman was speaking loud in the same key. Our friend pretended ignorance; said he knew the author, and if he thought the book good for any thing, would send for it and read it. "Send for it, by all means," said Mr. Grenville; "you have not read a better book of a long time."—"But," said Elliot, "I suppose, although the matter may be tolerable, as the author was never on this side the Tweed till he wrote it, it must be very barbarous in the expression." "By no means," cried Mr. Grenville. "Had the author lived all his life in London, and in the best company, he could not have expressed himself with greater elegance and purity." Lord Lyttelton seems to think that, since the time of St. Paul, there scarce has been a better writer than Dr. Robertson. Mr. Walpole triumphs in the success of his favourites the Scotch, &c. &c. &c.

. . . . . The great success of your book, beside its real merit, is forwarded by its prudence, and by the deference paid to established opinions. It gains also by its being your first performance, and by its surprising the public, who are not upon their guard against it. By reason of these two circumstances, justice is more readily done to its merit; which, however, is really so great, that I believe there is scarce another instance of a first performance being so near perfection.

London, 29th May, 1759.

My Dear Sir,—I had a letter from Helvetius lately, wrote before your book arrived at Paris. He tells me, that the Abbé Prevôt, who had just finished the translation of my History, paroit très-disposé à traduire l'Histoire d'Ecosse.

que vient de faire Monsieur Robertson. If he be engaged by my persuasion, I shall have the satisfaction of doing you a real credit and pleasure; for he is one of the best pens in Paris.[1] . . . . . .

Our friend Smith[2] is very successful here, and Gerard[3] is very well received. The Epigoniad I cannot so much promise for, though I have done all in my power to forward it, particularly by writing a letter to *The Critical Review*, which you may peruse. I find, however, some good judges profess a great esteem for it: but *habent et sua fata libelli:* however, if you want a little flattery to the author, (which I own is very refreshing to an author,) you may tell him that Lord Chesterfield said to me he was a great poet. I imagine that Wilkie will be very much elevated by praise from an English Earl, and a knight of the Garter, and an ambassador, and a secretary of state, and a man of so great reputation. For I observe that the greatest rustics are commonly most affected with such circumstances.

Ferguson's book[4] has a great deal of genius and fine writing, and will appear in time. . . . . .

In 1759, Adam Smith published his "Theory of Moral Sentiments." The following letters embody Hume's appreciation of that work.

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

London, April 12, 1759.

DEAR SIR,—I give you thanks for the agreeable present of your Theory. Wedderburn and I made presents of our copies to such of our acquaintances as we thought good judges, and proper to spread the reputation of the book. I sent one to the Duke of Argyle, to Lord Lyttelton, Horace Walpole, Soame Jenyns, and Burke an Irish gentleman, who wrote lately a very pretty Treatise on the Sublime.

[1] A translation was published in 1764, by Besset de la Chapelle.
[2] Theory of Moral Sentiments. [3] Essay on Taste.
[4] See next page.

Millar desired my permission to send one in your name to Dr. Warburton.

I have delayed writing to you, till I could tell you something of the success of the book, and could prognosticate, with some probability, whether it should be finally damned to oblivion, or should be registered in the temple of immortality. Though it has been published only a few weeks, I think there appear already such strong symptoms, that I can almost venture to foretell its fate. It is, in short, this ——

But I have been interrupted in my letter by a foolish impertinent visit of one who has lately come from Scotland. He tells me that the University of Glasgow intend to declare Rouet's office vacant, upon his going abroad with Lord Hope. I question not but you will have our friend Ferguson in your eye, in case another project for procuring him a place in the University of Edinburgh should fail. Ferguson has very much polished and improved his Treatise on Refinement;[1] and with some amendments it will make an admirable book, and discovers an elegant and a singular genius. The Epigoniad, I hope, will do; but it is somewhat up-hill work. As I doubt not but you consult the Reviews sometimes at present, you will see in *The Critical Review* a letter upon that poem; and I desire you to employ your conjectures in finding out the author. Let me see a sample of your skill in knowing hands by your guessing at the person.[2]

I am afraid of Kames' "Law Tracts." A man might as well think of making a fine sauce by a mixture of wormwood and aloes, as an agreeable composition by joining metaphysics and Scottish law. However, the book, I believe, has merit; though few people will take the pains of inquiring into it. But to return to your book, and its success in this town, I must tell you ———

A plague of interruptions! I ordered myself to be denied; and yet here is one that has broke in upon me again. He is a man of letters, and we have had a good deal of literary conversation. You told me, that you was curious of literary

[1] Stewart says this is the work subsequently published under the title of "An Essay on the History of Civil Society." But this may be doubted: see Hume's Remarks on it at the time of publication.

[2] See above, p. 30.

anecdotes, and therefore I shall inform you of a few that have come to my knowledge. I believe I have mentioned to you already, Helvetius's book "De l'Esprit." It is worth your reading, not for its philosophy, which I do not highly value, but for its agreeable composition. I had a letter from him a few days ago, wherein he tells me that my name was much oftener in the manuscript, but that the censor of books at Paris obliged him to strike it out.

Voltaire has lately published a small work called *Candide, ou, l'Optimisme*. I shall give you a detail of it. But what is all this to my book, say you? My dear Mr. Smith, have patience: compose yourself to tranquillity; show yourself a philosopher in practice as well as profession: think on the emptiness, and rashness, and futility of the common judgments of men; how little they are regulated by reason in any subject, much more in philosophical subjects, which so far exceed the comprehension of the vulgar.

> ——— Non si quid turbida Roma,
> Elevet, accedas: examenve improbum in illâ
> Castiges trutinâ: nec te quaesiveris extra.

A wise man's kingdom is his own breast; or, if he ever looks farther, it will only be to the judgment of a select few, who are free from prejudices, and capable of examining his work. Nothing, indeed, can be a stronger presumption of falsehood than the approbation of the multitude; and Phocion, you know, always suspected himself of some blunder, when he was attended with the applauses of the populace.

Supposing, therefore, that you have duly prepared yourself for the worst by all these reflections, I proceed to tell you the melancholy news, that your book has been very unfortunate; for the public seem disposed to applaud it extremely. It was looked for by the foolish people with some impatience; and the mob of literati are beginning already to be very loud in its praises. Three bishops called yesterday at Millar's shop in order to buy copies, and to ask questions about the author. The Bishop of Peterborough said, he had passed the evening in a company where he heard it extolled above all books in the world. The Duke of Argyle is more decisive than he uses to be in its favour. I suppose he either considers it as an exotic, or thinks the author will be ser-

viceable to him in the Glasgow elections. Lord Lyttelton says that Robertson, and Smith, and Bower,[1] are the glories of English literature. Oswald protests he does not know whether he has reaped more instruction or entertainment from it. But you may easily judge what reliance can be put on his judgment, who has been engaged all his life in public business, and who never sees any faults in his friends. Millar exults and brags that two-thirds of the edition are already sold, and that he is now sure of success. You see what a son of the earth that is, to value books only by the profit they bring him. In that view, I believe it may prove a very good book.

Charles Townsend, who passes for the cleverest fellow in England, is so taken with the performance, that he said to Oswald he would put the Duke of Buccleugh under the author's care, and would make it worth his while to accept of that charge. As soon as I heard this, I called on him twice, with a view of talking with him about the matter, and of convincing him of the propriety of sending that young nobleman to Glasgow: for I could not hope, that he could offer you any terms which would tempt you to renounce your professorship; but I missed him. Mr. Townsend passes for being a little uncertain in his resolutions; so perhaps you need not build much on his sally.

In recompense for so many mortifying things, which nothing but truth could have extorted from me, and which I could easily have multiplied to a greater number, I doubt not but you are so good a Christian as to return good for evil; and to flatter my vanity by telling me, that all the godly in Scotland abuse me for my account of John Knox and the Reformation. I suppose you are glad to see my paper end, and that I am obliged to conclude with — Your humble servant."[2]

[1] This association of names is evidently intended as a sarcasm on Lord Lyttelton's taste.

[2] Stewart's Life of Smith.

Hume *to* Adam Smith.

London, 28th July, 1759.

Dear Sir,—Your friend, Mr. Wilson,[1] called on me two three days ago when I was abroad, and he left your letter. I did not see him till to-day. He seems a very modest, sensible, ingenious man. Before I saw him, I spoke to Mr. A. Millar about him, and found him very much disposed to serve him. I proposed particularly to Mr. Millar, that it was worthy of so eminent a bookseller as he, to make a complete elegant set of the classics, which might set up his name equal to the Alduses, Stevenses, or Elzevirs; and that Mr. Wilson was the properest person in the world to assist him in such a project. He confessed to me that he had sometimes thought of it; but that his great difficulty was to find a man of letters, who could correct the press. I mentioned the matter to Wilson, who said he had a man of letters in his eye: one Lyon, a nonjuring clergyman at Glasgow. He is probably known to you, or at least may be so; I would desire your opinion of him.

Mr. Wilson told me of his machines, which seem very ingenious, and deserve much encouragement. I shall soon see them.

I am very well acquainted with Bourke, who was much taken with your book. He got your direction from me, with a view of writing to you, and thanking you for your present; for I made it pass in your name. I wonder he has not done it: he is now in Ireland. I am not acquainted with Jenyns; but he spoke very highly of the book to Oswald, who is his brother in the board of trade. Millar showed me, a few days ago, a letter from Lord Fitzmaurice; where he tells him, that he has carried over a few copies to the Hague, for presents. Mr. York was very much taken with it, as well as several others who had read it.

I am told that you are preparing a new edition, and propose to make some additions and alterations, in order to obviate objections. I shall use the freedom to propose one;

[1] Probably Mr. Wilson, type-founder, Glasgow; the father of the art in Scotland.

which, if it appears to be of any weight, you may have in your eye. I wish you had more particularly and fully proved that all kinds of sympathy are necessarily agreeable. This is the hinge of your system, and yet you only mention the matter cursorily, in p. 20. Now, it would appear that there is a disagreeable sympathy, as well as an agreeable. And, indeed, as the sympathetic passion is a reflex image of the principal, it must partake of its qualities, and be painful where that is so. Indeed, *when we converse with a man with whom we can entirely sympathize*, that is, where there is a warm and intimate friendship, the cordial openness of such a commerce overpowers the pain of a disagreeable sympathy, and renders the whole movement agreeable. But, in ordinary cases, this cannot have place. An ill-humoured fellow; a man tired and disgusted with every thing, always *ennuié*, sickly, complaining, embarrassed; such a one throws an evident damp on company, which I suppose would be accounted for by sympathy, and yet is disagreeable.

It is always thought a difficult problem to account for the pleasure received from the tears, and grief, and sympathy of tragedy, which would not be the case if all sympathy was agreeable. An hospital would be a more entertaining place than a ball. I am afraid that, in p. 99, and 111, this proposition has escaped you, or, rather, is interwoven with your reasonings in that place. You say expressly, "It is painful to go along with grief, and we always enter into it with reluctance." It will probably be requisite for you to modify or explain this sentiment, and reconcile it to your system.

My dear Mr. Smith, you must not be so much engrossed with your own book as never to mention mine. The Whigs, I am told, are anew in a rage against me, though they know not how to vent themselves; for they are constrained to allow all my facts. You have, probably, seen Hurd's abuse of me. He is of the Warburtonian school; and, consequently, very insolent and very scurrilous; but I shall never reply a word to him. If my past writings do not sufficiently prove me to be no Jacobite, ten volumes in folio never would.

I signed, yesterday, an agreement with Mr. Millar; where I mention that I proposed to write the History of England,

from the beginning till the accession of Henry VII.; and he engages to give me £1400 for the copy. This is the first previous agreement ever I made with a bookseller.[1] I shall execute this work at leisure, without fatiguing myself by such ardent application as I have hitherto employed. It is chiefly as a resource against idleness that I shall undertake this work; for, as to money, I have enough; and as to reputation, what I have wrote already will be sufficient, if it be good; if not, it is not likely I shall now write better. I found it impracticable (at least fancied so) to write the History since the Revolution. I am in doubt whether I shall stay here and execute the work; or return to Scotland, and only come up here to consult the manuscripts. I have several inducements on both sides. Scotland suits my fortune best, and is the seat of my principal friendships; but it is too narrow a place for me; and it mortifies me that I sometimes hurt my friends. Pray write me your judgment soon. Are the bigots much in arms on account of this last volume? Robertson's book has great merit; but it was visible that he profited here by the animosity against me. I suppose the case was the same with you. I am, dear Smith, yours sincerely.[2]

In 1758 and 1759, much alarm was caused throughout Britain by a threatened invasion from France. Hume seems to have "improved" this state of matters, in the following letters, imparting wild and exaggerated news. His writing in such a tone, at such a juncture, is an example of his entertaining the same contempt for panics as for popular feeling in other forms. There is no address on the first of the letters. The second would reach its destination nearly at the same time with the account of Rodney's destruction of the flat-bottomed boats intended for the invasion.

[1] He did not consider his agreement about the Treatise of Human Nature a "previous" one, as the book was written. See vol. i. p. 65.

[2] *Literary Gazette*, 1822, p. 665. Original MS. R.S.E.

"*15th May*, [1759.]

"DEAR SIR,—If you pass by Edinburgh, please bring me two pounds of rapee, such as Peggy Elliot uses to take. You will get it at Gillespy's near the Cross.

"Mrs. Mallet has her compliments to you, and begs you to procure her a collection of Scotch pebbles. I assured her that I should inform you of her desire, and also that you would not fail to execute it.

"We hear that you are to be expelled the university with disgrace. Even the most partial of your friends here are obliged to allow that you deserve it.

"We expect over forty thousand French, with the first fair wind. They will probably settle the ministry; for, at present, the Pitts and the Legges, and the Grenvilles, are all going by the ears.

"We live in hopes of seeing you soon. My compliments to Smith, whose book is in a very good way.

"Dr. Warburton presents his compliments to you. Yours sincerely," &c.[1]

HUME *to* MR. RUAT.[2]

"*6th July* [1759.]

"DEAR RUAT,—I am very much obliged to you for the desire you express to Miss Elliot of hearing from me; and particularly your wishing to be informed, by me, of any news that pass. As soon as I knew, certainly, how to direct to you, I have sat down to write; and, though the occurrences are no way extraordinary which I can communicate, they

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] See this gentleman, who was a professor in Glasgow, mentioned above, p. 59, where his name is spelt Rouat.

shall all be strictly, and literally, and certainly true; and, you may venture to tell them as such to all the idle people that frequent Buxton.

"This morning, there arrived an express from Admiral Hawke's fleet, giving an account that the French fleet had sallied out of Brest, with twenty-four ships of the line, and had engaged the English fleet, in a desperate and bloody battle, from morning to night, which ended in a total victory on our side. There are seven of the French ships sunk and burnt, and four taken. There are two of our capital ships sunk, and the admiral's ship was blown up, with its whole company, not one of whom is saved. Prince Edward, in the Phœnix, behaved to admiration; but, towards the end of the engagement, an unlucky cannon ball carried away both his legs, by which it is feared we shall loose that promising young prince. Our friend, poor Dr. Blair, would not go below deck, but stood by the prince's side during the whole engagement, till his head was carried off by a double-headed shot.

"About three hours after the arrival of this express, there arrived another from the west, giving an account of the landing of the French in Torbay, to the number of twenty thousand foot, and five thousand horse. They believe already, in London, that they are sixty thousand strong. The panic is inconceivable. The people in the country are hurrying up to town; those in the town are hurrying down to the country. Nobody thinks of resistance. Every one believes the French, Popery, and the Pretender, to be at their heels.

"What adds to our general confusion is, the discovery of treachery in our councils. Mr. Pitt is sent to the Tower, for holding a secret correspondence with the French:—his ciphers and letters are taken. Mr. Wood, our friend, (if he can be said to deserve

that name,) is thrown into a dungeon; and there will be certain proofs to convict him of that treachery.

"In order to prepare the way for this blow, the perfidious French had employed somebody to blow up the magazine in the Tower." I heard the explosion this morning about five o'clock. All London is covered with rubbish, and stones and brick, and broken arms. There fell into our back court a shattered musket, and the bloody leg of a man. I thought the day of judgment was come when I first heard the explosion, and began seriously to think of my sins.

"These events will, all of them, make a figure in future historians; and it is happy for these gentlemen, who are, or ought to be, very scrupulous with regard to matters of fact, that they can so well reconcile the true and the marvellous.

"As to private news, there is little stirring; only Dr. Warburton turned Mahometan, and was circumcised last week. They say he is to write a book, in order to prove the divine legation of Mahomet; and it is not doubted but he will succeed as well as in proving that of Moses. I saw him yesterday in the Mall with his turban; which really becomes him very well.

"Poor Andrew Millar is declared bankrupt; his debts amount to above £40,000, and it is said his creditors will not get above three shillings in the pound. All the world allow him to have been diligent and industrious; but his misfortunes are ascribed to the extravagance of his wife, a very ordinary case in this city.

"Miss ———, yesterday morning declared her marriage with Dr. Armstrong; but we were surprised in the afternoon to find Mr. Short the optician, come in and challenge her for his wife. It seems she has

been married privately for some time to both of them. Her sister has been much more prudent, whom we find to have confined herself entirely to gallantry, and to have privately entertained a correspondence with three gallants. I am, dear Ruat, with great truth, your most sincere friend and humble servant."[1]

About the commencement of November, Hume returned to Scotland, for he writes to Millar on 18th December that he has been six weeks in Edinburgh. He states, that he is correcting his "History of the Stuarts;" and says, "I fancy that I shall be able to put my account of that period of English history beyond controversy. As soon as this task is finished, I undertake the ancient English history. I find the Advocates' Library very well provided with books, in this period: but before I finish, I shall pass a considerable time in London, to peruse the manuscripts in the Museum."[2]

On his return he left behind him, to be published in London, the two volumes of his "History of England, under the House of Tudor," of which he says in his "own life," — "The clamour against this performance was almost equal to that against the History of the two first Stuarts. The reign of Elizabeth was particularly obnoxious."

He had now published the whole of that department of his History, from which his opinions on the later progress of the British constitution can be derived; and the epoch of this publication calls for some notice of the manner in which subsequent inquirers have found that he performed his task.[3] He was not

[1] MS. R.S.E. [2] MS. R.S.E.

[3] An account of all the books in which the constitutional principles of the history have been ably impugned, would only be

like such writers as Clarendon and Brady, the interested or prejudiced advocate of the crown against

reminding the reader of many works with which he is probably already familiar. But among the marked productions of this series, if he desire to have a calm appreciation of the merits of Hume's historical criticism, by those who have gone over the same ground, he will peruse the historical works of Hallam, and the treatises of Dr. Allen, including his articles in *The Edinburgh Review*, and his "Inquiry into the Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative." If, however, he wish to have all Hume's tergiversations sifted and exposed with forensic acuteness, and the zeal of an able and vigilant prosecutor,—to have before him, in short, the whole "case" of the British constitution against Hume, let him read Brodie's "History of the British Empire." It will gratify all the admirers of his book to know, that Mr. Brodie is occupied in the preparation of a new edition of his great work, which will, no doubt, be marked by all the same qualities which distinguished the first, increased by farther study and enthusiastic research. It is a singular incident in literary history, that immediately after the appearance of the first edition, filled as it is with a prodigious array of notes and references, the subject was gone over by Godwin in his "History of the Commonwealth," with but slight reference to Mr. Brodie's book; but in such a manner, from the structure of his narrative and otherwise, as to show that he had scarcely any other book before him.

This is not the place for a discussion of Mr. Brodie's charges against Hume: they are honestly supported by references, and will stand or fall on their own merits. But there is one instance in which Mr. Brodie's acuteness has led him farther than every one can follow him. Thus, speaking of a particular passage of Hume, he says, "he has given the very words of Perinchief, whom he yet durst not quote; and his pencil-marks are still at the place in the copy belonging to the Advocates' Library." This statement, to the effect that there exists evidence of Hume having read passages which he has designedly avoided citing, is frequently repeated; and if one would absolutely assure himself that Hume had read the passages, by reference to the copies of the books in the Advocates' Library, he finds one or two scores drawn across the margin with a pencil! The distinguished historical critic, who has noticed this circumstance, must make some allowance for the inferior acumen of ordinary readers, if they should fail to discover why this simple score must of necessity be David Hume—his mark.

the people; and we must look for the causes of his erroneous views in what he did not know, or did not believe, rather than in what he wilfully misrepresented. In his "Essay on Commerce," published in 1752, we find him thus foreshadowing the principle on which he was to treat the History of Britain:—"Lord Bacon, accounting for the great advantages obtained by the English in their wars with France, ascribes them chiefly to the superior ease and plenty of the common people among the former; *yet the government of the two kingdoms was at that time pretty much alike.*" This assertion has been satisfactorily proved to be erroneous. The spirit of credulity in historical inquiry makes out every thing ancient to be better and greater than its modern representative. The spirit of scepticism questions whatever is said in favour of antiquity. The sceptic cannot throw doubt on the existing wonders of modern times. If one nation is far beyond another in arts, arms, civilization, or wealth, the facts cannot be denied; but when he looks back into past ages, the pliability of the evidence admits the influence of the levelling principle of scepticism, the tendency of which is to make all mankind seem much alike; and Hume, who would not have ventured to say that in his own day the constitutions of France and England were very much alike, considered it but a piece of proper caution to discard as fallacious the evidence that there was any great difference between them in former times.

Unquestionably the doubting or inquiring spirit is a valuable quality in a historian; for the narratives of

Mr. Brodie's book is particularly valuable as a criticism on Hume's notions of the old prerogative in relation to the Star Chamber, the Court of High Commission, Martial Law, Impressments, and Forced Loans.

human affairs are full of falsehoods, which it is the philosophical historian's function to discard. But the sifting will not be satisfactory, if the materials subjected to it have not been largely and laboriously collected; and the charge against Hume is, that he applied it to imperfect data. Where the data are insufficient, credulity and scepticism are merely the counterparts of each other, and produce erroneous results nearly alike. Those who proclaimed Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, to be a liar, for statements which have now been authenticated, believed in the account given of a fictitious people, in an impudent forgery, called Psalmanazer's Formosa, which would not now impose for a moment on any educated person. Our enlarged knowledge of the matters to be subjected to sceptical analysis, has now, in both cases, brought us to the right conclusion.

An inquirer into the structure of the earth, who should know nothing of its crust but the sandy plains of Germany, would, were he of a sceptical spirit, discredit all those geological wonders which the most sceptical of scientific men now believe.[1] In relation to some parts of the British constitution, Hume was in the position of such an investigator. His early prejudice against the study of the law, prevented him from being fully acquainted with a

[1] Locke gives an admirable illustration of the sceptical spirit working on imperfect data, in the following anecdote. "It happened to a Dutch ambassador, who, entertaining the King of Siam with the particularities of Holland, which he was inquisitive after, amongst other things, told him, that the water in his country would sometimes, in cold weather, be so hard, that men walked upon it, and that it would bear an elephant if he were there. To which the king replied, 'Hitherto I have believed the strange things which you have told me, because I look upon you as a sober fair man: but now I am sure you lie.'"—*On the Understanding*, book iv. chap. 15, § 5.

science, the knowledge of which is essential to any man who would clearly develop the progress of our constitution, — the common law of England. He did not understand its stubborn immovable nature, its solid impregnable masonry, against which the ambitious violence of monarchs, and the fury of popular tumults raged in vain. From the day when Gascoigne committed Henry V. to prison, to that when surly tyrannical old Sir Edward Coke argued face to face with King James against the interference of the prerogative with the independent authority of his court, those who were the honest administrators of the common law held that they were no man's servants, and no man's masters, but the sworn expounders of a settled rule of action, which no power within the realm could sway. It might be full of strange conceits, of passages hard to determine, of unreasonable and often cruel rules: but what this oracle bade them, that were they bound to do, be the consequences what they might.

To a mere onlooker, this system appeared to be clumsy and barbarous, and unendowed with that philosophical symmetry which characterized the rival system of the civil law. It required that one should have a full knowledge of its massive structure, and passive power of resistance, to appreciate its value in a country where king, nobles, and common people, were alike characterized by party spirit, courage, and restless activity. A philosopher, indulging in a distant contemplation, would at once prefer the nice philosophical adaptation to the wants of a state, and the fine logical structure, with which a despotic power, able to manipulate the laws at its own will, had endowed the system of Justinian; and if he found that the administrators of the rude common law waged a determined

war against this philosophical code, his contempt for the one, and his admiration of the other, would be likely to be increased. But there is no doubt that the advocates of the common law were right in resisting the introduction of the pliant principles of the civilians. If it be true that the common law, and the constitution which grew along with it, embodied no philosophical principle of liberty, it is also true that they embodied no philosophical principle of despotism, such as that which was ready made in the Justinian legislation. The theories of passive obedience, and the sacredness of the monarchical character, were strangers to it; and these doctrines, so attractive to those who profit by them, were introduced by the civilians. In presence of the unbending operation of the common law, and dependent on a surly suspicious parliament, the sovereign might yet, if he were a man of talent and courage, be very powerful and very tyrannical: but he had none of those attributes through which the ingenuity of the civilians had divested him of all the moral failings, so far as they were accompanied with the moral responsibilities of a human being. He was often a "most dread sovereign:" but it was for these novel doctrines, the fruit of the reading of the clergy and the ecclesiastical lawyers, to invest him with the attributes of "sacred majesty."

The supporters of the common law, and of the old popular rights, strove to keep the law above the king. Those who drew their constitutional principles from the civilians and canonists, desired to place the king above the law. They accomplished their object in name, but not in fact, by incorporating with the constitutional law those fictions, that the king never dies, is not responsible, does not require to appear by

his attorney, suffers no laches, &c. But in reality the old principles which made the king merely the head of a community, all of whom were subjected to the law, substantially held its ground; for, in so far as the monarch was exempted from responsibilities, in the same proportion was he deprived of any powers which he could exercise otherwise than through a responsible minister.

There was in Hume a like want of appreciation of the value of parliamentary forms and privileges, and a corresponding indifference about their violation. He had not sufficiently studied the Journals of the Commons, and did not trace the rise and development of that system of procedure which has protected our own liberties, and afforded a model for the legislative assemblies of all free nations.[1] It was in the Long Parliament, and under the eye of the able men of business who then held the lead, that this noble system was brought to perfection; but the reader whose historical information is derived solely from

[1] The forms of voting and coming to a decision in the British Parliament have been adopted by other countries, not from any partiality towards our systems, but because in this we seem to have approached abstract perfection; and the framers of codes, after all endeavours to make forms of like excellence, are obliged to have recourse to those which have been followed for centuries in St. Stephen's. In the French Assemblies, ingenuity was frequently exercised in vain to devise some plan by which, after a series of proposals had been made, and debated upon, the sense of the meeting in regard to them might be ascertained and recorded without the record being liable to be questioned as inaccurate. In the English system, the matter is at once solved. Each proposed resolution is made and put on record before the discussion begins, and however many different proposals there may be in relation to the subject of debate, they must be all put in writing, and each one must be singly, and without intermixture with the others, adopted or rejected by a vote of the house.

Hume, knows little of its value. Thus unconscious of the practical importance of the rights and privileges of the English people, he did not sympathize with those who expected alarming consequences from their infringement. He involved those who put the protection of their legal rights to the issue of the sword, in the same contemptuous estimate with the fanatics whom he charged with convulsing the state about religious differences of no essential moment. In either case the event at issue was of so little importance in his estimation, that he had small charity for those who made it a vitally important concern.[1] But in all these matters we look back on Hume with the light of later times. To appreciate his services to constitutional history, we must, while we keep in view the successful labours of later inquirers, remember how little had been done by his predecessors. The old chroniclers, such as Hall and

[1] He seems to have afterwards soothed himself with the reflection that his historical speculations were in favour of the stability of a fixed government, and opposed to innovating principles. In a letter to Madame de Boufflers, dated 23d Dec. 1768, he says:—

"Indeed, the prospect of affairs here is so strange and melancholy, as would make any one desirous of withdrawing from the country at any rate. Licentiousness, or rather the frenzy of liberty, has taken possession of us, and is throwing every thing into confusion. How happy do I esteem it, that in all my writings I have always kept at a proper distance from that tempting extreme, and have maintained a due regard to magistracy and established government, suitably to the character of an historian and a philosopher! I find, on that account, my authority growing daily; and indeed have now no reason to complain of the public, though your partiality to me made you think so formerly. Add to this, that the king's bounty puts me in a very opulent situation. I must, however, expect that, if any great public convulsion happen, my appointments will cease, and reduce me to my own revenue: but this will be sufficient for a man of letters, who surely needs less money both for his entertainment and credit, than other people." —*Private Correspondence*, p. 266.

Holingshed, scarcely ever deign to descend from the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, to mention constitutional matters; and perhaps, in an impartial estimate, it will be admitted that in the gradual progress towards a better appreciation of what is truly valuable in British history, no one writer has taken so great a stride as Hume.

CHAPTER XI.

1760—1762. Æt. 49—51.

Alterations of the History in the direction of Despotic Principles—Specimens—Alterations in Style—Specimens—His Elaboration—Ossian's Poems—Labours at the early part of the History—Ferguson's "Sister Peg"—Acquaintance with Madame de Boufflers—Account of that lady—First intercourse with Rousseau—Rousseau's position—The exiled Earl Marishal—Campbell and his Dissertation on Miracles.

We have seen, from various indications in Hume's letters to his friends, that he employed himself occasionally in corrections and alterations of the published volumes of his History. In these revisals, and especially in that of the "History of the Stuarts," his alterations were not limited to the style. He tells us, with a sort of scornful candour, in his "own life," "Though I had been taught by experience that the Whig party were in possession of bestowing all places, both in the state and in literature, I was so little inclined to yield to their senseless clamour, that in above a hundred alterations which farther study, reading, or reflection engaged me to make in the reigns of the two first Stuarts, I have made all of them invariably to the Tory side. It is ridiculous to

consider the English constitution, before that period, as a regular plan of liberty."

It was part of his nature, when popular clamour called for the adoption of a particular course, to turn his steps for that reason the more distinctly in the opposite direction. He has not exaggerated the extent or character of his alterations; for an inspection of the various editions of his History which came under his own revision, shows him, by turns of expression, structure of narrative, and other gentle alterations, approaching closer and closer to despotic principles. The democratic opinions contained in his early essays, have already been alluded to; and their suppression in subsequent editions, harmonizes with these variations of the opinions expressed in his History.[1]

[1] The following contrasted extracts represent some of the variations above alluded to. The passages on the one side will be found in the first, and those in the other in the last corrected edition of the "History of the Stuarts."

First edition.	*Later editions.*
King James inculcated those monarchical tenets with which he was so much infatuated. P. 54.	Inculcated those monarchical tenets which he had so strongly imbibed.
Divine right. And though these doctrines were perhaps more openly inculcated and more strenuously insisted on during the reign of the Stuarts, they were not then invented. P. 120.	And though *it* is pretended that these doctrines were more openly inculcated, and more strenuously insisted on, during the reign of the Stuarts, they were not then invented.
America. The seeds of many a noble state have been sown in climates kept desolate by the wild manners of the ancient inhabitants; and an asylum secured in that solitary world for liberty and science, if ever the spreading of unlimited empire, or the inroad of barbarous nations, should	Expunged.

There are, however, a very few alterations in an opposite spirit. Thus, in the following sentence rela-

First edition.	*Later editions.*
again extinguish them in this turbulent and restless hemisphere. P. 134.	
Charles I. However moderate his temper, the natural illusions of self-love, joined to his education under James, and to the flattery of courtiers and churchmen, had represented his political tenets as certain and uncontroverted. P. 148.	However moderate his temper, the natural and unavoidable prepossessions of self-love, joined to the late uniform precedents in favour of prerogative, had made him regard his political tenets as certain and uncontroverted.
Loans were by privy seal required of several: to others the way of benevolence was proposed; methods supported by precedents, condemned by positive laws, and always invidious even to times more submissive and compliant. In the most despotic governments, such expedients would be regarded as irregular and disorderly. P. 159.	Of some, loans were required: to others, the way of benevolence was proposed: methods supported by precedent, but always invidious even in times more submissive and compliant. In the most absolute governments, such expedients would be regarded as irregular and unequal.
The new counsels which Charles had mentioned to the parliament, were now to be tried in order to supply his necessities. Had he possessed any military force on which he could depend, 'tis likely that he had at once taken off the mask, and governed without any regard to the ancient laws and constitution: so high an idea had he imbibed of kingly prerogative, and so contemptible a notion of the privileges of those popular assemblies, from which he thought he had met with such ill usage. But his army was new levied, ill-paid, and worse disciplined; no way superior to the	The new counsels which Charles had mentioned to the parliament, were now to be tried, in order to supply his necessities. Had he possessed any military force on which he could rely, it is not improbable that he had at once taken off the mask, and governed without any regard to parliamentary privileges: so high an idea had he received of kingly prerogative, and so contemptible a notion of the rights of those popular assemblies, from which he very naturally thought he had met with such ill-usage. But his army was new levied, ill-paid, and worse disciplined; nowise

tive to the proceedings of the House of Commons regarding the militia, the part in italics is suppressed

First edition.	*Later editions.*
militia, who were much more numerous, and who were in a great measure under the influence of the country gentlemen. It behoved him therefore to proceed cautiously, and to cover his enterprises under pretext of ancient precedents. P. 158.	superior to the militia, who were much more numerous, and who were in a great measure under the influence of the country gentlemen. It behoved him therefore to proceed cautiously, and to cover his enterprises under pretence of ancient precedents, which, considering the great authority commonly enjoyed by his predecessors, could not be wanting to himself.
In most national debates, though the reasons may not be equally balanced, yet are there commonly some plausible topics, which may be pleaded even in favour of the weaker side; so complicated are all human affairs, and so uncertain the consequences of every public measure. But it must be confessed, that in the present case, nothing of weight can be thrown into the opposite scale. The imposition of ship-money, is apparently the most avowed and most dangerous invasion of national privileges, not only which Charles was ever guilty of, but which the most arbitrary princes in England, since any liberty had been ascertained to the people, had ever ventured upon. P. 218.	Expunged.
Perhaps the King, who dreaded above all things the House of Commons, and who never sufficiently respected the constitution, thought, that, in his present urgent distresses, he might be	Perhaps the King, who dreaded above all things the House of Commons, and who expected no supply from them on any reasonable terms, thought, that in his present distresses, he might be

in the later editions. "He [the king] issued proclamations against this manifest usurpation; *the most precipitant and most enormous of which there is any instance in the English history.*"

On one incident of some importance in history, he was obliged materially to change his ground of argument, yet would not alter his original opinion. During the fervour of the civil wars in 1646, Lord Glamorgan had in the name of Charles I. concluded a treaty with the confederated Irish Catholics, by which, on the condition of their aiding the king, besides other concessions, the Roman Catholic religion was to be restored to its old supremacy through a great part of Ireland. Ormond, the lord lieutenant, charged Glamorgan with high treason: but he produced two commissions from the king. The king disowned the commissions: but the parliament believed in their genuineness.—It was in this shape that the matter

First edition.	*Later edition.*
enabled to levy subsidies, by the authority of the peers alone. But the employing so long a plea of necessity, which was evidently false, and ill grounded, rendered it impossible for him to avail himself of a necessity which was now at last become real and inevitable. P. 247.	enabled to levy supplies by the authority of the peers alone. But the employing so long the plea of a necessity, which appeared distant and doubtful, rendered it impossible for him to avail himself of a necessity which was now at last become real, urgent, and inevitable.
The attempt to seize the Five Members.	
This strange resolution, so incompatible with the majesty of a king, so improper even for the dignity of any great magistrate, was discovered to the Countess of Carlisle, sister to Northumberland, a lady of great spirit, wit, and intrigue. P. 318.	This resolution was discovered to the Countess of Carlisle, sister to Northumberland, a lady of spirit, wit, and intrigue.

appeared in the first instance before Hume. In his first edition he accordingly maintained that the commissions were forgeries; and a long note, explanatory of the grounds of this belief, is a remarkable instance of a plausible fabric of historical reasoning, doomed afterwards to fall to pieces by the removal of its foundation. Before he published his second edition, he received a letter from the Rev. John Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle,[1] who was intrusted with the editing of the Clarendon Papers. In this communication, the reverend gentleman regrets that he cannot send to Hume a letter written by Glamorgan, describing the method in which the commissions were actually prepared, and its object; but he gives an account of the contents of the letter.[2] Hume could no longer hold that the commissions were not genuine: but he still maintained Charles to be guiltless; and though they were unknown to the lord lieutenant, and bore no attestation of having passed through the proper offices, he still argued that Glamorgan, in treating with the Irish, though he was within the letter of his very wide powers, must have exceeded his instructions; and ingeniously pointed to his work, "The century of Inventions," in connexion with which Lord Glamorgan is better known, by his subsequent title of Marquis of Worcester, as the production of a man who never could have been trusted with powers so extensive as those which he arrogated.

Besides the variations in political opinion, there were in the subsequent editions of Hume's History other alterations suggested by other influences. His opinions were self-formed, and he jealously protected them in their formation from the influence of other minds; but in the cultivation of his style he sought assistance with

[1] In the MSS. R.S.E.

[2] See the letter itself in the Clarendon Papers, ii. 201-3.

SPECIMEN OF THE M.S. OF HUME'S HISTORY.
REIGN OF HENRY II. PUBLISHED IN 1762.

~~The King~~ The King had raiss'd Becket from ~~the lowest~~ a low Station to the highest Offices, had honour'd him with his Countenance & Friendship, had trusted to his Assistance in forwarding his favorite Projects against the Clergy; and when he found him become of a sudden his most rigid Opponent, while every one ~~else~~ bend comply'd with his Will, his Rage at the Disappointment, and ~~the~~ Indignation against such signal Ingratitude, transported him beyond all Bounds of Moderation; and there seems to have entered ~~as much~~ more of Passion ~~and~~ Justice or even of Policy, in ~~the~~ this violent Prosecution of ~~the Arch-bishop~~ (f). The Barons, however, in the great Council voted whatever Sentence he was pleas'd to dictate to them, and ~~even~~ the Bishops, themselves, who undoubtedly favour'd Becket, ~~in their own Minds~~, and regarded him as the Martyr of their ~~sacred~~ Privileges, ~~pl~~ concur'd with the rest, in the Design of oppressing their ~~Arch-bishop~~ Primate. In vain did Becket urge, that his Court was proceeding with the utmost Regularity & Justice in ~~the~~ ~~Trial of Becket~~ laying the Mareschal's Cause, which however he had ~~sold~~ would appear, from the Sheriff's Testimony, to be entirely unjust & ignominious: That he himself had discovered ~~had expressed~~ no Contempt of the King's Court; but on the contrary, by sending four Knights to excuse his Absence, had ~~sufficiently~~ virtually acknowleg'd its Authority: That he also ~~[illegible]~~ in consequence of the King's ~~[illegible]~~ against Mareschal's Summons, personally appear'd at present in the Great Council, ready to justify his Cause and Sub-~~[illegible]~~ his Conduct, even should he be found ~~[illegible]~~ to be guilty of Non-appearance, and to ~~[illegible]~~ Jurisdiction: That the Law had affix'd a very slight Penalty to ~~his~~ the Offence; ~~of Non-Appearance, even should he be found by the great Council to have incurred it~~; and as he was an Inhabitant of Kent, where his Archi-episcopal Palace was seated, he was by Law entitled ~~by Law~~ ~~[illegible]~~ to some greater Indulgence, then usual in the ~~Degree~~ Rate of his Fine (b). He was condemn'd, notwithstanding these Pleas, as guilty of a Contempt to the King's Court, and as wanting in the Fealty which he had sworn to his Sovereign: ~~[illegible]~~ all his Goods & Chattels were ~~declar'd to be forfeited~~ confiscated (d); ~~and to carry still further~~ and that this Triumph over the Church.

(f) Neubr. p. 394

Po/281

(b) F. Ar. Steph. p. 37, 42

d) Hist. Quad. p. 47. Hoveden. p. 494 Gervas p. 1389

F. Schenck Lith.r Edin.r

avidity from all who could afford it. Hence he appears to have earnestly solicited the aid of Lyttelton, Mallet, and others, whose experience of English composition might enable them to detect Scotticisms.

Before they went to press, his compositions underwent a minute and rigorous correction. His manuscripts, as the small fac-simile engraved for these volumes shows, were subjected to a painful revisal. We sometimes find him, after he has adopted a form of expression, scoring it out and substituting another; but again, on a comparison of their mutual merits, restoring the rejected form, and perhaps again discarding it when he has lighted on a happier collocation of words.[1]

[1] The following are some instances of the alterations made on the first edition of his History. The collection of these instances has been facilitated by the use of a copy of the first edition of the Histories of the Houses of Stuart and Tudor, in the possession of a friend, on which the alterations embodied in the subsequent editions are written in red ink.

In the first edition.	*As altered.*
Scotch.	Scottish.
Such was the terror, respectable and rare in a monarch.	So great was the terror, respectable as well as rare, in a monarch.
May be esteemed a great reflection on his memory.	May be deemed a great reflection on his memory.
Betwixt.	Between.
We come now to relate.	We are now to relate.
Under pretext of a hunting match.	On pretence of a hunting match.
Making account that.	Thinking himself assured that.
Their concurrence became requisite.	Their concurrence became necessary.
Along with.	Together with.
Esteemed impartial.	Deemed impartial.
To a pitch beyond what had ever been known since.	To a height beyond what had been known since.
Entirely requisite for their future safety.	Absolutely necessary for their future safety.

It is worthy of remark, that his most brilliant passages are those which bear the least appearance of

In the first edition.	*As altered.*
When the exception really occurs, even though it be not precedently expected.	When the exception really occurs, even though it be not previously expected.
Any way displeased at the, &c.	Any-wise displeased at the, &c.
Monarchical tenets with which he was so much infatuated.	Monarchical tenets which he had so strongly imbibed.
Graced with ecclesiastical titles.	Endowed with ecclesiastical titles.
Inflicting this sentence.	Pronouncing this sentence.
Confined in the Tower.	Confined to the Tower.
Debarred from such sports.	Debarred such sports.
Raleigh pretended not.	Raleigh did not pretend.
War with the Spaniards.	War against the Spaniards.
As to the circumstance of the narration.	As to the circumstance of the narrative.
Would have had a most just cause.	Would have had a just cause.
Such as together with.	Such as along with.
Interposal in the wars.	Interposition in the wars.
Effectuate a marriage.	Effect a marriage.
He was utterly devoid.	He was utterly destitute.
Headlong in his passions.	Headstrong in his passions.
Obtained at last.	Obtained at length.
A bill declarative.	A bill declaratory.
Forced into a breach.	Constrained to make a breach.
Had sat.	Had sitten.
However little inclined.	How little soever inclined.
Besides being a most atrocious violence.	Besides its being a most atrocious act of violence.
Precedent to Strafford's trial.	Previous to Strafford's trial.
Afraid that.	Afraid lest.
Was ordinarily lodged in.	Was commonly lodged in.
Was the person who introduced.	Was the person that introduced.
During all the time when.	During the time that.
Reduced to shifts.	Reduced to extremities.
The Star Chamber, who were sitting.	The Star Chamber, which was sitting.

being amended. It is not thence to be inferred that these passages sprang from his mind in their full symmetry and beauty: but rather that they had been elaborated, and made ready for insertion in their proper place, before they were put in writing.

We now resume the correspondence; which will be found to have reference, among other topics, to the preparation of the History anterior to the accession of the Tudors.

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"*Edinburgh, 22d March*, 1760.

"DEAR SIR,—You gave me a very sensible pleasure in informing me so early of the success of 'The Siege of Aquileia'[1] on its first representation. I hope it sustained its reputation after it came into print. I showed Mr. Kincaid your letter; and he has

In the first edition.	*As altered.*
A story which, as it marks the genius of parties, may be worth reciting.	A story which, as it discovers the genius of parties, may be worth relating.
Contempt entertained towards.	Contempt entertained for.
Could such an attempt be interpreted treason.	Could such an attempt be considered as treason.
Lay great weight upon.	Lay great stress upon.
Devoid of temporal sanction.	Destitute of temporal sanction.
Parliament designed to levy war.	Parliament intended to levy war.
It would ascertain the devoted obedience.	It would ensure the devoted obedience.
His dignity was exempted from pride.	His dignity was free from pride.
When the exception really occurs, even though it be not precedently expected.	When the exception really occurs, even though it be not previously expected.
To those effects which were operated.	To those effects which were wrought.

[1] A tragedy by John Home.

published an edition here, of a thousand, which go off very well. As he had published a pamphlet, this winter, which he got from you, I told him that I fancied you would be satisfied with the same terms, which he then agreed to.

"I am very busy, and am making some progress; but find that this part of English History is a work of infinite labour and study; which, however, I do not grudge; for I have nothing better nor more agreeable to employ me. I have sent you a short catalogue of books, which either are not in the Advocates' Library, or are not to be found at present. I must beg of you to procure them for me, and to send them down with the first ship. Send me also the prices; for I shall be able to engage the curators of the library to take from me such as they want at the price.

"Dr. Birch, (to whom make my compliments,) will be so good as to give you his advice about buying these books; and will tell you if several of them are collected in volumes, as is often the case with the old English historians.

"I hope Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Mallet are as busy as I; if so, we may expect to see their history soon. Please to inform me what you hear of them. We are informed that Lord Lyttelton is soon to appear. I wish very much to have the benefit of his work before I go to the press. Donaldson told me, that Strahan has, at last, finished the small edition of my Essays, and that you have shipped his and Kincaid's number. They are resolved, I find, to dispose of them all in this place. I hope you have not forgot to send me half a dozen of copies in sheets, the number which we agreed to on any new edition.

"Your press, in London, has been somewhat barren this winter. We have had nothing from you but a

good pamphlet or two, and have, I think, paid the same in kind. Our militia pamphlet was certainly wrote with spirit; and has been twice reprinted, as I hear, in London.[1] I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Millar; and please tell her that I am very sorry we shall not have the pleasure of seeing her here this summer. I could wish her just as much sickness as to make her sensible that travelling is good for her. My compliments to Dr. Douglas and Strahan, and to Friend Cummin, who, I hope, sees now a better prospect of overcoming all his difficulties. I am," &c.

The following letter, though it must be already familiar to many readers, is so clear an exposition of the writer's views on some branches of historical and biographical literature, that it ought not to be omitted.

HUME *to* DR. ROBERTSON.

I have frequently thought, and talked with our common friends upon the subject of your letter. There always occurred to us several difficulties with regard to every subject we could propose. The ancient Greek history has several recommendations, particularly the good authors from which it must be drawn: but this same circumstance becomes an objection, when more narrowly considered; for what can you do in most places with these authors but transcribe and translate them? no letters or state papers from which you could correct their errors, or authenticate their narration, or

[1] The militia of England had, owing to the unpopularity of the foreign mercenaries in British pay, been strengthened and enlarged. A proposal was entertained, to extend the system to Scotland: but it was not executed till many years afterwards. There were several pamphlets on the subject. Probably the one here referred to is the well known "History of the Proceedings in the case of Margaret, commonly called Peg, only lawful Sister of John Bull, Esq.;" attributed to Adam Ferguson, which will have to be mentioned farther on.

supply their defects. Besides, Rollin is so well wrote with respect[1] to style, that with superficial people it passes for sufficient. There is one Dr. Lelland, who has lately wrote the life of Philip of Macedon, which is one of the best periods. The book, they tell me, is perfectly well wrote; yet it has had such small sale, and has so little excited the attention of the public, that the author has reason to think his labour thrown away. I have not read the book; but by the size, I should judge it to be too particular. It is a pretty large quarto. I think a book of that size sufficient for the whole History of Greece till the death of Philip: and I doubt not but such a work would be successful, notwithstanding all these discouraging circumstances. The subject is noble, and Rollin is by no means equal to it.

I own, I like still less your project of the age of Charles the Fifth. That subject is disjointed; and your hero, who is the sole connexion, is not very interesting. A competent knowledge at least is required of the state and constitution of the empire; of the several kingdoms of Spain, of Italy, of the Low Countries, which it would be the work of half a life to acquire; and, though some parts of the story may be entertaining, there would be many dry and barren; and the whole seems not to have any great charms.

But I would not willingly start objections to these schemes, unless I had something to propose, which would be plausible; and I shall mention to you an idea which has sometimes pleased me, and which I had once entertained thoughts of attempting. You may observe that, among modern readers, Plutarch is, in every translation, the chief favourite of the ancients. Numberless translations and numberless editions have been made of him in all languages; and no translation has been so ill done as not to be successful. Though those who read the originals never put him in comparison either with Thucydides or Xenophon, he always attaches more the reader in the translation; a proof that the idea and execution of his work is, in the main, happy. Now, I would have you think of writing modern

[1] Hume seems to have himself commenced a translation of Plutarch. See above, vol. i. p. 417.

lives, somewhat after that manner: not to enter into a detail of the actions, but to mark the manners of the great personages, by domestic stories, by remarkable sayings, and by a general sketch of their lives and adventures. You see that in Plutarch the life of Cæsar may be read in half an hour. Were you to write the life of Henry the Fourth of France after that model, you might pillage all the pretty stories in Sully, and speak more of his mistresses than of his battles. In short, you might gather the flower of all modern history in this manner: the remarkable Popes, the Kings of Sweden, the great discoverers and conquerors of the New World; even the eminent men of letters, might furnish you with matter, and the quick despatch of every different work would encourage you to begin a new one. If one volume were successful, you might compose another at your leisure, and the field is inexhaustible. There are persons whom you might meet with in the corners of history, so to speak, who would be a subject of entertainment quite unexpected; and as long as you live, you might give and receive amusement by such a work; even your son, if he had a talent for history, would succeed to the subject, and his son to him. I shall insist no farther on this idea; because, if it strikes your fancy, you will easily perceive all its advantages, and, by farther thought, all its difficulties.[1]

In 1760, Macpherson published those "Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse language," which, afterwards enlarged, became the celebrated "Ossian's Poems." Hume took an early interest in this professed resuscitation of early national literature. He at first doubted the truth of assertions so unprecedented in literary history, as those by which the genuineness of the poems was maintained. But there was nothing to which his heart would have responded with a warmer enthusiasm than the dis-

[1] Stewart's Life of Robertson.

covery, that his ancestors, generally reputed to be but late accessions to civilization, could look back upon a literature as rich and great as that which had crowned Greece with the literary supremacy of the world. Hence, he seems to have, after some time, willingly yielded to a belief in the genuineness of these poems. His good sense and sceptical spirit, however, resumed the supremacy, and he afterwards wrote a very searching though short "Essay on the Authenticity of Ossian's Poems." It is printed in the Appendix; and thither the whole correspondence on the subject is transferred, that the reader may peruse the various pieces in a series. It is probable that the sole reason why Hume never published this detection, was a kindly feeling to his friend Dr. Blair, against whom he might not wish to appear in a controversy, where the critical powers of the latter would be so severely tested. And yet they stood on perfectly fair ground. Neither Hume nor Blair had any knowledge of the archæological merits of the question. Each of them discussed the probable genuineness of the poems on grounds as purely critical as if they had been brought from Central Africa, instead of being the alleged literature of a people who are supposed to have at one time occupied the ground on which Edinburgh is built; and at the time of that controversy, as at the present day, might be visited on a journey of fifty miles. In such a state of knowledge, it required great freedom and decision in criticism to pronounce the poems forgeries. Then, as now, every genuine Celt protested that he had heard them over and over again in Gaelic with his own ears; and with this only difference from the translation, that there were peculiar delicate beauties in the native Gaelic, which neither Macpherson, nor any other man, was capable of expressing in English.

In such an unequal controversy, between the internal evidence of criticism, and the external evidence of broad assertion, it is singular that no one should have attempted to solve the question through the faint light which the chronicles of the surrounding tribes throw on the history of the Celts in Scotland. That knowledge has now been pretty widely extended; and hence "Ossian's Poems" have been estimated at their true value, as an embossment of poetical language and imagery, on the surface of such barren metrical narratives as all uncivilized and warlike people possess; it has been found that the structure of the narratives, the characteristic names, the events of history, and the manners of the times, have been treated with no more deference, when an alteration was found to suit the purpose of the "translator."[1]

Intensely occupied with his History anterior to the accession of the Tudors, we thus find Hume writing to Millar on 27th October:—

"I have been very busy ever since I came down; and if I keep my health, shall be able to publish the winter after the next, or at farthest in the subsequent spring; which I fancy will serve your purpose well enough. At any rate, this is not a matter which I can hurry on faster than I am able to satisfy myself in the execution.

"I am very much pleased with what you tell me, that the Clarendon Papers have fallen into Dr. Douglas's hands, especially as Dr. Robertson tells me he intends to publish them. What my sentiments are on the question you mention, you may learn from

[1] It will be observed, that Hume's strongest argument from internal criticism is, that the state of society and feeling exhibited in these poems was that of the middle ages, and involved the spirit of chivalry peculiar to that period.

my letter to the Doctor, which I have sent you open, and which I beg you to take the trouble of sending; for I do not know how to direct it."

Hume wished to amuse himself with mystifying his friends about the pamphlet above alluded to, called Sister Peg. The circumstance which suggested to him the following letter, is said to have been his being kept in ignorance that his friend Ferguson was the author of the piece.

HUME *to* DR. CARLYLE.

"*Edinburgh, 3d February*, 1761.

"DEAR SIR,—I am informed that you have received a letter from London, by which you learn that the manuscript of Sister Peg has been traced to the printer's, and has been found to be, in many places, interlined and corrected in my handwriting. I could have wished that you had not published this piece of intelligence before you told me of it. The truth is, after I had composed that trifling performance, and thought I had made it as correct as I could, I gave it to a sure hand to be transcribed, that in case any of the London printers had known my hand, they might not be able to discover me. But as it lay by me some weeks afterwards, I could not forbear reviewing it; and not having my amanuensis at hand, I was obliged in several places to correct it myself, rather than allow it to go to the press with inaccuracies of which I was sensible. I little dreamed that this small want of precaution would have betrayed me so soon; but as you know that I am very indifferent about princes or presidents, ministers of the gospel or ministers of state, kings or keysars, and set at defiance all powers, human or infernal, I had no other reason for concealing myself, but in order to try the taste of the public; whom,

though I also set in some degree at defiance, I cannot sometimes forbear paying a little regard to. I find that frivolous composition has been better received than I had any reason to expect, and therefore cannot much complain of the injury you have done me by revealing my secret, and obliging me to acknowledge it more early than I intended. The only reason of my writing to you is, to know the printer's name, who has so far broke his engagements as to show the manuscript; for the bookseller assured my friend to whom I intrusted it, that we might depend upon an absolute secrecy. I beg my compliments to Mrs. Carlyle, and am, dear sir," &c.[1]

We see by the date of the following letter, that Hume varied his city life with an occasional residence with his brother in Berwickshire.

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

"*Ninewells*, 29*th June*, 1761.

"DEAR SMITH,—As your professorship of Hebrew is vacant, I have been applied to in behalf of young Mr. Cummin; and you are the person with whom I am supposed to have some interest. But as I imagine you will not put this election on the footing of interest, I shall say nothing on that head; but shall speak much more to the purpose by informing you, that I have known Mr. Cummin for some time, and have esteemed him a young man of exceeding good capa-

[1] Mackenzie's Account of Home, p. 155. The original is in the MSS. R.S.E. Mr. Mackenzie says, "I could not read this letter without being confirmed in an observation which I have often ventured to make, on the uncertainty of the evidence arising from *letters*, when the writers are dead, and the motives of their correspondence cannot be known."

city, and of a turn towards literature. He tells me that he has made the oriental tongues, and particularly the Hebrew, a part of his study, and has made some proficiency in them. But of this fact, craving his pardon, I must be allowed to entertain some doubt; for if Hebrew roots, as Cowley says, thrive best in barren soil,[1] he has a small chance of producing any great crop of them. But as you commonly regard the professorship of Hebrew as a step towards other professorships, in which a good capacity can better display itself, you will permit me to give it as my opinion, that you will find it difficult to pitch on a young man, who is more likely to be a credit to your college, by his knowledge and industry.

"I am so far on my road to London, where I hope to see you this season. I shall lodge in Miss Elliot's, Lisle Street, Leicester Fields; and I beg it of you to let me hear from you the moment of your arrival."[2]

In 1761, commenced Hume's acquaintance with Madame de Boufflers. It afterwards ripened into a friendship, of which we cannot fully estimate the nature, without looking not only at the character and position of the parties, but at some conventional notions of morality, to which Hume had been, previously, a stranger. Hyppolyte de Saujon, Comtesse de Boufflers-Rouvel, is not to be confounded with her contemporary the Marquise de Boufflers-Rémencourt, mother of the witty Chevalier de Boufflers. The prominent difference between them is but too startlingly characteristic of the moral atmosphere in which they both lived—that the former was mistress of the

[1] It is not Cowley but Butler who makes this sarcasm.

> For Hebrew roots although they're found
> To flourish most in barren ground.

[2] MS. R.S.E.

Prince of Conti, while the latter is supposed to have held the same relation to Prince Stanislaus Augustus of Poland, of whose court she was the great ornament and attraction. A friendship between a respectable Scotsman of letters and a person in Madame de Boufflers' position, is apt to excite a smile or a frown, according to the habits or temper of the reader. Hume himself was not likely to take the most austere view of the matter; and must have felt, at any rate, that the scandal and even the blame of such connexions must be greatly affected by the countenance they receive from the society to which the parties belong. On the vileness of this code of organized immorality, it would be superfluous, at this hour, to enlarge; but there is a great difference between those who act up to the standard of a low social system and those who do the same acts in breach of a higher code. A Mahomedan who keeps a harem in Constantinople is inferior in his tone of morality to an English gentleman, of good domestic conduct; but he is infinitely superior to an Englishman with a harem in Piccadilly.

The lady in question undoubtedly held a very high station in the best society of Paris; and at that time, and in that country, it is certain that such attachments, if permanent and decorous, and in a very high class of society, acquired a more than tolerated respectability. In 1769, Madame de Boufflers speaks of her attachment as one of twenty years' duration. Early in life, and soon after her marriage, she had been placed at the court of the Duchess of Orleans: but quarrelling with that princess, she came under the protection of the Prince of Conti. Of course, her correspondence bears no mark of her having been subjected to slights, or of her dreading them; or indeed of any suspicion that there was any thing in her position to prevent

her from being rigid in her ideas of virtue, and a teacher of social duties. On her visit to England, she was well received by the British aristocracy, and was even honoured by a laudatory growl from Johnson. We find her exchanging visits with the Marchioness of Hertford, the wife of the English ambassador, one of the purest of that portion of the English female aristocracy which had not suffered taint. In one of her letters to Hume, she describes the death-bed of the prince's mother; speaks of her displaying the heroism of a grand-daughter of the great Condé; and talks with tearful gratitude of the early kindness of that princess to herself, and of her attempts to pay the debt by solacing her old age, and performing to her the last duties which the living receive from each other. It is in all its spirit the letter of a daughter-in-law.

The prince, though a generous and kind-hearted man, could not be prevailed on to make her his wife on her husband's death; but when he died in 1776, he had raised no princess over her head. We shall find that she made Hume the confidant in her griefs and disappointments, and the adviser in her difficulties. There is a great air of earnestness and solicitude in these appeals; and though we cannot help presuming, that a woman so full in her disclosures to a foreigner, living among a people of totally different habits and morals, must have distributed a still larger portion of her confidential revelations nearer home; yet it is evident that she had much reliance on Hume's counsel, and perhaps he was not ill fitted for a father-confessor to such a penitent.

The letters of Hume to the countess, have already been for some time before the English reader.[1] On

[1] Private Correspondence of David Hume with several distinguished persons, between the years 1761 and 1776. London, 1820, 4to.

the present occasion some characteristic extracts will be interwoven with the letters which form the other side of the correspondence. It is difficult for a native of this country, with the fullest allowance for the redundancy of the French laudatory and amicable vocabulary, to estimate at its true value the ardour of these letters, or to adjust the amount of solid truth and friendliness represented by such a blaze of ardent expressions. The correspondence was of the lady's seeking and pursuing. Frequently, when there is a pause, an impassioned letter from her rouses up the philosopher; who starts into a sort of artificial excitement, and, when it is over, sinks into lethargy again. Yet it must be admitted that Hume acted his part pretty well, and that the fat philosopher was not far behind the vivacious Frenchwoman. But with him it is visibly all acting; and there is a total absence of the playful ease which adorns those letters to his own chosen friends, with whom he was in heart and habits at ease. In some instances, perhaps, he studied a formal and measured style, as being more intelligible to a foreigner; and occasionally we find him offering his correspondent facilities by the adoption of idioms more French than English; as where he says, "I am truly ashamed, dear madam, of your having *prevented* me in breaking our long silence; but you have *prevented* me only a few days."[1]

The letter with which the countess opens the correspondence, seems to have been forwarded to Hume by Lord Elibank's brother, Alexander Murray, who was then mixing with the Jacobites abroad, and who appears to have enjoyed a very wide and much varied circle of acquaintance in France. He says, in a letter of the 18th May, 1761:—

[1] Private Correspondence, p. 269.

"My Dear Sir,—It would appear great presumption in me to make you any compliments upon your History of England, after having read the enclosed; which with infinite pleasure I send you, as it procures you a correspondence with the most amiable and accomplished lady of this kingdom, or indeed any other. If after the peace you take a trip to this polite and elegant country, you are sure, by the means of your new female correspondent, of being made acquainted in a very short time with all the wits in this part of the world. It is true your most incomparable productions justly entitle you to that distinction. However, being took by the hand by Madame de Boufflers, won't diminish your intrinsic value, even among the most profound philosophers. In case I can't return to England, and you take the resolution of coming here . . . . . I beg leave to assure you that I am, with as much esteem and veneration as human creature can be, my dear sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, and avowed friend,

"A. Murray.

"When you answer the enclosed, I beg it may be in English, as the lady is quite mistress of that language."[1]

The letter forwarded to Hume was as follows:

Madame De Boufflers *to* Hume.

(*Translation.*)

For a long time, sir, I have struggled with conflicting sentiments. The admiration which your sublime work has awakened in me, and the esteem with which it has inspired me for your person, your talents, and your virtue, have often aroused the desire of writing to you, that I might express

[1] MS. R.S.E.

those sentiments towards you with which I am so deeply penetrated.

On the other hand, keeping in view the little value you can have for my opinion, your want of personal acquaintance with me, and the reserve and privacy, even, which are suitable to my sex, I fear being accused of presumption, and of making myself be known, to my own disadvantage, by a man whose good opinion I shall always regard as the most flattering, and the most precious of benefits. Nevertheless, although the reflections I have made on this subject appeared to have much force, an irresistible inclination rendered them unavailing; and I come to add one to the thousand other instances, to justify the truth of that remark which I have read in your "History of the House of Stuart,"—"Men's views of things are the result of their understanding alone: their conduct is regulated by their understanding, their temper, and their passions." Thus, when my reason tells me I ought to be silent, my enthusiasm prevents me from regarding its voice.

Although a woman, and of no very advanced age, despite the dissipation attendant on the life one leads in this country, having always loved reading, there are few good books in any language, or of any kind, that I have not read, either in the original, or in translations; and I can assure you, sir, with a sincerity which cannot be questioned, that I have found none which, to my judgment, unites so many perfections as your own. I know no terms capable of expressing what I felt in reading this work. I was moved, transported: and the emotion which it caused me is, in some measure, painful by its continuance. It elevates the soul; it fills the heart with sentiments of humanity and benevolence; it enlightens the intellect, by showing that true happiness is closely connected with virtue; and discovers, by the same light, what is the end, and the sole end, of every reasonable being. In the midst of the calamities which, on all sides, surrounded Charles the First, we see peace and security shining in their brightness, and accompanying him to the scaffold; whilst trouble and remorse, the inseparable companions of crime, follow the steps of Cromwell, even to the throne.

Your book also teaches how the best of things are liable to abuse; and the reflections which are made on this subject ought to augment our caution and distrust of ourselves. It animates with a noble emulation; it inspires love of liberty; and teaches, at the same time, submission to the government under which we are obliged to live. In a word, it is a *terra fecunda* of morals and instruction, presented in colours so bright, that we believe we see them for the first time.

The clearness, the majesty, the touching simplicity of your style delight me. Its beauties are so striking, that, notwithstanding my ignorance of the English language, they cannot escape me. You are, sir, an admirable painter: your pictures have a grace, a nature, an energy, which surpass even what the imagination can portray.

But how shall I be able to express the effect produced upon me by your divine impartiality? I would that I had, on this occasion, your own eloquence in which to express my thought! In truth, I believed I had before my eyes the work of some celestial being, free from the passions of humanity, who, for the benefit of the human race, has deigned to write the events of these latter times.

I dare only add, that in all which issues from your pen, you show yourself a perfect philosopher, a statesman, a historian full of genius, an enlightened politician, a genuine patriot. All these sublime qualities are so far above the understanding of a woman, that it is fitting I should say little on the subject; and I have already great need of your indulgence for the faults I have committed against discretion and decorum, by the excess of my veneration for your merit. I entreat this of you, sir, and, at the same time, the greatest secrecy. The step I have taken is rather extraordinary. I fear it may attract blame: and I would be grieved if the sentiment which has constrained me to it should be misunderstood.

I have the honour to be, sir, your very humble and very obedient servant,

HYPPOLYTE DE SAUJON, COMTESSE DE BOUFFLERS.

They tell me, sir, you have some idea of coming to France — to Paris. I earnestly wish you would execute this reso-

lution, and that I may be able to assist in rendering your sojourn agreeable.

PARIS, 15*th March*, 1761.[1]

[1] Depuis long-tems, Monsieur, je suis combattue par des sentimens contraires. L' admiration que me cause votre sublime ouvrage, et l'estime qu'il m'inspire pour votre personne, vos talents, et votre vertu, m'ont fait naître souvent le désir de vous écrire, pour vous exprimer les sentimens dont je suis profondément pénétrée. D' un autre côté, considérant que je vous suis inconnue, le peu de prix que doit avoir mon suffrage, la réserve et l'obscurité même qui convient à mon sexe : j'ai craint d'être accusée de présomption, et de me faire connoître à mon désavantage, d'un homme de qui je regarderai toujours la bonne opinion comme le bien le plus flatteur et le plus précieux. Néanmoins, puisque les réflexions que j'ai faites à cet égard ne paroissent avoir beaucoup de force, un penchant irrésistible les rend infructueuses, et je vais ajouter mon exemple à mille autres, pour justifier la vérité de cette remarque que j'ai lue dans votre histoire de la Maison de Stuard,—" Men's views of things are the result of their understanding alone; their conduct is regulated by their understanding, their temper, and their passions,"—puisque quand ma raison me dit que je devrais me tenir dans le silence, l' enthousiasme, où je suis, m' empêche de le pouvoir garder.

Quoique femme, et dans un âge qui n'est pas encore avancé, et malgré la dissipation de la vie qu' on tient dans ce pays, ayant toujours aimé la lecture, il est peu de bons livres, en quelque langue et en quelque genre que ce soit, que je n'ai lus, ou dans l'original, ou dans les traductions; et je puis vous assurer, monsieur, avec une sincérité qui ne doit pas vous être suspecte, que je n'ai trouvé aucun qui réunit à mon jugement, autant de perfections que le vôtre. Je ne sais point de termes qui puissent vous rendre ce que j' aprouve en lisant cet ouvrage. Je me suis attendrie, transportée, et l' émotion qu' il me cause est en quelque façon pénible par sa continuité. Il élève l' âme, il remplit le cœur de sentimens d' humanité et bienfaisance. Il éclaire l' esprit, et en lui montrant la véritable félicité intimement liée à la vertu, il lui découvre par le même rayon le seul et unique but de tout être raisonnable. Au milieu des calamités qui environnent de toutes parts le Roi Charles Premier, l'on voit la paix et la sérénité briller avec éclat et l' accompagner sur l'échafaud; tandis que le trouble et les remords, cortége inséparable du crime, suivent les pas de Cromwell et s'asseyent sur le trône avec lui. Votre livre apprend encore combien

Hume must have been the more than mortal being which his new friend describes, if he had resisted such an appeal; and he thus wrote in answer: —

HUME *to the* COMTESSE DE BOUFFLERS.

Edinburgh, 15th May, 1761.

MADAM,— It is not easy for your ladyship to imagine the pleasure I received from the letter, with which you have so unexpectedly honoured me, nor the agreeable visions of vanity, in which, upon that occasion, I indulged myself. I concluded, and, as I fancied, with certainty, that a person,

l' abus est voisin des meilleures choses, et les réflexions qu'il fait faire à ce sujet, doit [doivent] augmenter la vigilance et la défiance de soi-même. Il anime d'une noble émulation, il inspire l'amour de la liberté, et instruit en même tems à la soumettre au gouvernement sous lequel on est obligé de vivre. En un mot c'est un *terra fecunda* de morale et d'instructions présentées avec des couleurs si vives qu' on croit les voir pour la première fois.

La clarté, la majesté, la simplicité touchante de votre style, me ravit. Les beautés sont si frappantes, que malgré mon ignorance dans la langue Angloise, elles n'ont pu m' échapper. Vous êtes, Monsieur, un peintre admirable. Vos tableaux ont une grâce, un naturel, une énergie, qui surpasse ce que l' imagination même peut attendre.

Mais quelles expressions employerai-je pour vous faire connoitre l' effet que produit sur moi votre divine impartialité? J' avois besoin en cette occasion de votre propre éloquence, pour bien rendre ma pensée. En vérité je crois avoir devant les yeux l' ouvrage de quelque substance céleste, dégagé des passions, qui pour l' utilité a daigné écrire les évènemens de ces derniers tems.

Je n'ose ajouter, que dans tout ce qui sort de votre plume vous vous montrez un philosophe parfait, un homme d'état, un historien plein de génie, un politique éclairé, un vrai patriote, toutes ces sublimes qualités sont si fort au dessus des connoissances d'une femme, qu'il me convient peu d'en parler; et j'ai déjà grand besoin de votre indulgence pour les fautes que j'ai commises contre la discrétion et la bienséance par l'excès de ma vénération pour votre mérite. Je vous la demande, Monsieur, et en même tems le plus profond secret. La démarche que je fais a quelque chose d' extraordinaire. Je craindrois qu'elle ne m'attirât le blâme, et je serois fâchée que le sentiment qui me l'a dictée pût être inconnu. J'ai

who could write so well herself, must certainly be a good judge of writing in others; and that an author, who could please a lady of your distinction, educated in the court of France, and familiarized with every thing elegant and polite, might reasonably pretend to some degree of merit, and might presume to take his rank above the middling historians. But, madam, it is but fair, that I, who have pretended, in so long a work, to do justice to all parties and persons, should also do some to myself; and should not feed my vanity with chimeras, which, I am sensible, in my cooler moments, can have no foundation in reason. When I had the pleasure of passing some time in France, I had the agreeable experience of the polite hospitality, by which your nation is distinguished; and I now find, that the same favourable indulgence has appeared in your ladyship's judgment of my writings. And, perhaps, your esteem for the entire impartiality which I aim at, and which, to tell the truth, is so unusual in English historians, has made your ladyship overlook many defects, into which the want of art or genius has betrayed me.

In this particular, madam, I must own, that I am inclined to take your civilities in their full latitude, and to hope that I have not fallen much short of my intentions. The spirit of faction, which prevails in this country, and which is a natural attendant on civil liberty, carries every thing to extremes on the one side, as well as on the other; and I have the satisfaction to find, that my performance has alternately given displeasure to both parties. I could not reasonably hope to please both: such success is impossible from the nature of things; and next to your ladyship's approbation, who, as a foreigner, must necessarily be a candid

l'honneur d' être, Monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissante servante,

HYPPOLYTE DE SAUJON, COMTESSE DE BOUFFLERS.

On me dit, Monsieur, que vous avez en vue de venir en France, à Paris. Je souhaite bien vivement que vous exécutiez cette résolution, et pouvoir contribuer à vous en rendre le séjour agréable.

Ce 15 Mars, 1761. A Paris.[1]

[1] MS. R.S.E.

judge, I shall always regard the anger of both as the surest warrant of my impartiality.

As I find that you are pleased to employ your leisure hours in the perusal of history, I shall presume to recommend to your ladyship a late work of this kind, wrote by my friend and countryman, Dr. Robertson, which has met with the highest approbation from all good judges.

It is the "History of Scotland" during the age of the unfortunate Queen Mary; and it is wrote in an elegant, agreeable, and interesting manner, and far exceeding, I shall venture to say, any performance of that kind that has appeared in English. The failings of that princess are not covered over; but her singular catastrophe is rendered truly lamentable and tragical; and the reader cannot forbear shedding tears for her fate, at the same time that he blames her conduct. There are few historical productions, where both the subject and execution have appeared so happy.

Some prospect is now given us, that this miserable war between the two nations is drawing towards a period, and that the former intercourse between them will again be renewed. If this happy event take place, I have entertained hopes that my affairs will permit me to take a journey to Paris; and the obliging offer, which you are pleased to make me, of allowing me to pay my respects to you, will prove a new and very powerful inducement to make me hasten the execution of my purpose.

But I give your ladyship warning, that I shall, on many accounts, stand in need of your indulgence. I passed a few years in France during my early youth; but I lived in a provincial town, where I enjoyed the advantages of leisure for study, and an opportunity of learning the language: what I had imperfectly learned, long disuse, I am afraid, has made me forget. I have rusted amid books and study; have been little engaged in the active, and not much in the pleasurable scenes of life; and am more accustomed to a select society than to general companies.

But all these disadvantages, and much greater, will be abundantly compensated by the honour of your ladyship's protection; and, I hope that my profound sense of your obliging favours will render me not altogether unworthy of it.

I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, madam, your ladyship's most obedient and most humble servant.[1]

In return, Madame De Boufflers reiterates her compliments, vouches for her sincerity, and if Hume should fulfil his intention of visiting France, offers him the use of apartments, saying, that if he accept the offer it will be an infinite obligation to her; if he refuse it, she will be vexed but not offended. She will introduce him to her circle of friends, and do every thing that can tend to make his visit agreeable.[2] In answer to this, Hume finds that the warlike aspect of affairs will preclude him, in the meantime, from enjoying the society "of a person so celebrated for her accomplishments by all who have any knowledge of the court of France."[3]

Mr. Murray's praise of Madame de Boufflers' knowledge of the English language was not misapplied; as the following short letter, and another of greater length, which will be found a few pages farther on, show. With a few inaccuracies, they afford a very remarkable instance of idiomatic acquaintance with our tongue.

"I have received, sir, by an unknown hand, the continuation of your admirable performance. Some little perhaps of the pride so common in my sex, but much more the desire to contract an obligation with a man of your merit, and to obtain from him so valuable a favour, have persuaded me I was indebted to you for it. 'Tis natural to bend our thoughts towards what is most advantageous for us, however elevated it may be. The wrong should be only to believe we deserve it. Then, sir, I think, that in wishing such a proof of

[1] Private Correspondence, &c. 1–4.
[2] Private Correspondence, 5.
[3] MS. R.S.E.

24325

your kindness, and confessing in the same time I have no right to pretend to it, I prove my just opinion of both. I am, sir, your humble servant.

"*Paris, May* 29, 1762."

On this, Hume, after observing with ingenious courtesy, that a fairy, a sylph, or a good genius, who knew his inmost thoughts, must have anticipated him in sending the copy of his History, continues :—"But, madam, what new wonder is this which your letter presents to me? I not only find a lady, who, in the bloom of beauty and height of reputation, can withdraw herself from the pleasures of a gay court, and find leisure to cultivate the sciences; but deigns to support a correspondence with a man of letters in a remote country, and to reward his labours by a suffrage the most agreeable of all others, to a man who has any spark of generous sentiments or taste for true glory. Besides these unusual circumstances, I find a lady, who, without any other advantages than her own talents, has made herself mistress of a language commonly esteemed very difficult to strangers, and possesses it to such a degree as might give jealousy to us who have made it the business of our lives to acquire and cultivate it.

"I cannot but congratulate my country on this incident, which marks the progress made by its literature and reputation in foreign countries."

Nearly contemporary with the Comtesse de Boufflers, comes on the scene a person with whom we shall hereafter have much concern, Jean Jacques Rousseau. He had been living under the protection of the Maréchal de Luxembourg, in the celebrated hermitage near the castle of Montmorency, when he published his

"Emile." Highly as he was supported, the wrath of the clergy prevailed; and a writ of *prise de corps* was issued for his apprehension. It appears that in those strange times of intolerance and infidelity, there would have been no cause of wonder, if the proceedings had ended in a capital conviction. With the aid of his friends, the Luxembourgs and Choiseuls, Rousseau fled the kingdom. On this occasion he seems to have been thoroughly frightened; and his conduct was occasioned neither by ostentation, nor perverse discontent. His first place of refuge was Neufchâtel, one of the Swiss Cantons, of which the sovereignty was in the house of Brandenburg. Rousseau was thus for a time one of the illustrious literary men under the protection of Frederick the Great, though distant from his philosophical capital.

He appealed, however, to a warmer heart than ever beat in the breast of the conqueror of Prague. The exiled Earl Marischal of Scotland — a valued friend of Hume, as of all who became acquainted with him — was then Governor of Neufchâtel. Subsequently to his flight from his native country, for his concern in the rebellion of 1715, when he was a mere youth, he had suffered a long series of hardships, privations, and uncertainties; until Frederick saw his value, and purchased his services at such a rate as a friendless exile might not refuse. Adversity, which too often hardens the selfishness, and debases the propensities of an aristocracy driven from home by internal convulsions, had but taught him how much men are dependent on each other, and had opened his heart to a wider sympathy with his fellow creatures. His opinions were as tolerant as his nature was kind; and the fugitive could not have sought an asylum where he would be more sincerely welcomed. The power

of the king of Prussia's representative, was, however, not sufficient to protect him from the people,—or from himself; and from the time of his flight from France, those who believed that he sincerely desired a retreat where he would be safe from all molestation, looked towards Britain. The following letters from the forfeited earl, at a few months' interval from each other, chiefly relate to Rousseau. The earl appears to have been so thoroughly imbued with foreign habits, that he wrote English with difficulty: most of his letters to Hume are in French, and when he commences in English, he generally relapses into French. Though so long employed by the Prussian court, he seems to have been ignorant of German. It may be observed, however, that French is the vernacular language of Neufchâtel.

THE FORFEITED EARL MARISCHAL *to* HUME.

April 29.

In answer to your question, the Donquixotisme you mention never entered into my head. I wish I could see you, to answer honestly all your questions; for though I had my share of folly with others, yet as my intentions were at bottom honest, I should open to you my whole budget, and let you know many things which are perhaps ill-represented, I mean not truly. I remember to have recommended to your acquaintance Mr. Floyd, son to old David Floyd, at St. Germains, as a man of good sense, honour, and honesty. I fear he is dead: he would have been of great service to you in a part of your History since 1688. Apropos of History, when you see Helvetius, tell I desired you to inquire of him concerning a certain History. I fancy he will answer you with his usual frankness. I do believe Mr. Rousseau will find it impossible to live where he finds nobody who understands a word of what he says; there occurs so often occasion, even of trifling things necessary, that it is a vexation not to understand the language of the country. I feel it often, though I understand many words of German, such as kleigh, nigh,

nogh, ter migh, ter Teyfel,[1] and others, high sounding as here pronounced, and of which the Ter Tunder would, I believe, put to flight the delicate ears of the whole town of Sienna.

I hear you are going to France this summer. If you will come to Frankfort on Main, I will meet you there the end of July, and stay with you a fortnight. Bon jour.

N.B. — You have better roads than I, you are strong as a giant, and I am growing ten years older every month; so I think my offer fair.

Oct. 2, 1762.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, persecuted for having writ what he thinks good, or rather, as some folks think, for having displeased persons in great power, who attributed to him what he never meant, came here to seek retreat, which I readily granted; and the king of Prussia not only approved of my so doing, but gave me orders to furnish him his small necessaries, if he would accept them; and though that king's philosophy be very different from that of Jean Jacques, yet he does not think that a man of an irreproachable life is to be persecuted because his sentiments are singular. He designs to build him a hermitage with a little garden, which I find he will not accept, nor perhaps the rest which I have not yet offered to him. He is gay in company, polite, and what the French call *aimable*, and gains ground daily in the opinion of even the clergy here. His enemies elsewhere continue to persecute him: he is pestered with anonymous letters. This is not a country for him: his attachment and love to his native town is a strong tie to its neighbourhood. The liberty of England, and the character of my good and honoured friend, D. Hume, F——i D——r, (perhaps more singular than that of J. Jacques, for I take him to be the only historian impartial,) draws his inclinations to be near to the F——i D——r. For my part, though it be to me a very great pleasure to converse with the honest savage, yet I advise him to go to England, where he will enjoy

—— placidam sub libertate quietem.

He wishes to know, if he can print all his works, and make

[1] It will be observed that this is an attempt to spell those expressions according to the pronunciation.

some profit, merely to live, from such an edition. I entreat you will let me know your thoughts on this, and if you can be of use to him in finding him a bookseller to undertake the work: you know he is not interested, and little will content him. If he goes to Britain, he will be a treasure to you, and you to him, and perhaps both to me (if I were not so old.) I have offered him lodging in Keith-hall. I am ever, with the greatest regard, your most obedient servant,

M——.

At the same time Madame de Boufflers wrote as follows: —

MADAME DE BOUFFLERS *to* HUME.

(*Translation.*)

Paris, 16th June, 1762.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, citizen of Geneva, and the author of many works with which you are probably acquainted, has composed a Treatise on Education, in four volumes, in which he sets forth many principles contrary to ours, both in politics and religion. As we do not enjoy here the liberty of the press, the Parliament, by a decree, just, (if it is, as I doubt not, conformable to the laws of the kingdom,) but nevertheless rigorous, has decreed the *prise de corps*; and it is said that, if he had not taken to flight, he would have been condemned to death. I can scarcely think they could have proceeded so far against him as a stranger; but, be that as it may, it would have been imprudent in him to remain in France under such circumstances. He has therefore departed, uncertain what asylum he will choose. I have advised him to go to England, promising him letters of recommendation to you, and other friends. I fulfil my promise, and I cannot, in my opinion, choose for him, in all Europe, a protector more respectable by his position, and more to be commended for his humanity. M. Rousseau is known to the greater part of the people in this country for an eccentric man. This epithet, according to its true signification, is most justly applied to him; for he differs, in many respects, in his modes of acting and thinking, from the men of his day. He has an upright heart, a noble

and disinterested soul. He dreads every species of dependence, and consequently would have preferred being in France, gaining his subsistence by copying music, to receiving benefits even from his best friends, who are anxious to make up for his misfortunes. This delicacy may appear excessive, but it is not criminal, and it even augurs elevated sentiments. He flies from intercourse with the world; he feels pleasure only in solitude. This partiality for retirement has made him enemies. The self-love of those who court him is wounded by his rebuffs; but notwithstanding such apparent misanthropy, I do not believe you will find any where, a man more gentle, more humane, more compassionate to the sorrows of others, and more patient under his own. In short, his virtue appears so pure, so contented, so equal, that, until now, those who hated him could find only in their own heart reasons for suspecting him. As for me, with appearances so much in his favour, I would rather be deceived than doubt his sincerity.

From the opinion that I have of him, sir, he has been judged worthy of being known to you; and in procuring him this honour, I believe I give the most marked proof of my consideration for him.[1]

A Paris, 16 *Juin*, 1762.

[1] Jean Jacques Rousseau, citoyen de Genève, et auteur de plusieurs écrits qui vous sont vraisemblablement connus, vient de composer un Traité sur l'Education, en quatre volumes, où il expose plusieurs principes contraires aux nôtres, tant sur la politique, que sur la religion. Comme nous ne jouissons pas ici de la liberté de la presse, le Parlement par un arrêt, juste, s'il est comme je n'en doute pas conforme aux lois du royaume, mais néanmoins rigoureux, l'a décrété de prise de corps, et l'on prétend que s'il n'avoit pas pris la fuite, il auroit été condamné à la mort. J'ai de la peine à croire qu'on eût pu aller si loin sur la qualité d'étranger. Mais quoi qu'il en soit, il eut été imprudent de lui, de rester en France dans de pareilles circonstances. Il est donc parti, incertain quel asile il choisiroit. Je lui ai conseillé de se retirer en Angleterre, lui promettant des lettres de recommendation pour vous, Monsieur, et pour d'autres personnes de mes amis. Je m'acquitte de ma promesse, et je ne puis pas à mon avis lui choisir dans tout l'Europe, un protecteur plus respectable par ses liaisons, et plus recommendable par son humanité. M. Rousseau

To this Hume made answer in the postscript of the letter cited above.

"P. S.—So far I had wrote in answer to your ladyship's of the 29th of May, when I was again honoured with yours of the 14th of June. Good God! madam, how much I regret my being absent from London on this occasion, which deprives me of the opportunity of showing in person my regard for your recommendation, and my esteem, I had almost said veneration, for the virtue and genius of M. Rousseau. I assure your ladyship there is no man in Europe of whom I have entertained a higher idea, and whom I would be prouder to serve; and as I find his reputation very high in England, I hope every

passe chez la plupart des gens en ce pays pour un homme singulier. A prendre cette épithète selon la vraie signification, elle lui est justement donnée, car il diffère, a beaucoup d'égards, de la façon d'agir et de penser des hommes du jour. Il a le cœur droit, l'âme noble et désintéressée. Il craint toute espèce de dépendance, et par cette raison il a mieux aimé, étant en France, gagner sa vie en copiant de la musique, que de recevoir les bienfaits de ses meilleurs amis, qui s'empressoient de réparer sa mauvaise fortune. Cette délicatesse peut paroître excessive, mais elle n'a rien de criminelle, et même elle suppose des sentimens élevés. Il fuit le commerce du monde, il ne se plaît que dans la solitude, ce goût pour la retraite lui a fait des ennemis. L'amour propre de ceux qui l'ont recherché s'est trouvé blessé de ses refus. Mais malgré sa misanthropie apparente, je ne crois pas qu'il y ait nulle part, un homme plus doux, plus humain, plus compâtissant aux peines des autres, et plus patient dans les siennes, en un mot, sa vertu paroît si pure, si contente, si uniforme, que, jusqu'à présent, ceux qui le haïssent, n'ont pas trouvé que dans leur propre coeur des raisons pour le soupçonner. Pour moi, avec des apparences aussi avantageuses, j'aimerois mieux en être trompé que de me défier de sa sincérité.

D'après l'opinion que j'en ai monsieur, je l'ai jugé digne d'être connu de vous, et en lui procurant cet honneur, je crois lui donner la preuve la plus marquée du cas que je fais de lui.[1]

[1] MS. R.S.E.

one will endeavour to make him sensible of it by civilities, and by services, as far as he will accept of them. I revere his greatness of mind, which makes him fly obligations and dependence; and I have the vanity to think, that through the course of my life I have endeavoured to resemble him in those maxims.

"But as I have some connexions with men of rank in London, I shall instantly write to them, and endeavour to make them sensible of the honour M. Rousseau has done us in choosing an asylum in England. We are happy at present in a king who has a taste for literature; and I hope M. Rousseau will find the advantage of it, and that he will not disdain to receive benefits from a great monarch, who is sensible of his merit. I am only afraid that your friend will find his abode in England not so agreeable as may be wished, if he does not possess the language, which I am afraid is the case: for I never could observe in his writings any marks of his acquaintance with the English tongue."[1]

From these communications, Hume derived the notion that Rousseau had immediately proceeded to London. The following paragraph, in a letter from Elliot, indicates the nature of the inquiries pursued under this supposition.

DEAR SIR,—As soon as I received your letter, I applied to Mr. Home, who had also heard from you by the same post, and desired him to make all possible inquiry after M. Rousseau. If he be in London we shall certainly find him out; and I need not assure you, that both on account of his own merit, and your recommendation, I shall not fail to show him all the attention in my power. I should doubt,

[1] Private Correspondence, &c. pp. 8, 9.

from the known character of the man, whether he would accept a pension if it could be procured for him; and should rather apprehend that, though this government will protect and tolerate the boldness of his pen, yet it will hardly reward it. Rousseau is not the only man of genius, the singularity of whose opinions has intercepted the rewards due to the superiority of his talents.

In the supposition that he had passed over to England, Hume addressed a letter to Rousseau, as then in London, which was answered by the Chien de Diogène, as Voltaire called him, from his retreat in Neufchâtel, on 19th February, 1763. He says he has just received the letter, regrets that he should have made the mistake of trusting himself among his own countrymen, who have treated him with insult and outrage, instead of seeking the hospitable shores of Britain. He does something like justice to the kindness of Lord Marischal, in the midst of his general mordacity and discontent; and he praises the wide views, the wonderful impartiality, the genius of Hume, which would raise him so far above the rest of his kind, did not the goodness of his heart bring him nearer to their level.[1]

The following letter from Madame de Boufflers, written in English, had been received in the meantime.

MADAME DE BOUFFLERS *to* HUME.

July 30.

How difficult it is, sir, for one very far from being insensible to reputation, to refuse the praises of a man, whose sincerity and admirable talents render them so valuable. But in regard to veracity, and perhaps more to my true

[1] This letter is printed in the Private Correspondence, p. 58. There are two duplicate originals of it among the MSS. R.S.E.

interest, I am obliged to acknowledge, I stand a great distance, for internal or external accomplishments, from the favourable opinion you have taken of me, whether, in consulting the noble sentiments which ever inspire you with sublime ideas, whether in hearkening to some of your countrymen, disposed to indulgence towards me, by my well-known inclination for their country.

Perhaps, sir, I confess it with ingenuity, had I been doomed to be never personally acquainted with you, I should not have generosity enough to correct your judgment of me. But in this particular occasion, as in all other, according to my humble opinion, right and good are closely united. What a shame indeed for me, and disappointment for you, in place of the object your imagination has adorned with such shining qualifications, to find a person to whom Nature has granted but indifferent ones. A great part of my youth is over. Some delicacy in features, mildness and decency in countenance, are the only exterior advantages I can boast of; and as for interior, common sense, improved a little by early good reading, are all I possess. My knowledge of the English language also is confined, as you can easily perceive. I have, indeed, acquired without assistance that which I know of it; but if I am entitled to some elegancy, I owe it to the repeated readings of your admirable works.

After this true picture of myself, in which I have struggled to exert the noble impartiality and candour which shine in all your writings, my first care is, sir, to acknowledge the infinite obligations you have conferred upon me by your kind letter. I have translated the P. S. to send it to my friend. The esteem of such a man must be the best balm for his wounded heart. But I am afraid he will not accept the glorious support you are so good as to offer him. I fear that the weight of his calamities has impaired his health, and he cannot sustain the fatigues of a long journey. In his last letter to me, he expresses a resolution never to see England upon that account. Nevertheless, I am informed since, that new persecutions may possibly determine him to alter his mind. An irregular trial has deprived him of the natural rights in his own country. The commonwealth of Berne, from the example of Geneva and France,

has burnt his book, and he has been reduced to leave in a hurry the asylum that a friend had proffered him there. Such are the grievous misfortunes of this virtuous and unhappy man. I pity, I love him, and wish earnestly to sooth the sorrows under which he labours. Nevertheless, sir, I would fain also vindicate the honour of my nation in the eyes of so good a judge as you are. The reflection you cast upon it gives uneasiness; but mistrusting greatly my capacity, I fear to betray the cause I would defend by an enterprise so unequal to my force. I dare only to say, that your happy country has not attained in a moment the perfect constitution which gives us admiration. All convenient and well-calculated laws are not framed at once; and those most exceptionable, while they stand, deserve obedience and respect.

Is it possible, sir, that this late unhappy event could deprive of the honour of your presence, a country filled with your fervent admirers, and where every one will endeavour to outdo each other in expressing the veneration and regard you so justly deserve? I hope you will not keep this severe resolution. If we want a liberty you think an advantage, 'tis a reason to pity, and not to punish us. Besides, your case and that of M. Rousseau, though both foreigners in France, are quite different. Few days before I received your letter, I heard that it was a friend of mine who has favoured me with your last performance. I am infinitely obliged to him for this gracious gift, and to you, sir, for your good intention.

But what strange a creature will you think me, to venture to point a mistake in a work so perfect? In several parts of the first volume our countryman Godefroy of Bouillon is named Godefroy de Boulogne. You have reasons, perhaps, for the alteration, and I am ready to submit to them. I would only express my doubts: I hope you will excuse this freedom.

Since I have gone so far, permit me, sir, to ask your opinion upon the last book of M. Rousseau. I should be very glad to have my judgment of it confirmed or mended by yours. Nothing would be wanting to my satisfaction, if in the same letter, where you could grant me the favour I

wish for, I was assured you had renewed the project to come here, and that you would speedily execute it. I am, sir, with esteem, gratitude, and, permit me to add, friendship, your most humble servant.

In answer to this letter, Hume says that he had at first regarded it as a sort of challenge to answer it in French, but that he had given up the attempt as an unequal contest with "the sole instance of a foreigner, not habituated to our tongue, who has, from reading alone, become so entirely mistress of it." He then gives an account of the letter he had received from Lord Marischal, and says of Rousseau's refusal of the kindnesses proferred to him,—"Rousseau, with his usual dignity, refused all these gratuities, though at the same time he desired my lord to learn from me, whether it were possible for him to gain from the London booksellers as much money as would suffice for his maintenance; and this recompense, being the fruit of his own industry, he would have no scruple to accept of. I think this instance of conduct a kind of phenomenon in the republic of letters, and one very honourable for M. Rousseau. One is only apt to wish that he could practise this virtue with less hardship and difficulty; though we must also confess, that the difficulty adds to the lustre of it. I have heard, that the circumstance which deterred him from coming over to England, as he first intended, was a harsh reflection, which he threw out on the people in his 'Treatise of Education:' if this was his motive, I am persuaded that he would find it a vain fear, and that every one would rather have been anxious to show respect to his merit."[1]

[1] Private Correspondence, &c. p. 54.

He then obeys the mandate to criticise the "Emile."

You deign, madam, to ask my opinion of the new performance of M. Rousseau. I know that it becomes me better to form my judgment upon yours; but in compliance with your commands, I shall not make a secret of my sentiments. All the writings of that author appear to me admirable, particularly on the head of eloquence; and if I be not much mistaken, he gives to the French tongue an energy, which it scarce seems to have reached in any other hands. But as his enemies have objected, that with this domineering force of genius there is always intermingled some degree of extravagance, it is impossible for his friends altogether to deny the charge; and were it not for his frequent and earnest protestations to the contrary, one would be apt to suspect, that he chooses his topics less from persuasion, than from the pleasure of showing his invention, and surprising the reader by his paradoxes. The "Treatise of Education," as it possesses much of the merit, seems also exposed to the faults of his other performances; and as he indulges his love of the marvellous even in so serious and important a subject, he has given a pledge to the public that he was in earnest in all his other topics. If I dared to object any thing to M. Rousseau's eloquence, which is the shining side of his character, I should say, that it was not wholly free from the defect sometimes found in that of the Roman orator; and that their great talent for expression was apt to produce a prolixity in both. This last performance chiefly is exposed to this objection; and I own, that though it abounds in noble and shining passages, it gave me rather less pleasure than his former writings. However, it carries still the stamp of a great genius; and, what enhances its beauty, the stamp of a very particular genius. The noble pride and spleen and indignation of the author bursts out with freedom in a hundred places, and serves fully to characterize the lofty spirit of the man.

When I came to peruse that passage of Mons. Rousseau's Treatise, which has occasioned all the persecution against him, I was not in the least surprised that it gave offence.

He has not had the precaution to throw any veil over his sentiments; and as he scorns to dissemble his contempt of established opinions, he could not wonder that all the zealots were in arms against him. The liberty of the press is not so secured in any country, scarce even in this, as not to render such an open attack of popular prejudices somewhat dangerous.[1]

In 1761, Dr. Blair communicated to Hume the sermon by Dr. Campbell, which, when subsequently expanded, became the "Dissertation on Miracles," already referred to.[2] On this occasion, Hume wrote in the following terms to Dr. Blair: —

"Dear Sir,—I have perused the ingenious performance, which you was so obliging as to put into my hands, with all the attention possible; though not perhaps with all the seriousness and gravity which you have so frequently recommended to me. But the fault lies not in the piece, which is certainly very acute; but in the subject. I know you will say, it lies in neither, but in myself alone. If that be so, I am sorry to say that I believe it is incurable.

"I could wish that your friend had not chosen to appear as a controversial writer, but had endeavoured to establish his principles in general, without any reference to a particular book or person; though I own he does me a great deal of honour, in thinking that any thing I have wrote deserves his attention. For besides many inconveniences which attend that kind of writing, I see it is almost impossible to preserve decency and good manners in it. This author, for instance, says sometimes obliging things of me,

[1] Private Correspondence, p. 54.
[2] Vol. i. p. 283.

much beyond what I can presume to deserve, and I thence conclude that in general he did not mean to insult me; yet I meet with some other passages, more worthy of Warburton and his followers, than of so ingenious an author.

"But as I am not apt to lose my temper, and would still less incline to do so with a friend of yours, I shall calmly communicate to you some remarks on the argument, since you seem to desire it. I shall employ very few words, since a hint will suffice to a gentleman of this author's penetration."

This is followed by a particular examination of some parts of Dr. Campbell's work, which may be perused to most advantage in conjunction with the Dissertation itself, along with which the letter is generally printed. He then says, —

"I could wish your friend had not denominated me an infidel writer, on account of ten or twelve pages, which seem to him to have that tendency, while I have wrote so many volumes on history, literature, politics, trade, morals, which, in that particular at least, are entirely inoffensive. Is a man to be called a drunkard, because he has been seen fuddled once in his lifetime?"[1]

[1] The following anecdote of Hume, by Lord Charlemont, seems appropriate to this passage. "He never failed, in the midst of any controversy, to give its due praise to every thing tolerable that was either said or written against him. One day that he visited me in London, he came into my room laughing and apparently well pleased. 'What has put you into this good humour, Hume?' said I. 'Why man,' replied he, 'I have just now had the best thing said to me I ever heard. I was complaining in a company where I spent the morning, that I was very ill treated by the world, and that the censures put upon me were hard and unreasonable. That I had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but a few pages that contained any reprehensible matter, and yet that for those few pages, I was abused and torn to pieces.'

The letter terminates with a recommendation which accounts for the absence of all observations on religious topics in the correspondence between Blair and Hume: while it shows that their intercourse had not always excluded discussions of such a character.

"Having said so much to your friend, who is certainly a very ingenious man, though a little too zealous for a philosopher, permit me also the freedom of saying a word to yourself. Whenever I have had the pleasure to be in your company, if the discourse turned upon any common subject of literature, or reasoning, I always parted from you both entertained and instructed. But when the conversation was diverted by you from this channel towards the subject of your profession; though I doubt not but your intentions were very friendly towards me, I own I never received the same satisfaction: I was apt to be tired, and you to be angry. I would therefore wish, for the future, whenever my good fortune throws me in your way, that these topics should be forborne between us. I have long since done with all inquiries on such subjects, and am become incapable of instruction; though I own no one is more capable of conveying it than yourself. After having given you the liberty of communicating to your friend what part of this letter you think proper, I remain, sir," &c.

Hume afterwards wrote the following letter on the same subject:—

'You put me in mind,' said an honest fellow in the company, whose name I did not know, 'of an acquaintance of mine, a notary public, who having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the hardship of his case; that after having written many thousand inoffensive sheets, he should be hanged for one line.'" *Hardy's Memoirs of Charlemont*, p. 121.

HUME *to* DR. CAMPBELL.

"*January* 7, 1762.

"DEAR SIR, — It has so seldom happened that controversies in philosophy, much more in theology, have been carried on without producing a personal quarrel between the parties, that I must regard my present situation as somewhat extraordinary, who have reason to give you thanks for the civil and obliging manner in which you have conducted the dispute against me, on so interesting a subject as that of miracles. Any little symptoms of vehemence, of which I formerly used the freedom to complain, when you favoured me with a sight of the manuscript, are either removed or explained away, or atoned for by civilities, which are far beyond what I have any title to pretend to. It will be natural for you to imagine, that I will fall upon some shift to evade the force of your arguments, and to retain my former opinion in the point controverted between us; but it is impossible for me not to see the ingenuity of your performance, and the great learning which you have displayed against me.

"I consider myself as very much honoured in being thought worthy of an answer by a person of so much merit; and as I find that the public does you justice with regard to the ingenuity and good composition of your piece, I hope you will have no reason to repent engaging with an antagonist, whom, perhaps, in strictness, you might have ventured to neglect. I own to you, that I never felt so violent an inclination to defend myself as at present, when I am thus fairly challenged by you, and I think I could find something specious at least to urge in my defence; but as I had fixed a resolution, in the beginning of my life, always

to leave the public to judge between my adversaries and me, without making any reply, I must adhere inviolably to this resolution, otherwise my silence on any future occasion would be construed an inability to answer, and would be matter of triumph against me."[1]

He then, in the passage already cited,[2] describes the occasion on which the "Theory of Miracles" was suggested to him.

In answer to this, there is a letter by Campbell, in which he endeavours to rival his opponent in candour, politeness, and gentlemanlike feeling. The happy courtesy with which he apologizes for the occasionally irascible tone of his essay, shows that the retired northern divine possessed in no small degree the qualities that might have adorned a more showy station.

Dr. Campbell *to* Hume.

25th June, 1762.

The testimony you are pleased to give in favour of my performance, is an honour of which I should be entirely unworthy, were I not sensible of the uncommon generosity you have shown in giving it. Ever since I was acquainted with your works, your talents as a writer have, notwithstanding some differences in abstract principles, extorted from me the highest veneration. But I could scarce have thought that, in spite of differences of a more interesting nature, even such as regard morals and religion, you could ever force me to love and honour you as a man. Yet no religious prejudices (as you would probably term them,) can hinder me from doing justice to that goodness and candour, which appear in every line of your letter.

[1] *European Magazine*, 1785, p. 250.
[2] Vol. i. p. 57.

It would be in vain to dissemble the pleasure which it gives me, that I am thought to have acquitted myself tolerably in a dispute with an author of such acknowledged merit. At the same time, it gives me real pain, that any symptoms of vehemence (which are not so easily avoided in disputation as one would imagine,) should give so generous an adversary the least ground of complaint. You have (if I remember right, for I have not the book here,) in the appendix to the third volume of your "Treatise on Human Nature," apologized for using sometimes the expressions—'Tis certain, 'Tis evident, and the like. These, you observe, were in a manner forced from you by the strong, though transient light in which a particular object then appeared, and are therefore not to be considered as at all inconsistent with the general principles of scepticism which are maintained in the Treatise. My apology is somewhat similar. There is in all controversy a struggle for victory, which I may say compels one to take every fair advantage that either the sentiments or the words of an antagonist present him with. But the appearances of asperity or raillery, which one will be thereby necessarily drawn into, ought not to be constructed as in the least affecting the habitual good opinion, or even the high esteem, which the writer may nevertheless entertain of his adversary.

CHAPTER XII.

1762—1763. ÆT. 51—52.

The Publication of the History anterior to the Accession of the Tudors — Completion of the History — Inquiry how far it is a complete History — Hume's Intention to write an Ecclesiastical History — Opinions of Townsend and others on his History — Appreciation of the Fine Arts — Hume's House in James's Court — Its subsequent occupation by Boswell and Johnson — Conduct of David Mallet — Hume's Projects — The Douglas Cause — Correspondence with Reid.

In 1762 there was published, in two quarto volumes, the "History of England, from the Invasion

of Julius Cæsar, to the Accession of Henry VII." The farther back we proceed from those periods of which a full narrative of historical events is preserved by contemporary chroniclers, into those more obscure ages when even the lines of kings are hardly preserved, and fragments of laws, or of long obsolete literature, and antiquarian relics, are the historian's only guide, the less satisfactory is Hume's history, when compared with other historical works. The earliest part is thus the least valuable. He had here, however, to encounter difficulties which we are only at this day able to estimate, in the absence of those materials which the industry of antiquaries has lately brought to light, to so great an extent, as almost necessarily to supersede Hume's "History of England" during the early ages, as a source of historical knowledge.[1]

[1] The works prepared by the Record Commission, whether it be true or not that it has failed to fulfil the services expected from so large an expenditure of the public money, present the sources of British history on a very different scale from that in which they appeared before Hume; and if he had lived in the present day, he would not have attempted to write the history of the first fourteen centuries in less than three years; or, attempting it, would have palpably overlooked materials which, in his own time, he could not have found access to. Among such sources may be viewed, Domesday Book, the Rotuli Hundredorum, the many records of the various courts of justice, the "Parliamentary writs, or writs of military summons, together with the records and muniments relating to the suit and service due and performed to the king's high court of parliament and the councils of the realm, as affording evidence of attendance given at parliaments and councils;" the remains of Anglo-Saxon legislation, collected under the name of "Ancient laws and institutions of England," and the "Ancient laws and institutes of Wales."

To these must be added the many antiquarian labours of private individuals or societies, such as the county histories, the works circulated by the numerous book clubs, and the inquiries into the early ecclesiastical history, which the controversies on church polity, for which this age is becoming peculiar, have excited. The publi-

But both in this and the other departments of his work, we are bound to estimate Hume, as we do great

cation of charters and other documents connected with private rights has opened a means of becoming acquainted with contemporary habits and institutions, slow certainly but sure. Besides his labours in the Record Commission, Sir Francis Palgrave has excavated much curious but not attractive matter, of which the world will never know the value till some Hume shall arise to give it shape and symmetry.

It has been a usual practice to rank those who, by such critical inquiries, ascertain the truth regarding minute historical propositions, in the category of "harmless drudges." But perhaps the character has been applied to the really useful workers in this field, as inaptly as it was appropriated by Dr. Johnson to the race of Lexicographers, in a moment of bitter cynicism. Antiquarianism, archæology, palæology, or whatever name it may receive, is a field in which there are many paltry workers; and these are sometimes, from adventitious circumstances, conspicuous enough to give a tone in popular estimation to the science. Dates are but one, and perhaps an inferior branch, of the subject; yet the labours of Petau, of Antine Durand and Clemencet the authors of the "Art de vérifier les dates," of Newton, Hailes, and Nicolas, would be enough to vindicate the dignity of this species of inquiry. It is, indeed, an essential one to history; and where it has been vaguely or unscientifically applied, the foundations of historical speculation are rotten. The prevalent failing of antiquaries is the inability to distinguish the important from the trifling; to perceive that the labour which might be necessary to fix the era of the restoration of the study of the civil law in Europe, would be ill bestowed on an inquiry into the foundation of some inconsiderable rectorship, or the birth of some undistinguished landed proprietor. But there is perhaps as much worthless historical Speculation as trifling Antiquarianism extant in literature. But it does not follow in either case, from the defects of the injudicious, that the able and accomplished followers of the subject were ill employed. A late and signal instance may be adduced of the intimate connexion of the speculative and the minute departments of history. Dr. Allen, in his "Inquiry into the rise and progress of the royal prerogative," maintaining that the older kings of England did not perform public acts until they had taken the coronation oath of fidelity to the people, found that there was just one exception, in the case of Richard II. which disconcerted his theory. It was subsequently

workmen in all departments of mental labour, not by the state of his science at the present day, but by that in which he found it. To comprehend how far it may be practicable for any one mind to create a full and satisfactory history of the island of Great Britain, without having the advantage of the previous labours of many minds, occupied in elucidating the details of the various branches of knowledge with which he has to deal, let us cast a casual glance at the prominent topics which must be fully discussed in such a History, if it be a satisfactory work.

The historian should be master of every scrap of information contained in Greek or Roman authors, about the connexion of the people of the ancient world with our island. In the works of Cæsar and

shown by Sir Harris Nicolas, in his "Chronology of History," that in "Rymer's Fœdera," and other public documents, the regnal years of that reign had been by mistake antedated a year.

But while it does not follow that the one occupation is less dignified than the other, it is pretty clear that they cannot, to any great extent, be both followed by the same person. The limits of human capacity, and the shortness of human life, seem to forbid such an union; for literature has produced no one who unites the qualities of a Camden, a Mabillon, and a Montfoucon, with those of a Hume and a Montesquieu, though Gibbon and Niebuhr have perhaps come nearest to the union. Mr. D'Israeli says, (Curiosities of Literature, ii. 182,) "The time has perhaps arrived, when antiquaries may begin to be philosophers, and philosophers antiquaries. The unhappy separation of erudition from philosophy, and of philosophy from erudition, has hitherto thrown impediments in the progress of the human mind, and the history of man." But unless that author has himself achieved the united title, by showing that James I. was a man of great mind, and by characterizing political economy as a mere "confusion of words," the combination appears not to have yet been accomplished; and indeed the simple physical impossibility of the same person who brings the fabric to perfection, having time to produce the raw materials, seems to render it necessary that in all such histories as that which Hume undertook, the antiquary shall precede the historian.

Tacitus this will be a simple matter; but scattered about among the productions of the Panegyrists, and in other such obscure quarters, there are many important incidental notices, which will not be so easily found or so satisfactorily interpreted. To this the investigator must add more recondite stores of knowledge, collected from etymological investigations among the roots of languages—Celtic and Teutonic. He must study Strabo, Ptolemy, and the other geographers; and interpreting the information collected from them, and the incidents derived from the other sources above alluded to, with his etymological inquiries, he must endeavour to solve the vexed questions about the migration of races — whether the Cimbri were pure Celts? whether the Welsh are the descendants of that race? whether the Caledonii, with whom Agricola fought, were Celts? who and what were those mysterious people, called the Picts?

There must be some criticism, however unsatisfactory it may be, on the worship anterior to the introduction of Christianity, and on the vestiges of that and of other early customs supposed to be supplied by the remnants of ancient masonry and engineering, with which our island abounds. The historian must next be able to show what is truly known, and what is not, regarding the inroads of the Teutonic tribes, and must be able to fathom the learning of the German antiquaries on this department of history. Here the early literature of Ireland, of which so much has lately been printed by O'Conor and others, and the relics of Scandinavian metrical histories, will widen the inquiry, while they render it more satisfactory.

Having got these settlers from the Teutonic tribes, the Saxons as they are generally called, established in the island, the peculiar internal policy, national

character, and literature of Britain, begin to assume a shape under the eye of the historian, and to gather round them their distinctive attributes as he proceeds. He will soon have to deal with the birth of laws and customs, which, modelled to the progress of an increasing population and civilisation, are still in daily practice.

From this epoch downwards, he has to watch the changes of the national literature. Observing it in its purely Anglo-Saxon period, he must estimate the extent to which it was altered by the adoption of Norman-French as a court language, while Anglo-Saxon still continued to be the tongue of the common people; and mark the continued existence of this fundamental Teutonic speech, and its action upon the language of the court, until the former became the established literary language of the day, the latter merely imparting to it one of its characteristic features. Thus tracing these elements from their respective sources down to the days of Chaucer, the influence of the revival of classical learning upon modern language and thought must find a place, and English literature must be described in its progress towards and arrival at full manhood. Along with this inquiry, there should be an ancillary investigation into the causes why the language and literature of the Scottish lowlands have so long differed from those of England, though both springing from the same root.

Returning to the Anglo-Saxon period, another and more laborious inquiry opens in the department of the laws and public institutions. There must be a search after those which were peculiar to the Anglo-Saxons; and in dealing with authorities posterior to the conquest, the historian must carefully sift them, that he may ascertain the extent to which any law or custom was undoubtedly Anglo-Saxon. After hav-

ing ascertained how much of the spirit of feudal institutions had tinged the purely Saxon usages, he must next follow the progress of feudalism abroad, and fully explain the effect produced on Britain by its full grown importation at the era of the Conquest. In conjunction with this large inquiry, the jurisprudence of Rome must be kept in view; first, as some relics of it in municipal institutions, and otherwise, may have been associated with the very earliest forms of internal organization in modern Europe; and secondly, after its letter had been buried for centuries, as it was resuscitated by the civilians and canonists, and brought in array against the common law of England, and amalgamated with the feudal system in Scotland. From these elements the history of Parliament and of municipal bodies, the prerogatives of the crown, and the rights and privileges of the subject, together with the practical administration of the law, ought all to be developed in their origin and growth. The state of knowledge and of opinion among the people at large, on political matters, and particularly on the manner in which they are governed, should form a part of this constitutional inquiry.

The history of religion should occupy a conspicuous place in the historian's studies. In the folios of the Bollandists, no inconsiderable portion of the scanty records of the civil history of the period are to be found. A full and patient study of the Roman Catholic creed and polity in their rise and development, is necessary for the effectual employment of the knowledge thus acquired; and it is needless to say how many other creeds and systems must be studied by the historian of Britain. By observing its mere results on the outward history of a people, the inquirer will never know the real influence of any system of religious tenets. A brief survey shows us

the outward demonstrations. But to be acquainted with the character of the internal impulses of any religious creed, to see how the fire glows and radiates within the bosom of the votary, we must study the vital elements of the creed itself with industry and with zeal.

The language and literature of the country have already been alluded to. The state of the arts at different times must be carefully watched and explained. To accomplish this task, the historian should possess a wide knowledge of the principles and practice of art: not that conventional knowledge which teaches him how to distinguish from all that are below them those efforts which are entitled to the approbation of the fastidious, but the catholic spirit, which enables the mind fully to estimate progress before perfection is reached.

All the departments of the historian's knowledge are more or less blended with each other. From the sixth century downwards, for several ages, the coinage of the realm only marks the state of the arts or serves to adjust disputed chronologies: gradually, however, the historian feels it becoming involved with more complex elements connected with the state of society, and at last the great question of the currency and the monetary system of the country has to be grappled with. Here the whole field of political economy is opened up. It is needless to say, that the historian, especially he who treats of a people in any degree civilized, must be thoroughly imbued with political economy.

The state of manufactures and of the sciences should not be neglected. A history of Britain during the nineteenth century, containing no account of the triumphs of the steam engine, or of the progress of railway engineering, would give a very imperfect view

of the living progress of the nation. The history of the early period would be more satisfactory, if it informed us when the pump and the potter's wheel were first used in Britain. Closely akin to this subject is the progress of agriculture, which, however, is a matter simpler and more easy of attainment than many of the historian's other objects of inquiry.

In truth, it may be safely said, that every circumstance that can be discovered concerning the particular country, and every thing, whether animate or inanimate that is on its surface, comes within the compass of its history, using that word in the sense of merely civil history,—unless in so far as it belongs to what is natural history. And yet even from this science civil history has many lights to receive. Human physiology is intimately connected with the elucidations of the historian; and it would appear that, in regard to the influence of political institutions on the physical as well as the moral state of races of men, we are still only on the threshold of knowledge. Here the physiologist, and the recorder of political events, who heretofore have travelled on different roads, may some day or other find a common object of exertion, and may tell us, by their united labours, why the race that inhabited ancient Egypt, from being the most inventive, should have been among the most supine of people; why the Chinese should have passed through an epoch of active discovery, and should have thenceforth, unlike the rest of the world, neither forgotten nor improved the fruits of their original enterprise; why the Celts, once the nurses of European learning, should, at a later time, have appeared as if doomed to retire before the ardent genius of the Teutonic race; and why this race, after being long inferior to other branches of the Caucasian family, should appear,

with British enterprise and German thought, likely to absorb the faculties of the rest of mankind.

The historian must not wholly neglect other natural productions. The inferior animals and the vegetable kingdom are intimately connected with the fate of the human beings who are the immediate object of his labours. With geology he may appear to have comparatively little concern ; yet the marble of Greece, and the coal and iron of Britain, have had no little influence on the destinies of these nations.

Hume did so much towards the completion of that circle of knowledge with which the historian has to deal, that he was the first to add to a mere narrative of events, an inquiry into the progress of the people, and of their arts, literature, manners, and general social condition. This attempt was so original, that, as it embodied in some measure the theory developed in Voltaire's "Essai sur les Moeurs," first published in 1756, when the first volume of the "History of the Stuarts" had been two years before the public, it was supposed that Hume might have borrowed the idea from some fragments of that work which had been surreptitiously printed with the title "Abrégé de l'Histoire Universelle." There seems to be no room, however, for such a supposition. Hume's own "Political Discourses" are as close an approach to this method of inquiry as the work of Voltaire; and if we look for such productions of other writers as may have led him into this train of thought, it would be more just to name Bacon and Montesquieu.[1] The works of such authors as Guizot and Hallam may teach us that much had to be added to Hume's system

[1] It does not appear that even the surreptitious fragments of Voltaire's work were printed earlier than the year in which the first volume of the "History of the Stuarts" was published—1754. In the Essai, Voltaire thus contrasts Hume's sagacity as an historian

of historical composition, to render it perfect; but they do so in the same manner as the last steam engine shows us how many improvements have been made on the inventions of Watt.

We now resume the correspondence with Millar. The letter immediately following, puts beyond a doubt, what had only been partially believed, that Hume had, at one time, expressed an intention of writing an ecclesiastical history. Of the manner in which he would have executed such a task, opinions will widely vary.

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"*Edinburgh, 15th March*, 1762.

"DEAR SIR,—I am very glad that you are in so good a way, and that you think so soon of making a new edition. I am running over both the ancient history and the Tudors, and shall send you them up by the wagon as soon as they are corrected. Please tell Mr. Strahan, to keep carefully this copy I send up, as well as that which I left of the Stuarts; for if you intend to print an octavo edition next summer, it will be better to do it from these copies which are corrected, than from the new edition, where there will necessarily be some errors of the press.

"I give you full authority to contradict the report, that I am writing or intend to write an ecclesiastical history; I have no such intention; and I believe never shall. I am beginning to love peace very much, and resolve to be more cautious than formerly in creating myself enemies. But in contradicting this report,

with the propagators of monkish legends. "Les moines Frédegaire et Aimoin le disent: mais ces moines, sont-ils des De Thou et des Humes?" Edit. 1785, vol. i. p. 235.

you will be so good as not to impeach Mr. Mallet's veracity; for 'tis certain I said to Lord Chesterfield (from whom Mr. Mallet first had it) that I had entertained such a thought; but my saying so proceeded less from any serious purpose, than from a view of trying how far such an idea would be relished by his lordship.

"I have not laid aside thoughts of continuing my History to the period after the Revolution. It is not amiss to be idle a little time; but it is probable I shall tire of that kind of life: and if I then find that the public desires to see more of me, and that the great will not shut up their papers from me, I shall set to work in earnest.

"I never thought that Lord Kames' Elements would be a popular book; but I hoped, that, as you engage for no copy money, it would certainly defray the charge of paper and print; and on that footing alone I recommended it to you. I find the author's expectations raised up to a vast pitch, and indeed there are some parts of the work ingenious and curious; but it is too abtruse and crabbed ever to take with the public. As to the advice you desire me to give him, it is certainly very salutary; but I fancy neither I nor any other of his friends will ever venture to mention it. The admonitions, which come from you, are commonly the most effectual; and if this book do not sell, I think it were not amiss, that you tell him the plain truth without disguise or circumlocution. I find the booksellers here have sold off all their share of my Essays, and are desirous of another edition, which, however, I told them, I believed you was not ready for. I desire to be informed two or three months before you put it to the press: because

I intend to make some considerable alterations on some parts of them.

"I hope Mrs. Millar intends to pay us a visit next summer, and that you will be of the party. Please make my most sincere respects to her. I am, dear Sir," &c.[1]

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"*8th April*, 1762.

"I shall answer your story of Charles Townsend very fully, by another story of the same gentleman. Three years ago, when I was in London, I was told by a friend, that Mr. Townsend said, that my History of the Stuarts (the only one then published,) was full of gross blunders in the facts: he had consulted all the authentic documents, particularly the journals of the House of Commons, and found it so. When I made light of this information, as knowing somewhat of Mr. Townsend's hasty manner of speaking, my friend said, that I ought not so much to neglect the matter; because Mr. Townsend had told him that Mr. Dyson, clerk to the House of Commons, a man of knowledge and solidity, had made to him the same observation. I was a little surprised and alarmed at this; and I went to Mr. Elliot, whom I desired to speak to Mr. Dyson, and to tell him that there was nothing in the world I desired so much as to be informed of my errors, and that he would oblige me extremely by pointing out those mistakes. Mr. Dyson replied, that he had never in his life spoke of the matter to Mr. Townsend; and that though he differed from me in my reasonings and views of the

[1] MS. R.S.E.

constitution, he had observed no blunders in facts, except one with regard to the dispensing power: which, by the bye, was the one also remarked to me by the Speaker, and which I corrected in the second edition. It was not an error with regard to the reign of James Second, but with regard to that of King William, which I had not sufficiently examined. I assure you there is not a quotation that I did not see with mine own eyes, except two or three at most, which I took from Tyrrel or Brady, because I had not the books referred to. That there is no mistake in such a number of references, would be rash or even absurd to affirm: that the printer also has not sometimes made mistakes in the name of the author or in the number of the page quoted, is what I dare not aver: for I only compared the sheet now and then with my manuscript, and was contented to be as correct as possible in the text. I knew that these mistakes could neither be frequent nor material. But if people, finding a few here and there, point them out, and give them as a specimen of the whole, I know no remedy for this malice, but to allow them to go on. Men of candour will judge otherwise without scrutiny: and men of diligence and industry will find that the case is otherwise, upon scrutiny.[1]

"I have heard of Charles Townsend's extolling and decrying me alternately, according as the humour bites; and all the world knows this to be his char-

[1] It must be observed, that this method of referring to authorities and collating them, is, even by Hume's account of it, one which a scrupulous investigator would call slovenly. The admission of any authorities at second hand is, to the extent to which it may be carried, a breach of the historian's duty. To make sure that he had rightly estimated their meaning on a first perusal, he should have collated all his references in proof.

acter. He is perhaps angry with me at present, because I did not wait of him when I was in London. It is strange, that great men in England should slight and neglect men of letters when they pay court to them, and rail at them when they do not. I have a regard to Mr. Townsend as a man of parts, I believe of very great parts; but I attach myself to no great man, and visit none of them but such as happen to be my friends, and particular acquaintance. I wish they would consider me as equally independent with themselves, or more so. However, there is no necessity of enraging Mr. Townsend farther by the story I told you in the first paragraph; and therefore I would not have you communicate it to any body, except a very particular friend whom you can trust. You may read the second paragraph to every body."[1]

In the following letter to Millar, we find him professing his ignorance of the practical application of the fine arts in engraving. Although he has written on the philosophy of taste, we find no traces in his writings of what the Germans have denominated the aesthetic; no sense of an internal emotion arising from the contemplation of works of art. In his travels, he had an opportunity of seeing many fine pictures, but he never mentions one; and it does not appear, from any incident in his life, or allusion in his letters, which I can remember, that he had ever really admired a picture or a statue.[2]

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] In a letter to Millar, dated 8th October, 1763, he says, on the occasion of receiving a copy of a series of engravings, which have not yet been surpassed, "I have been obliged to Mr. Strange for a present of all his prints. He is a very worthy man, whom I value much, and therefore I desire you would send him a copy of this new edition of my History."

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"*Edinburgh*, 17*th May*, 1762.

"I like much better your publishing in volumes than in numbers. Though this last method has been often practised, it has somewhat of a quackish air, which you have always avoided, as well as myself. I know not what to do for frontispieces; I have no manner of skill myself in designing, and am not able to point out the most proper subjects, nor the method of executing them. On the whole, I think it an expense which may be spared; but if you continue in the resolution of having some such ornament, I could write a letter to Allan Ramsay, who, I hope, would take the pains of directing the engraver. As to my head, I think that also a superfluous expense; and as there is no picture of me in London, I know not how it can be executed: with submission to you, would it not be better to throw these charges on the paper and print? I do not imagine, because these ornaments have helped off the sale of Smollett's History, that mine would be the better for them.[1] These arts are seldom practised twice with the same success.

"I do not lose view of my design to continue my History, at least for two reigns more; but I question whether party prejudices with regard to me, are as yet sufficiently subsided, to enable me to carry on that work, without meeting with repulses and disgusts from those who have the materials in their power, which must serve for the foundation of my narrative: a little farther time will, I hope, operate that effect."[2]

[1] In a letter to Millar, of 6th April, 1758, (MS. R.S.E.) he thus alludes to Smollett's work: "I am afraid the extraordinary run upon Dr. Smollett, has a little hurt your sales; but these things are only temporary."

[2] MS. R.S.E.

He concludes this letter by saying, "I remove my house this week to James's Court."

Entering a low gateway which pierces the line of lofty houses along the Lawnmarket, one finds oneself in a square court, surrounded by houses, which have now evidently fallen to the lot of humbler inhabitants than those for whom they were erected. These spaces, walled off by the intervening houses from the main street, were in the Scottish metropolis, like the similar edifices of the French nobility, frequently designed with the view of protecting those who dwelt within the gate from the unwelcome intrusion of either legal or illegal force. But it is probable that James's Court scarcely dates back to times so lawless, and that it was built early in the eighteenth century. The plan of a closed court was, perhaps, adopted as a means of enabling a small community to have the civic functions of lighting and cleaning performed more accurately than they were then administered to the inhabitants at large.

Entering one of the doors opposite the main entrance, the stranger is sometimes led by a friend, wishing to afford him an agreeable surprise, down flight after flight of the steps of a stone staircase, and when he imagines he is descending so far into the bowels of the earth, he emerges on the edge of a cheerful crowded thoroughfare, connecting together the Old and New Town; the latter of which lies spread before him, a contrast to the gloom from which he has emerged. When he looks up to the building containing the upright street through which he has descended, he sees that vast pile of tall houses standing at the head of the Mound, which creates astonishment in every visiter of Edinburgh. This vast fabric is built on the declivity of a hill, and thus one entering

on the level of the Lawnmarket, is at the height of several stories from the ground on the side next the New Town. In Hume's day, a lake lay not many yards from the base of the building; and the whole space now occupied by the streets and squares of the New Town, was open ground, covered with woodland in those places where it did not consist of agricultural ground or barren heath. A full view of the surrounding country must have been possessed by every floor in this mass of buildings. I have ascertained that by ascending the western of the two stairs facing the entry of James's Court, to the height of three stories, we arrive at the door of David Hume's house, which, of the two doors on that landing-place, is the one towards the left.[1]

Of the first impression made on a stranger, at that period, when entering such a house, a vivid description is given by Sir Walter Scott in "Guy Mannering;" and in Counsellor Pleydell's library, with its collection of books and the prospect from the window, we have probably an accurate picture of the room in which Hume spent his studious hours when he was in his own house in Edinburgh.

When Boswell describes the veritable locality of the house in which he did actually receive the illustrious Dr. Johnson, he tells us at the same time that it was in James's Court. Hume had then left his house, and it appears that James Boswell became his tenant.[2] One cannot therefore resist the conclusion,

[1] Information communicated by Joseph Grant, Esq.

[2] This is shown by a paper of no great importance in itself, among the MSS. R.S.E. It is simply a document of instructions for defending an action against Hume, by a builder for repairs. It is in his own hand, and begins,—

"At Whitsunday last, Mr. Boswell, advocate, left Mr. Hume's

that the house thus consecrated, was the very one which had been occupied by Hume. Would Boswell communicate such a fact, or tell what manner of man was the landlord of the habitation into which he had, under the guise of hospitality, entrapped the arch-intolerant?[1] Who shall appreciate the mental conflict which Boswell may have experienced on this occasion! On the one side he would have to consider, whether it would not be more candid to let the

house in James's Court; and Lady Wallace, dowager, came to it. Mrs. Boswell at that time sent for Adam Gillies, mason, to repair some plaister which was broken. Having by this means got access to the house, he went about and teased Lady Wallace, by telling her that many other things needed repairs. She frequently bid him let her alone, for she saw no occasion to trouble the landlord for any thing. Notwithstanding this, he came to Mr. Hume, and told him that the stone pavement in the kitchen, under the coal bunker, was all shattered, and must be repaired; and that he was sent by Lady Wallace to tell him so. Mr. Hume having entire trust in Lady Wallace's discretion, gave him orders to repair that pavement of the bunker. Gillies brought him in an account for many other repairs on the pavement of the kitchen. Mr. Hume told him that he had exceeded his orders; and that he would not pay him till he should see Lady Wallace, who was at that time in the country. When she came to town, she told Mr. Hume the fact, and that Gillies had come to him, not only without her orders but contrary to them. At the same time, Mrs. Boswell, who had lived two years in the house, told him, that when she left it, she saw nothing in the kitchen pavement which needed repairs. Mr. Hume therefore refused to pay Gillies for any thing, except for the plaister, and also for whitening the kitchen, for which he had orders. This is the cause before the court."

[1] It is supposed to have been of Hume that, when some one, in Mrs. Piozzi's presence, observed, that he had the *lumières*, Johnson said, "Just enough to light him to hell." Boswell mentions his having uttered a remark about Hume, too gross to be committed to paper. It is said that, when in Hume's presence, a mutual friend offered to make Johnson acquainted with him, the author of the "Rambler" roared out, "No, sir."

appalling truth be known. But would Johnson have been able to "sleep o' nights" in such a house? The dilemma might not have been so easily solved as the dinner with Wilkes.

Hume's house was, during his absence in France, occupied by Dr. Blair; so that the old flat, three stories up from the entrance in James's Court, had in its day sheltered inmates of no common eminence.

Hume *to* Andrew Millar.

"*Edinburgh, 22d Nov.* 1762.

"Dear Sir, — As yours of the 16th of last month did not require any immediate reply, I have used the freedom to delay answering it. I am glad to find your two new editions so well advanced: I hope they will be successful. Some people tell me, that, as the two volumes last published do not shock any party prejudices, they have been better received than the former, and procure a good reception for the whole. If I should see them make any farther progress, it would be the best encouragement for me to proceed in writing the more recent history. I am far from losing sight of that project; but it is better not to begin it, till matters are more ripe for the execution, and till I find, that every one would frankly concur in opening their cabinets, and allowing me the use of all papers which may be necessary for my purpose. I had a letter from Mr. Mallet lately, by which I find, that he will no longer be an obstacle in my way; for he tells me that his History of the Duke of Marlborough is ready for the press; which is more than I or most people expected.

"Lord Marischal wrote me lately, that the celebrated Rousseau, had taken shelter with him at Neufchâtel; but that he had thoughts of coming to

England, and desired to know of me, if he could make an edition of his works by which he could gain a little money for his subsistence, as he was not interested. He wished also, that I could recommend him to a bookseller. You have told me, that you do not care to deal in French books; but if he should publish any new work, might he not have a translation of it ready to be published at the same time with the original? And would not you be willing to deal with him in that shape? I should think him very fortunate, if he were in your hands. I beg my compliments to Mrs. Millar, who, I hope, is at Bath, more for her amusement than her health. I am, dear sir, yours sincerely.

"P.S.—As your edition on royal paper is not numerous, I shall only desire three copies of it to be sent me, and shall reserve the other three for the octavo edition. Be so good therefore as to embark three copies in any parcel you send to Edinburgh. The peace will now make the intercourse of trade more open between us. The mention of peace reminds me to thank you for your assistance in making out my subscription last year, which is likely to turn out so much to my advantage. The stocks are now very high; but I suppose will not come to their full height this twelvemonth, and till then I fancy you will not think it prudent in me to sell out."[1]

That Mallet had his History of the Duke of Marlborough ready for press, was, as Hume gently says, more than he or most people expected. However, Mallet seems to have convinced him that it really was the case; and his success in carrying conviction to the prince of sceptics, is a brilliant instance of that

[1] MS. R.S.E.

mingled cunning and impudence by which he had made himself a great man. The literary history of the life of Marlborough is well known. The duchess had left £1000 to Glover and Mallet, as a fee for a life to be written by them jointly. Glover gave up his share of the labour and its reward, and Mallet obtained the £1000. The service he gave in return, consisted entirely in the labour of convincing the world, by hints and skilfully mysterious announcements, that he had made considerable progress in the work, though he died without having commenced it; and if this systematic deception had been the service for which he was paid, it would have been admitted that he had done his duty.[1] The following letter is a memorable instance of the manner in which Mallet conducted his operations; and it shows at the same time his infinitely lofty notion of his own position. He had managed to be a great author among the aristocracy, and to be a great aristocrat among authors; and the air of calm

[1] It is pretty well known, that he managed to persuade Garrick that a niche would be found, in the life of the first commander of his day, for the first dramatist of the succeeding generation. The manager immediately asked if Mallet had given up writing for the stage; fortunately he discovered that he had not; he had a manuscript play in his pocket.

With Mrs. Mallet, who was in all respects worthy of her husband, Hume had some acquaintance; but he does not appear to have had much respect for her. Lord Charlemont says, "I never saw him so much displeased, or so much disconcerted, as by the petulance of Mrs. Mallet, the conceited wife of Bolingbroke's editor. This lady, who was not acquainted with Hume, meeting him one night at an assembly, boldly accosted him in these words, 'Mr. Hume, give me leave to introduce myself to you; we Deists ought to know each other.' 'Madam,' replied he, 'I am no Deist; I do not style myself so, neither do I desire to be known by that appellation." — *Hardy's Memoir of Charlemont*, p. 122.

superiority which he adopts towards Hume is not the least remarkable feature in the production.

DAVID MALLET *to* HUME.[1]

DEAR SIR, — I have done at last, what nothing but the greatest regard for the writer, and the truest friendship for the man, could have made me submit to; I have gone over both your volumes again, with the eye and attention of a mere grammarian. The task of looking after verbal mistakes, or errors against the idiom of a tongue, though not unnecessary, is trivial, and disgusting in the greatest degree; but your work, and you, deserved it of me: and I could not have forgiven myself had I not treated yours as I hope and expect you will do mine.

I have not been idle; though I give no account of my progress to one in a hundred I converse with; as it contains several particulars of the reigns of the two brothers, Charles and James, the most interesting though the least known parts of King William's, and embraces the whole of Queen Anne's reign, together with some anecdotes relative to her successor,—it will swell into two quarto volumes. I am resolved, too, that the translation, which will be done here by an excellent hand under my own eye, shall appear at the same time the original does. These are some of the causes that occasion the complaints I have been teased with: and there are many others, that would make no figure on paper, though they are unavoidable and consume much irretrievable time. But what is well done is done soon; and, as I have not you in my way, I should not feel the least uneasiness, if all our other complete historians should write the same period twenty times over. My work, both in matter and form, would still be new. If you are upon the undertaking, which you desired might remain a secret, I dare assure you, that besides the merit of accuracy and impartiality, it will have all the charm of novelty; for such a work, on a rational and philosophical

[1] This letter is not dated. It may be questioned whether it be either the one referred to in the preceding, or in the following letter by Hume.

plan, is a thing, as Milton has it, unattempted yet in prose or rhime. Adieu. I am, dear sir, most faithfully yours.

D. MALLET.[1]

The following letter is a not less curious revelation of Mallet's proceedings.

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"*Edinburgh*, 21*st April*, 1763.

"DEAR SIR, — I had a letter from Mr. Mallett, in which he tells me, that he has run over carefully the two volumes of my History last published, and has wrote all his remarks, as well on the language as matter, on the margin. He said, that he would find an opportunity to send them to me. I replied to him, that I was extremely obliged to him, (as I certainly am,) and that if he sent them to you, you would soon find an opportunity of conveying them to me. I wish you would speak to him on that subject, as you have occasion to meet with him, and would send the books carefully to me by the first parcel you send to Edinburgh. I should desire you also to give him a new copy in place of this which he has sacrificed; but if there be only a word here and there, I can efface them, after transcribing them into my own copy, and can afterwards restore the book as good as ever.

"In the same letter, he complains much of a report, that I was writing the English History since the revolution: which he says he cannot believe, because it would be a very invidious task to him. I answered him, that by his former letter I imagined his History was just ready for the press; that I had not wrote a line of the History of that period; but if I undertake it, one great inducement would be the hopes of

[1] MS. R.S.E.

seeing his volumes published before me; by which means, I could hope for much light and great materials; that as he was near twenty years advanced before me, it was ridiculous to fear that I could overtake him; and that I was glad of the report he mentioned, if it would prove a spur to his industry. I find Mr. Mallet would fain be like the dog in the manger, neither eat himself nor allow others to eat. I should have a breach with him, and might expect all ill offices from him, if I pursue my plan; but this would be a frivolous consideration, where his anger would be so ill-founded. As soon as the octavo edition of my History is finished, please send me a copy of it. I should be pleased to run it over; and make an errata to it. I am," &c.[1]

The following letter to Elliot shows the zeal with which Hume carried on that systematic removal from his works of all passages tending to favour popular rights, which has been already alluded to.

HUME *to* GILBERT ELLIOT *of Minto.*

"*Edinburgh*, 12*th March*, 1763.

"DEAR SIR,—In this new edition I have corrected several mistakes and oversights, which had chiefly proceeded from the plaguy prejudices of Whiggism, with which I was too much infected when I began this work. I corrected some of these mistakes in a former edition; but being resolved to add to this edition the quotations of authorities for the reigns of James I. and Charles I., I was obliged to run over again the most considerable authors who had treated of these reigns; and I happily discovered

[1] MS. R.S.E.

some more mistakes, which I have now corrected. As I began the History with these two reigns, I now find that they, above all the rest, have been corrupted with Whig rancour, and that I really deserved the name of a party writer, and boasted without any foundation of my impartiality: but if you now do me the honour to give this part of my work a second perusal, I am persuaded that you will no longer throw on me this reproachful epithet, and will acquit me of all propensity to Whiggism. If you still continue to upbraid me, I shall be obliged to retaliate on you, and cry, *Whig vous même.*

"In page 33, vol. v. you will find a full justification of the impositions laid on by James I. without authority of parliament: in p. 113, 114, 389, a justification of persecuting the Puritans: in p. 180, a justification of Charles I. for levying tonnage and poundage without consent of parliament: in p. 100, I acquit James I. of prevarication, with which I had before rashly charged him. This last mistake indeed was innocent, and I can easily account for it. I had read Buckingham's narrative in Rushworth and Franklyn, the two opposite collectors: I saw what I thought the same paper in the Parliamentary History; but I did not attend to a line at the bottom, in which it is said, that the paper is taken from the records more full, than in the preceding collection: when I read it lately, I found the article here quoted, so that this blunder proceeded not from any spirit of Whiggery.

"I now justify James II. more explicitly in his exercise of the dispensing power, which was intimately interwoven with the constitution and monarchy — see vol. vi. p. 393-394, 395-400. In vol. iv. p. 322-323, I mention a very remarkable vein of tyranny, or

exertion of arbitrary power, practised in that period,[1] and which came to my knowledge since the first publication of that volume.

"There are many other improvements and alterations throughout the whole; and I am glad that Millar has of himself made you an offer of this edition. Without flattering you I must say, that there is nobody whom I more desire to see my writings as correct as I can make them; and I was thinking to desire Mr. Millar to make you this offer.

"But there is no end of correcting. In this new edition, vol. v. p. 205, I have inserted a pretty curious story of Sir George Markham, which I took from Lord Lansdowne, whom I esteemed safe authority for a Whig story: but I have since been shown Hobart's Reports, which is infinitely more authentic than Lord Lansdowne; and the story is there told so entirely, as to justify the King and the Star-chamber, so that you may still reproach me that the villanous leaven is not entirely purged off.[2]

"I am engaged in no work at present; but if I tire of idleness, or more properly speaking, of reading for amusement, I may probably continue my History. My only discouragement is, that I cannot hope to finish this work in my closet, but must apply to the great for papers and intelligence, a thing I mortally abhor.

"Is it not hard and tyrannical in you, more hard

[1] The alteration of the customs duties by the authority of the crown.

[2] The case of Sir George Markham, who was fined £10,000 in the Star-chamber, for rudeness to a peer, is not stated in the first edition. In the latest editions, the case is stated as it had been set down on Lansdowne's authority, and there is merely a note mentioning that Hobart gives a different account of it. *See* Hobart, p. 120.

and tyrannical than any act of the Stuarts, not to allow me to publish my Dialogues? Pray, do you not think that a proper dedication may atone for what is exceptionable in them? I am become much of my friend Corbyn Morrice's mind, who says, that he writes all his books for the sake of the dedications.

"I am very glad to hear from Lord Minto, that you intend to pass a great part of the ensuing summer in this country. Though you be now become a great man, I doubt not but I should receive very much satisfaction from your society and conversation; that is, if I be not jostled out by suitors who press in upon me.

"Meanwhile, I am, dear sir, your affectionate friend and servant." [1]

He writes to Millar, on 10th March, 1763, "I am in a good measure idle at present: but if I tire of this way of life, I shall certainly continue my History, and have no thoughts of any other work. But in this state of affairs, I suppose your people of rank and quality would throw the door in my face, because I am a Scotsman." [2]

And again at a later date:

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"*Edinburgh*, 28*th March*, 1763.

"I never lose view of the project of continuing my History. I may perhaps very soon gather silently together the books which will enable me to sketch out the reigns of King William and Queen Anne, and shall finish them afterwards, together with that of George I., in London. But to tell you the truth, I

[1] Minto MSS. [2] MS. R.S.E.

have an aversion to appear in that capital till I see that more justice is done to me with regard to the preceding volumes. The languishing sale of this edition makes me conjecture that the time is not yet come; and the general rage against the Scots is an additional discouragement. I think the Scotch minister is obliged to make me some compensation for this.

"I am told that Mr. Ralph is dead, who had certainly made a large collection of books and pamphlets for his work. I should be glad to know into whose hands they are fallen, and would purchase them if they could be got at a reasonable price.

"I hear Dr. Armstrong has sent you over a most violent renunciation of Wilkes's friendship.[1] Wilkes is indeed very blamable in indulging himself so much in national reflections; which are low, vulgar, and ungenerous, and come with a bad grace from him, who conversed so much with our countrymen. My compliments to Mrs. Millar, who, I hope, will favour me with a visit this summer. I am, dear sir, yours sincerely."[2]

On the same day he writes to Adam Smith:

"I set up a chaise in May next, which will give me the liberty of travelling about; and you may be sure a journey to Glasgow will be one of the first I

[1] The quarrel between Wilkes and Armstrong excited much interest. They had been close friends, and Wilkes had advanced money to Armstrong in his need. The latter had ventured to pass a slight sarcasm on Churchill, who returned it ten-fold, taking Wilkes to his assistance, who abused Armstrong among the other Scots, in some letters in *The Public Advertiser*. A very amusing and dramatic dialogue between them will be found in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1782.

[2] MS. R.S.E.

shall undertake. I intend to require, with great strictness, an account how you have been employing your leisure, and I desire you to be ready for that purpose. Wo be to you if the balance be against you! Your friends here will also expect that I should bring you with me."[1]

A few letters written at this time to his friends, on the subject of the arrears of half-pay due for his services as judge-advocate,[2] afford the following passages of general interest. To Oswald he says, on 3d April—

"I shall add, that it is the only thing in my life I ever asked, it is the only thing I ever shall ask, and consequently, it is the only thing I ever shall obtain. Those who assist me in procuring it do me a great favour, and I very willingly stand obliged to my friends for their good offices: but of the government and ministry, I ask it as my due. I imagined that after Lord Bute's consent was obtained, all difficulties had been surmounted."[3]

To another correspondent he says,—

"To tell you the truth, dear Crawford, I made it a rule from the beginning of my life never to seek a favour of any man; and this humour, which, if you be very indulgent to me, you will call modesty, if less so, pride, I was unwilling to relinquish, after having maintained it through my youth, and during more difficult circumstances than those in which I am at present placed."[4]

Hume, like every Scotsman of his day, who concerned himself with any thing beyond his own domestic circle, took a deep interest in the progress of the Douglas cause. It is difficult, at the present

[1] MS. R.S.E.
[2] See Vol. I. p. 221.
[3] Memorials of Oswald, p. 79.
[4] Scroll MS. R.S.E.

day, to conceive the excitement which this litigation between private parties occasioned in the public mind. Men about to meet each other in company, used to lay an injunction on themselves not to open their lips on the subject, so fruitful was it in debates and brawls; and yet too often found that their prudence was no match for their enthusiasm. Hume adopted the view that the alleged children of Lady Jane Douglas were spurious. The Court of Session decided in favour of this opinion by a majority of one; but their decision was afterwards reversed by the House of Lords. The reversal occasioned many severe animadversions on Lord Mansfield, both by Hume and his friends.

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

"*Edinburgh*, 21*st July*, 1763.

"DEAR SMITH, — To-day is the grand question decided by our judges, whether they will admit of any farther proof with regard to the Douglas affair, or whether they will rest contented with the proofs already produced. Their partiality is palpable and astonishing; yet few people think that they will dare to refuse inquiring into facts so remarkable and so strongly attested. They are at present sitting, but I hope to tell you the issue in a postscript. Our friend Johnstone[1] has wrote the most super-excellentest paper in the world, which he has promised to send to you this evening in franks. Please to deliver the enclosed to Colonel Barrè. I am," &c.[2]

We have already found one distinguished fellow-countryman of Hume controversially attacking his

[1] William Johnstone of Westerhall, afterwards Sir William Pulteney.

[2] MS. R.S.E.

works. But another and greater critic was soon to appear. Dr. Thomas Reid was preparing for the press his "Inquiry into the Human Mind," which he published in 1764. His was the greatest mind which set itself in opposition to Hume's system, in British literature; and he was great, because he examined the works of the sceptical philosopher, not in the temper of a wrangler or partisan, but in the honest spirit of an investigator, who is bound either to believe in the arguments he is examining, or to set against them a system which will satisfy his own mind, and the minds of other honest thinkers. Reid was born in 1710, and he was exactly a year older than Hume, for the birth-day of both was on the 26th of April.[1] The philosopher of common sense, thus brought the accumulated thought and learning of advanced years to bear on a series of works which the sceptic had commenced in early youth. There is something in Reid's method of laying down his principles, and explaining their application, that disinclines the reader to allow him the palm of original genius, and suggests the idea that he is a personification of the natural sagacity and useful industry of his countrymen. But this feeling arises more from his hatred of such apparent paradoxes as Hume loved, from his courting rather than avoiding what is familiar and intelligible, and from the titles he gave to his books, than from deficiency of true originality. Whether his merit lay in his genius or his industry, he raised a new fabric of philosophy out of part of those fragments to which the sceptic had reduced previous systems. The term "common sense," which he used to characterize his system, had been long employed in

[1] Stewart's Life of Reid. It is not stated whether the date is estimated by the old or the new style. Hume's birth-day is old style.

philosophy; and if *bon sens* may be held its equivalent, it is to be found in the preliminary dissertation of a French translation of Hume's miscellaneous essays, published in the same year as Reid's Inquiry.[1] Here, and occasionally by Reid, it is used in its popular sense, expressing philosophical opinions derived from the general notions of mankind. In this sense it is an application of induction to mental operations. It views the opinions of men at large as so many experimental facts, which, as in the case of the physical operations of nature, may be subjected to the rules of induction. Hume himself held that mental phenomena are as regular, and as capable of having laws of nature applied to them, as physical phenomena. But even if he were right, there is a disturbing influence at force in the circumstance, that, as the operation of induction is itself a phenomenon of the same class with those professed to be subjected to its observation, the philosopher is apt to embody in his writings the intuitions, if they may be so termed, of his own mind, instead of giving such an accurate transcript of the results of external observation as the physical inquirer is generally enabled to present.

Indeed, it is in promulgating the convictions of his own mind as a metaphysical thinker, more than in his avowed project of inducting from the common phenomena of the every-day world, that Reid's writings are most valuable. In the one case he has told us how far Hume's philosophy is at variance with the general opinions of mankind; in which he is met by the comprehensive argument, that Hume may, nevertheless, be right, and the rest of mankind wrong. But in travelling beyond his avowed object he certainly

[1] Oeuvres Philosophiques de M. D. Hume, &c., 4 vols. 12mo, 1764.

has anticipated many of those metaphysical arguments, on which the basis of the sceptical philosophy has been attacked; and the world has, perhaps, yet to learn how far the great system of the German philosophers is under obligations to this powerful thinker.[1]

Before he put his "Inquiry into the Human Mind," to press, Reid desired, through Blair's interposition, to subject the manuscript to Hume's inspection. Fearing that this work might too closely follow the Warburton school, Hume met the application with the rather petulant remark: "I wish that the parsons would confine themselves to their old occupation of worrying one another, and leave philosophers to argue with temper, moderation, and good manners." But, after inspecting the manuscript, he thus addressed its author:

By Dr. Blair's means, I have been favoured with the perusal of your performance, which I have read with great pleasure and attention. It is certainly very rare that a piece so deeply philosophical is wrote with so much spirit, and affords so much entertainment to the reader; though I must still regret the disadvantages under which I read it, as I never had the whole performance at once before me, and could not be able fully to compare one part with another. To this reason, chiefly, I ascribed some obscurities, which, in spite of your short analysis, or abstract, still seem to hang over your system; for I must do you the justice to own that, when I enter into your ideas, no man appears to express himself with

[1] When are the public to be in possession of Sir William Hamilton's edition of Reid? I have had the privilege of seeing the proof sheets of this work, so far as it had proceeded, before ill health had, for a time, interrupted the labours of the professor of logic. The quantity of learning and deep thought concentrated in the commentary, is such as, perhaps, but one man in this country could have brought together; and the natural feeling suggested on the perusal was, regret that so much of these qualities had been expended in notes and illustrative essays, instead of being published in a separate work.

greater perspicuity than you do; a talent which, above all others, is requisite in that species of literature which you have cultivated. There are some objections, which I would willingly propose, to the chapter "Of sight," did I not suspect that they proceed from my not sufficiently understanding it; and I am the more confirmed in this suspicion, as Dr. Blair tells me that the former objections I made, had been derived chiefly from that cause. I shall therefore forbear till the whole can be before me, and shall not at present propose any further difficulties to your reasonings. I shall only say that, if you have been able to clear up these abstruse and important subjects, instead of being mortified, I shall be so vain as to pretend to a share of the praise; and shall think that my errors, by having at least some coherence, had led you to make a more strict review of my principles, which were the common ones, and to perceive their futility.

As I was desirous to be of some use to you, I kept a watchful eye all along over your style; but it is really so correct, and so good English, that I found not any thing worth the remarking. There is only one passage in this chapter, where you make use of the phrase, *hinder to do*, instead of *hinder from doing*, which is the English one; but I could not find the passage when I sought for it. You may judge how unexceptionable the whole appeared to me, when I could remark so small a blemish. I beg my compliments to my friendly adversaries, Dr. Campbell, and Dr. Gerard, and also to Dr. Gregory, whom I suspect to be of the same disposition, though he has not openly declared himself such.[1]

This letter called forth the following answer, valuable as an acknowledgment of the services which the Scottish school of philosophy owed to Hume.

DR. REID *to* HUME.

King's College, 18th March, 1763.

SIR,—On Monday last, Mr. John Farquhar brought me your letter of February 25th, enclosed in one from Dr. Blair. I thought myself very happy in having the means of obtaining at second-hand, through the friendship of Dr. Blair, your opinion of my performance: and you have been

[1] Stewart's Life of Reid.

pleased to communicate it directly in so polite and friendly a manner, as merits great acknowledgments on my part. Your keeping a watchful eye over my style, with a view to be of use to me, is an instance of candour and generosity to an antagonist, which would affect me very sensibly, although I had no personal concern in it, and I shall always be proud to follow so amiable an example. Your judgment of the style, indeed, gives me great consolation, as I was very diffident of myself in regard to English, and have been indebted to Drs. Campbell and Gerard for many corrections of that kind.

In attempting to throw some new light upon these abstruse subjects, I wish to preserve the due mean betwixt confidence and despair. But whether I have any success in this attempt or not, I shall always avow myself your disciple in metaphysics. I have learned more from your writings in this kind, than from all others put together. Your system appears to me not only coherent in all its parts, but likewise justly deduced from principles commonly received among philosophers; principles which I never thought of calling in question, until the conclusions you draw from them in the "Treatise of Human Nature" made me suspect them. If these principles are solid, your system must stand; and whether they are or not, can better be judged after you have brought to light the whole system that grows out of them, than when the greater part of it was wrapped up in clouds and darkness. I agree with you, therefore, that if this system shall ever be demolished, you have a just claim to a great share of the praise, both because you have made it a distinct and determinate mark to be aimed at, and have furnished proper artillery for the purpose.

When you have seen the whole of my performance, I shall take it as a very great favour to have your opinion upon it, from which I make no doubt of receiving light, whether I receive conviction or no. Your friendly adversaries, Drs. Campbell and Gerard, as well as Dr. Gregory, return their compliments to you respectfully. A little philosophical society here, of which all the three are members, is much indebted to you for its entertainment. Your company would, although we are all good Christians, be more acceptable

than that of St. Athanasius; and since we cannot have you upon the bench, you are brought oftener than any other man to the bar, accused and defended with great zeal, but without bitterness. If you write no more in morals, politics, or metaphysics, I am afraid we shall be at a loss for subjects. I am, respectfully, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

THOMAS REID.[1]

CHAPTER XIII.

1763—1764. ÆT. 52—53.

Lord Hertford's appointment to the French Embassy, and invitation to Hume to accompany him — Correspondence on the occasion — Residence in London, and remarks on the Political Movements of 1763 — State of his reputation in France — His Arrival — Letters to friends at home about his flattering reception — The young French princes — Observations on eminent French people — His recommendations to a Clergyman — Introductions of Fellow Countrymen.

ON the conclusion of the treaty of 1763, the Marquis of Hertford was appointed ambassador to the court of France. He invited Hume to attend him as secretary; and there is no reason to believe that the selection was owing to any other motive than the desire to place an able and honest man in office. The Marquis was a man of high moral character, and his religious opinions appear to have been considered by some of his contemporaries as too zealous and exclusive. The intercourse thus occasioned, was the commencement of a lasting friendship, in which the English Marquis and the Scottish philosopher, however separated by nominal difference of rank, had too genuine a respect for each other to be affected by such inequalities. The intimacy extended to General Seymour Conway, the brother of the Marquis; and Hume's

[1] MS. R.S.E.

intercourse with them both, tends to confirm the impression which the portraits of the two brothers convey to the present generation, of dispositions open, kind, and artless. In reference to this event, Hume says, in his "own life," "I retired to my native country of Scotland, determined never more to set my foot out of it; and retaining the satisfaction of never having preferred a request to one great man, or even making advances of friendship to any of them. As I was now turned of fifty, I thought of passing all the rest of my life in this philosophical manner, when I received, in 1763, an invitation from the Earl of Hertford, with whom I was not in the least acquainted, to attend him on his embassy to Paris, with a near prospect of being appointed secretary to the embassy, and, in the meanwhile, of performing the functions of that office. This offer, however inviting, I at first declined, both because I was reluctant to begin connexions with the great, and because I was afraid that the civilities and gay company of Paris, would prove disagreeable to a person of my age and humour: but on his lordship's repeating the invitation, I accepted of it. I have every reason, both of pleasure and interest, to think myself happy in my connexions with that nobleman, as well as afterwards with his brother, General Conway."

We have, in his familiar correspondence, a fuller account of his feelings on the occasion.

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

"*Edinburgh, 9th August*, 1763.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have got an invitation, accompanied with great prospects and expectations, from Lord Hertford, if I would accompany him, though at first without any character, in his embassy to Paris. I hesitated much on the acceptance of this offer, though

in appearance very inviting: and I thought it ridiculous at my years, to be entering on a new scene, and to put myself in the lists as a candidate of fortune. But I reflected that I had in a manner abjured all literary occupations; that I resolved to give up my future life entirely to amusements; that there could not be a better pastime than such a journey, especially with a man of Lord Hertford's character; and that it would be easy to prevent my acceptance from having the least appearance of dependance. For these reasons, and by the advice of every friend whom I consulted, I at last agreed to accompany his lordship, and I set out to-morrow for London. I am a little hurried in my preparations; but I could not depart without bidding you adieu, my good friend, and without acquainting you with the reasons of so sudden a movement. I have not great expectations of revisiting this country soon; but I hope it will not be impossible but we may meet abroad, which will be a great satisfaction to me. I am," &c.[1]

HUME *to* BARON MURE.

"*Lisle St. 1st Sept.* 1763.

"MY DEAR BARON,—As I am not sure where you are, nor whether this direction be right, I am obliged to speak to you with reserve, both of public affairs and of my own. Of the latter, I shall only say, that notwithstanding of my first reluctance, I am entirely reconciled to my present situation, and have a great prepossession, or rather, indeed, a great esteem and affection for the person and family whom I am to accompany to France. The prospect of my being secretary to the embassy is neither very distant nor is it immediate; but Lord Hertford will certainly, before our departure, obtain a settlement for me for

[1] MS. R.S.E.

life; which at any events will improve my fortune, and is a great pledge of his friendship and regard.

"I have insulted [consulted] Elliot, Sir Harry, Oswald, and all our friends of that administration. The former said to me, that my situation was, taking all its circumstances, the most wonderful event in the world. I was now a person clean and white as the driven snow; and that were I to be proposed for the see of Lambeth, no objection could henceforth be made to me. What makes the matter more extraordinary, is, that the idea first came into my patron's head, without the suggestion of any one mortal.[1]

"You must have heard of the late most astonishing events with regard to public affairs.[2] Yesterday Lord Bute had a pretty large company dining with him, to whom he gave an account of the whole transactions, and desired them to publish it.

"One of them, a friend of mine, as soon as he went home, took it down in writing, of which he gave me a copy, and which I transmit to you. He is a military man, and his style is not elegant; but I am sure, from another certain authority, that the

[1] Walpole says, "The decorum and piety of Lord Hertford occasioned men to wonder, when, in the room of Bunbury, he chose for his secretary the celebrated freethinker, David Hume, totally unknown to him; but this was the effect of recommendations from other Scots, who had much weight with Lord and Lady Hertford." *Walpole's Memoirs of George III.* i. 264.

[2] The change of ministry on which Lord Bute ceased to be minister, and negotiations were held with Pitt. Hume does not appear to have had any intercourse with Lord Bute while he was in office. In a letter to Blair, of 6th October, which will be found in the Appendix on the "Ossian Controversy," he says, "John Hume [Home] went to the country yesterday with Lord Bute. I was introduced the other day to that noble lord at his desire. I believe him a very good man; a better man than a politician."

account is in the main just; only I have reason to think that Lord Halifax was proscribed along with the rest; at least he said so yesterday to a friend of mine. I wish this high spirit of his M. may be supported. But *femme qui écoute et ville qui parle sont bientôt rendues.* Lord Bute goes abroad very soon. some pretend that the present administration is more enraged against him than is the opposition, on account of his taking this important step without consulting them. Never in any history was there so curious a scene; nor was there ever so formidable a demagogue as this man. Lord Sandwich, it is said, will be secretary for some weeks; our friend Wood is so at present. Many of the leading men in the opposition were left out on Mr. Pitt's plan; which, it is thought, will breed dissensions among them.

"I dined yesterday with Lord Chesterfield, along with Colonel Irvine. The Colonel made an apology for our arriving so late, on account of his being detained at court. 'At court?' said my lord: 'I should be glad to know what place that is.' Dear Mure, yours."[1]

In an earlier part of this work, we have found Hume narrating events of contemporary military history. In the following, as in the preceding letter, he gives his version of a celebrated ministerial revolution, of which the public is as yet possessed of no account which is not liable to doubt.

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

"*Lisle St. 13th Sept.* 1763.

"MY DEAR SMITH,—The settlement which I had made in Scotland was so much to my mind, I had indeed struck root so heartily, that it was with the

[1] Copy R.S.E. The original is in possession of Colonel Mure.

utmost reluctance I could think of transplanting myself, and I began to approach towards that age in which these experiments became no longer practicable with safety. I own that, on my arrival in London, I found every circumstance more inviting than I had reason to expect; particularly the characters of Lord and Lady Hertford, who are allowed to be the two persons the most unexceptionable among all the English nobility. Even that circumstance of Lord Hertford's character, his great piety, ought to make my connexions with him more agreeable, both because it is not attended with any thing sour and rigid, and because I draw the more honour from his choice, while he overlooked so many seeming objections which lay against me on that head. My fortune also receives a great addition during life from this connexion; besides many openings to ambition, were I so simple as to be exposed to temptation from that passion.

"But, notwithstanding all these considerations, shall I tell you the truth? I repine at my loss of ease and leisure, and retirement and independence; and it is not without a sigh I look backwards, nor without reluctance that I cast my eye forwards. Is this sentiment an instinct which admonishes me of the situation most proper and suitable to me? Or is it a momentary disgust, the effect of low spirits, which company and amusement, and a better state of health, will soon dissipate and remove? I must wait with patience till I see the decision of this question.

"I find that one view of Lord Hertford in engaging me to go along with him is, that he thinks I may be useful to Lord Beauchamp in his studies. That young nobleman is generally spoke of as very amiable and very promising; but I remember, though faintly,

to have heard from you something to the contrary, which you had heard from that severe critic, Mr. Herbert: I should be obliged to you for informing me of it. I have not yet seen my Lord Beauchamp, who is at this time in Paris. We shall not leave London these three weeks.

"You have, no doubt, heard of the strange jumble among our ministers, and of the negotiation opened with Mr. Pitt. Never story was told with such contrary circumstances as that of his secret conference with the king, and of the terms demanded by that popular leader. The general outlines of the whole story seem to be these:

"Lord Bute, disgusted with the ministers, who had almost universally conspired to neglect him, and suspecting their bottom to be too narrow, had, before Lord Egremont's death, opened a negotiation with Mr. Pitt, by means of Lord Shelburne, who employed Calcraft the agent. Mr. Pitt says, that he always declared it highly improper that he should be brought to the king, before all terms were settled on such a footing as to render it impossible for them to separate without agreeing. He accordingly thought they were settled. His first conference with the king confirmed him in that opinion, and he wrote to the Duke of Devonshire to come to town, in order to place himself at the head of the treasury. The Duke of Newcastle said, at his table on Sunday was a fortnight, that the ministry was settled. But when Mr. Pitt came to the king that afternoon, he found him entirely changed, and every thing was retracted that had been agreed on. This is his story. The other party says, that he rose in his terms, and wanted to impose the most exorbitant conditions on his sovereign. I suppose that the first conference passed chiefly in generals, and that

Mr. Pitt would then be extremely humble, and submissive, and polite, and dutiful in his expressions. But when he came to particulars, they did not seem to correspond with these appearances. At least, this is the best account I can devise of the matter, consistent with the honour of both parties.

"You would see the present ministry by the papers. It is pretended that they are enraged against Lord Bute, for negotiating without their knowledge or consent; and that the other party are no less displeased with him for not finishing the treaty with them. That nobleman declared his resolution of going abroad a week or two ago. Now he is determined to pass the winter in London. Our countrymen are visibly hurt in this justle of parties, which I believe to be far from the intentions of Lord Bute. Lord Shelburne resigned, because he found himself obnoxious on account of his share in the negotiation. I see you are much displeased with that nobleman, but he always speaks of you with regard. I hear that your pupil, Mr. Fitzmaurice, makes a very good figure at Paris.

"It is generally thought that Mr. Pitt has gained credit and force by this negotiation. It turns the eyes of the public towards him. It shows that the king can overlook personal resentment against him and Lord Temple. It gains him the confidence of his own party, who see that he was negotiating for the whole of them; and puts people in mind of the French rhyme,—*ville qui parle et femme qui écoute.*

"You would hear that the case of the Douglas is now made clear, even in the eyes the most blinded and most prejudiced, which I am glad of on account of our friends. I am," &c.[1]

[1] MS. R.S.E.

The following notice, by one who has unfortunately left nothing behind to show posterity the grounds on which his reputation rested, the Rev. Dr. Carlyle, will be read with interest.

Robertson has managed with great address: he is principal, chaplain, minister, historiographer, and historian; that is to say, he has £50 a-year and a house, certain, besides what he can make by his books. It was taken for granted that he was to resign his charge on being appointed historiographer with £200 salary; but that he will do at his leisure. It is also supposed by his patrons, that he is to write the History of Britain in ten volumes quarto; that also, I presume, (dreadful task,) he will execute at his leisure.

Honest David Home, [Hume,] with the heart of all others that rejoices most at the prosperity of his friends, was certainly a little hurt with this last honour conferred on Robertson. A lucky accident has given him relief. The Earl of Hertford is appointed ambassador to France: not very capable himself, they have loaded him with an insignificant secretary, one Charles Bunbury, who, for the sake of pleasure, more than the thousand a-year, solicited for the office. Hertford knew David, and some good genius prompted him to ask him to go along and manage the business. It is an honourable character: he will see his friends in France. If he tires, he can return when he pleases. Bunbury will probably tire first, and then David will become secretary.[1]

The following letter, without address, appears to have been written to Dr. Carlyle.

"*Lisle Street, 15th Sept.* 1763.

"DEAR DOCTOR,—The case of poor Blacklock gives me great distress; and so much the more, as I am afraid it is not in the power of any human being to

[1] Extract of a letter from Dr. Carlyle to the Rev. Thomas Hepburn, dated 5th September, 1763, in Thorpe's Catalogue of Autographs, for 1833. It would be vain to inquire whither the original has now found its way.

relieve him.[1] His unhappiness seems to proceed from the infirmity of his body, and the delicacy, not to say weakness, of his mind. He has wrote to me letters full of the bitterest anguish, on account of the treatment he meets with from his parishioners. I believe it is not good; but it is impossible not to think it exaggerated by his imagination: and I am of your opinion that the same persecution, partly real, partly imaginary, would follow him in every other settlement. I had concerted with Baron Mure a very likely scheme for his removal; but to what purpose would this serve, if the same complaints must return in his new situation? I agree with you, that a small pension, could it be obtained, might bestow on him some degree of tranquillity; but how to obtain it I profess I do not know, as I suppose you will readily believe. That door was never very wide for men of letters; and is become still narrower than ever."

He proceeds, in terms similar to those already recorded, to state his satisfaction in the connexion with Lord Hertford, and continues:—

"I go to a place of the world which I have always admired the most; and it is not easy to imagine a reception better than I have reason to expect. What, then, can be wanting to my happiness? I hope, nothing;

[1] In 1762, Blacklock had received a presentation, as minister to the parish of Kirkcudbright. His induction was opposed on the ground of his blindness; and a bitter litigation ensued in the church courts, while the parishioners, having taken up the matter as vital in a religious view, persecuted him with all the savage and relentless cruelty of fanaticism. "No liberal and cultivated mind," he says, in reference to this dispute, "can entertain the least hesitation in concluding that there is nothing, either in the nature of things, or even in the positive institutions of genuine religion, repugnant to the idea of a blind clergyman. But the novelty of the phenomenon, while it astonishes vulgar and contracted understandings, inflames their zeal to rage and madness."

or if any thing, it will only be an age and temper better adapted to vanity and dissipation. I beg of you to embrace Mrs. Carlisle in my name, and to assure her of my sincere respects.

"I write no politics, having now become a politician. Please address yourself to John Hume for information on that head. Let him explain to you his patron's situation!!!! Pray, is there any body such an idiot at present as to be a partisan of the Douglas?"

To obtain literary distinction in France at that time, was to be received at court. The star of Germany had not yet risen in the horizon of literature, and the great monarch and warrior of the Teutonic tribes treated his native tongue as the speech of boors, tried to distinguish himself in French literature, and was ambitious of being received into equal companionship with the popular authors of France. Britain, notwithstanding her series of illustrious names, had not yet quite shaken off an air of provincialism. Shakspere was a strange wild genius, full of barbarisms and abominable galimatias: Voltaire had said it, and it was a judgment, not an opinion. Some discontented Frerons or Arnauds, might cavil against it: but this was rebellion, not controversy. The greatness of our masters in science and philosophy was fully admitted; but they were viewed as citizens of the great world of letters, accidentally born in one of its more barren districts; and they were scarcely more closely identified with the national literature of their country, than Linnæus might be with that of Sweden, or Tycho Brahe with that of Denmark. In truth, the apparent interregnum, following the decline of the Latin as the literary language of the world, appeared likely to end in the establishment of the French as its successor. Such expectations gave to the literature of France a metro-

politan air, with which no other could cope; and communicated to those natives of other places, whose name was honoured in the French circles of letters, a corresponding elevation.[1] Hume would have been impervious to the most conclusive evidence on the subject, if he had failed to know how greatly he was honoured among all the literary circles of the continent, and particularly in those of the metropolis of literature. Lord Elibank, writing from Paris, on 11th May, 1763, says to him, "No author ever yet attained to that degree of reputation in his own lifetime that you are now in possession of at Paris;"[2] and the extent of his fame was abundantly attested by others.[3]

Hume arrived in France on the 14th day of October, 1763. Of his reception, his own letters will give the best account.

[1] Blair, writing to Hume on 29th September, says, "Horace need not make you at all blush in your present expedition. If I mistake him not very much, he paid more court to Mæcenas than ever you would have done to any great man. His *principibus placuisse viris* was a favourite passion. Besides that, Horace understood human life too well to refuse such an opening into high amusement as is now before you: and most certainly, as you well observe, the farther we advance in life, we need more to have the scene varied." —(MS. R.S.E.)

[2] MS. R.S.E.

[3] As a specimen of the flattering testimonials which Hume occasionally received from France, the following letter from M. Trudaine de Montigny, a young Frenchman who attained to considerable distinction, is given:

(Translation.)

"*Paris, 16th May*, 1759.

"I pass my time, both in town and country, in a circle of gentlemen, of whom some are acquainted with English, others not. They had been highly pleased with some portions of your works, which had been translated; and among others with your 'Political Discourses,' where they found the practical views of a citizen, united with the profound reflections of a politician, and the perspicacity of a philosopher. To put the whole circle in a position to judge for

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

"*Fontainbleau, 26th Oct.* 1763.

"MY DEAR SMITH,—I have been three days at Paris, and two at Fontainbleau, and have every where met with the most extraordinary honours,

themselves of the merit of these works, I undertook, in the course of a country jaunt which we took all together, to translate your 'Natural History of Religion.' I chose this piece because it appeared to me to contain a complete exposition of philosophy on this subject. I was well rewarded for my pains, by the pleasure I found I gave to all the world. Madame Dupré de St. Maur, who has honoured me with the kindest friendship from my infancy, told me she wished much that you were made acquainted with this feeble effort. M. Steward, whom I met with M. Helvetius, and who wished much to hear the perusal, promised to send it to you."

Madame Dupré de St Maur writes, on 16th May, 1759, that Montigny had received Hume's acknowledgment, which produced more effect on him than any piece of good fortune he had hitherto experienced. "I partook," she says, "of his joy the more sensibly, as I had in a great measure inspired him with confidence to send you his translation, in the persuasion that great men are the most indulgent."—MS. R.S.E.

We find the tone of this letter frequently responded to in the correspondence of Grimm with his German patrons, though the Baron does not always coincide in the praises he has to record. Andrew Stuart, known by his letters to Lord Mansfield, who before 1763 was much employed in France in connexion with the Douglas cause, and appears to have been admitted into the best company there, writes to Sir William Johnstone on 16th December, 1762: "When you have occasion to see our friend, David Hume, tell him that he is so much worshipped here, that he must be void of all passions, if he does not immediately take post for Paris. In most houses where I am acquainted here, one of the first questions is, Do you know Monsr. Hume, whom we all admire so much? I dined yesterday at Helvetius's, where this same Monsr. Hume interrupted our conversation very much."—(MS. R.S.E.)

The following note, from the impetuous Alexander Murray, responds to the same strain:—

"MY DEAR HUME,—The great desire that several French

which the most exorbitant vanity could wish or desire. The compliments of dukes and marischals of France, and foreign ambassadors, go for nothing with me at present: I retain a relish for no kind of flattery but that which comes from the ladies. All the courtiers, who stood around when I was introduced to Madame de Pompadour, assured me that she was never heard to say so much to any man; and her brother, to whom she introduced me, ——[1] But I forget already, that I am to scorn all the civilities of men. However, even Madame Pompadour's civilities were, if possible, exceeded by those of the Duchesse de Choiseul, the wife of the favourite and Prime Minister, and one of the ladies of the most distinguished merit in France. Not contented with the many obliging things she said to me on my first introduction, she sent to call me from the other end of the room, in order to repeat them, and to enter into a short conversation with me: and not contented with that, she sent the Danish ambassador after me, to assure me, that what she said was not from politeness, but that she seriously desired to be in friendship

gentlemen of my acquaintance have of being known to you, which happiness I have promised to procure them, makes me ardently beg the favour of you to do me the honour to dine with me any day next week (Monday excepted,) that you please to appoint. Your rencounters with the men, my dear friend, give me no sort of pain; but I freely own to you I am under some uneasiness how you will acquit yourself with the fair sex, whose impatience of knowing you is not to be expressed. The day you dine with me you will meet some folks who admire your productions as much as any of your own countrymen, and perhaps comprehend your sublime ideas as well as they do. I beg leave to assure you that no body loves and admires you more than your most sincere friend and humble servant."—(MS. R.S.E.)

"*Saturday Morning.*"

[1] Some words obliterated.

and correspondence with me. There is not a courtier in France, who would not have been transported with joy, to have had the half of these obliging things said to him by either of these great ladies; but what may appear more extraordinary, both of them, as far as I could conjecture, have read with some care all my writings that have been translated into French,—that is, almost all my writings. The king said nothing particular to me, when I was introduced to him; and (can you imagine it) I was become so silly, as to be a little mortified by it, till they told me, that he never says any thing to any body the first time he sees them. The Dauphin, as I am told from all hands, declares himself on every occasion very strongly in my favour; and many people assure me, that I have reason to be proud of his judgment, even were he an individual. I have scarce seen any of the geniuses of Paris, who, I think, have in general great merit, as men of letters. But every body is forward to tell me the high panegyrics I receive from them; and you may believe that ———[1] approbation which has procured me all these civilities from the courtiers.

"I know you are ready to ask me, my dear friend, if all this does not make me very happy: No, I feel little or no difference. As this is the first letter I write to my friends at home, I have amused myself, (and I hope I have amused you,) by giving you a very abridged account of these transactions. But can I ever forget, that it is the very same species, that would scarce show me common civilities a very few years ago at Edinburgh, who now receive me with such applauses at Paris? I assure you, I reap more internal satisfaction from the very amiable manners

[1] A word or two obliterated.

and character of the family in which I live, (I mean Lord and Lady Hertford, and Lord Beauchamp,) than from all these external vanities; and it is that domestic enjoyment which must be considered as the agreeable circumstance in my situation. During the two last days, in particular, that I have been at Fontainbleau I have *suffered* (the expression is not improper) as much flattery as almost any man has ever done in the same time. But there are few days in my life, when I have been in good health, that I would not rather pass over again. Mr. Neville, our minister, an honest, worthy English gentleman, who carried me about, was astonished at the civilities I met with; and has assured me, that on his return, he will not fail to inform the king of England and the English ministry of all these particulars. But enough of all these follies. You see I trust to your friendship, that you will forgive me; and to your discretion, that you will keep my secret.

"I had almost forgot, in these effusions, shall I say of my misanthropy or my vanity, to mention the subject which first put my pen in my hand. The Baron d'Holbach, whom I saw at Paris, told me, that there was one under his eye that was translating your 'Theory of Moral Sentiments;' and desired me to inform you of it.[1] Mr. Fitzmaurice, your old friend, interests himself strongly in this undertaking. Both of them wish to know, if you propose to make any alterations on the work, and desire you to inform me of your intentions in that particular. Please direct to me under cover to the Earl of Hertford at Northumberland House, London. Letters so directed will be sent to us at Paris. I desire my compli-

[1] A translation was published in 1764, by M. Ã. Eidous; there was another in 1774, by Blavet.

ments to all friends. I am, my dear Smith, yours sincerely." [1]

HUME *to* PROFESSOR FERGUSON.

"*Fontainbleau, 9th Nov.* 1763.

"DEAR FERGUSON,—I have now passed four days at Paris, and about a fortnight in the court at Fontainbleau, amidst a people who, from the royal family downwards, seem to have it much at heart to persuade me, by every expression of esteem, that they consider me as one of the greatest geniuses in the world. I am convinced that Louis XIV. never, in any three weeks of his life, suffered so much flattery: I say suffered, for it really confounds and embarrasses me, and makes me look sheepish. Lord Hertford has told them they will chase me out of France, *à coup de complimens et de louanges.* Our friend, General Clerk, came to this place after I had passed a week in it; and the first thing he said to me was, that he was sure I had never passed so many days with so little satisfaction. I asked him how he had happened to guess so well. He said, because he knew me, and knew the French. I really wish often for the plain roughness of the *Poker*, [2] and particularly the sharpness of Dr. Jardine, to correct and qualify so much lusciousness. However, I meet sometimes with incidents that please me, because they contain no mixture of French complaisance or exaggeration. Yesterday I dined at the Duc de Praslin's, the secretary of state. After we had risen from dinner,

[1] *Literary Gazette*, 1822, p. 648. Corrected from the original MS. R.S.E.

[2] The Poker Club, which had then existed for some time, and was continued for some years after Hume's death. Its name is supposed to have been bestowed on it, on account of its services in stirring the intellectual energies of the members.

I went into a corner to converse with somebody; when I saw enter the room, a tall gentleman, a little elderly, with a riband and star, who immediately called out to the Duchesse de Praslin, 'Hé, Madame la Duchesse, que je suis content, j'ai vu Monsieur Hume à la cour aûjourd'hui.' Upon inquiry, I was told he was a man of quality, esteemed one of the cleverest and most sensible about the court.

"In two or three days we return to Paris, where I hope to live more at my ease, and shall pass my time with really great men; for there are such at present amongst the literati of France. Certainly there is something perverse, either in the structure of our mind, or in the incidents of life. My present situation ought naturally to appear an object of envy; for besides those circumstances of an universal good reception from all ranks of people, nothing can be more amiable than the character of the family with whom I live, and nothing can be more friendly than their behaviour to me. My fortune has already received a considerable increase by a pension procured me by Lord Hertford, and settled as they tell me for life. Mr. Bunbury has been told that he must not go to Paris, which my lord considers as a sure prelude to my being soon secretary to the embassy; an office which will expose me to little expense, and bring me a thousand a-year increase of revenue, and puts me in the road to all the great foreign employments. Yet I am sensible that I set out too late, and that I am misplaced; and I wish, twice or thrice a-day, for my easy chair and my retreat in James's Court! Never think, dear Ferguson, that as long as you are master of your own fireside and your own time, you can be unhappy, or that any other circumstance can make an addition to your enjoyment.

"When I think of my own house, you may believe

I often reflect on Josey, who I am afraid will be more a loser by my absence, than ever I shall be a gainer by it; I mean in point of his education. I beg of you to have some inspection over him, and as often as my sister shall send to you to ask your advice, that you will be sure to give it. I am afraid that there occurs a difficulty at present about entering him to the Greek. He is too far advanced by his learning for the class in the High School to which he is put, and yet he is too young to go to the college: for this reason I thought that he might learn something of the Greek before he finished his Latin course, as is the practice in England; and, accordingly, Murray in Musselburgh gave him some lessons in that language. I propose that he should continue on the same footing in Edinburgh; but I am at a loss how it may be done. A master to himself alone, would not give him any emulation; and were he put to any other school for this purpose, the hours would interfere with those of the High School. Be so good as speak to Mathison, and then give your opinion to my sister.

"Please remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Adams.[1] I saw Willie a moment at Fontainbleau: he had arrived a quarter of an hour after Jemmy left it, whom I did not see. These two brothers have been hunting one another in vain through all France; but I hope they have met at last in Paris.

"When you favour me with a letter, put it under cover to the Earl of Hertford, and direct it to him at Northumberland House, in the Strand; letters so directed come to us with the greatest safety. Make

[1] The name Adam used to be thus altered in the Scottish vernacular. The person here alluded to is evidently John Adam the architect, and the "Willie," his son William, who became Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland, and died in 1839.

my compliments to Baron Mure, and Mrs. Mure, and all that family. I shall write to the Baron soon. Tell Dr. Blair that I have conversed here twice or thrice with the Duchesse D'Aiguillon, who has been amusing herself with translating passages of Ossian; and I have assured her that the authenticity of those poems is to be proved soon beyond all contradiction. Andrew Stuart is here at present: I meet with nobody here that doubts of the justice of his cause. I hope your fine judges will at last be ashamed of their scandalous partiality. I should be glad to hear of all friends. I am, dear Ferguson, with great sincerity and without flattery, your affectionate friend and servant.

"P.S.—I beg you to keep the follies of the above letter to yourself. I had a letter from Lord Marischal to-day, who tells me that he is to pass the winter at Edinburgh. Wait often on him; you will like him extremely: carry all our friends to him, and endeavour to make him pass his time as agreeably as possible."[1]

We shall have farther opportunities of observing the affectionate anxiety with which Hume watched over the education of his nephews. Adam Ferguson appears to have undertaken the task of noticing the progress of Joseph, the elder nephew, during Hume's absence, to whom he writes, in answer to the above:—

Edinburgh, 26*th Nov.* 1763.

At present his journal, as he tells me, begins with getting up at eight, taking his breakfast and going to school, where he remains to eleven. Then to the High School Yard to play at Englishman and Scotsman, or the hare and the dogs; of which I take the merit, as I saved him from the writing-school at that hour. He returns to school at twelve, and continues till two: goes to writing between three

[1] *Literary Gazette*, 1828, p. 683.

and four; and spends his evenings, as he tells me, in getting his school tasks, or in reading amusing books,—such as his uncle's history. In short, he is a very amiable boy, with quick parts, in my opinion as well as yours; and there is no doubt but he will do well. I am very glad of every thing that gives you pleasure,—even of some things that give you pain. From all accounts, both before and since you went to Paris, it might be foreseen that your reception, even from sincere as well as affected admirers, would amount to a degree of teasing. But all for the best, as my fellow philosopher, Pangloss, says. I don't care if you are "chassé de France à coups de complimens, et accablé en Angleterre à coups de richesse," so as not to find any rest to the soles of your feet out of Scotland. I would fain consider every accession to your fortune as so many dishes added to the future dinners in James's Court; and your eclat in France, as the forerunner of much variety of chosen and excellent wines from every quarter of that great kingdom. Meantime, though I like to lounge at firesides in practice, I have not, in speculation, that opinion you mention. I know nothing that is necessary to happiness but cordiality and the talent of finding diversion in all places. I remember, somewhere, a man's being told that he was too nice, because he could not dine on a ragout, and must have cold mutton. But I should not, perhaps, contradict you so flatly, nor rub so hard, considering how tender your sensibility will be grown after so many lenient applications.[1]

Hume *to* Dr. Robertson.

Paris, Dec. 1, 1763.

Dear Robertson,—Among other agreeable circumstances which attend me at Paris, I must mention that of having a lady for a translator; a woman of merit, the widow of an advocate.[2] She was, before, very poor, and known but to

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] Madame Belot, whose translation of the "History of the House of Tudor," was published in 1763, as "Histoire de la Maison de Tudor, &c. par Madam B * * *." She published a translation of the earlier period of the History, in 1765. Grimm charges

few; but this work has got her reputation, and procured her a pension from the court, which sets her at ease. She tells me that she has got a habit of industry; and would continue, if I could point out to her any other English book she could undertake, without running the risk of being anticipated by any other translator. Your "History of Scotland" is translated, and is in the press; but I recommended to her your "History of Charles V.," and promised to write to you, in order to know when it would be printed, and to desire you to send over the sheets from London, as they come from the press; I should put them into her hands, and she would, by that means, have the start of every other translator.[1] My two volumes last published, are, at present, in the press. She has a very easy natural style: sometimes she mistakes the sense; but I now correct her manuscript, and should be happy to render you the same service, if my leisure permit me, as I hope it will.

Do you ask me about my course of life? I can only say, that I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers! Every man I meet, and, still more, every lady, would think they were wanting in the most indispensable duty, if they did not make a long and elaborate harangue in my praise. What happened last week, when I had the honour of being presented to the D——n's children, at Versailles, is one of the most curious scenes I have yet passed through. The Duc de B., the eldest, a boy of ten years old, stepped forth, and

Madame Belot with preposterous blunders as a translator; and gives, as an instance, her rendering Hume's allusion to the *Polish aristocracy*, by the words, *une aristocratie polie*. Of this lady, a curious periodical work, called "Mémoires Secrets, pour servir a l'Histoire de la République des lettres en France," says, of date 26th May, 1764, that, after having lived a life of wretched poverty, scantily supported by the produce of her translations from the English, she was then living with the President Mesnieres, whose taste is considered singular as "cette dame est peu jeune: elle est laide, seche et d'un esprit triste et mélancolique." Such were then the rewards of female authorship in France!

[1] This hint was not adopted. Robertson's work was translated by Suard.

told me how many friends and admirers I had in this country, and that he reckoned himself in the number, from the pleasure he had received from the reading of many passages in my works. When he had finished, his brother, the Count de P., who is two years younger, began his discourse, and informed me, that I had been long and impatiently expected in France; and that he himself expected soon to have great satisfaction from the reading of my fine History. But what is more curious; when I was carried thence to the Count D'A., who is but four years of age, I heard him mumble something which, though he had forgot in the way, I conjectured, from some scattered words, to have been also a panegyric dictated to him. Nothing could more surprise my friends, the Parisian philosophers, than this incident.

. . . . . .

It is conjectured that this honour was paid me by express order from the D., who, indeed, is not on any occasion sparing in my praise.

All this attention and panegyric was at first oppressive to me; but now it sits more easy. I have recovered, in some measure, the use of the language, and am falling into friendships which are very agreeable; much more so than silly, distant admiration. They now begin to banter me, and tell droll stories of me, which they have either observed themselves, or have heard from others; so that you see I am beginning to be at home. It is probable that this place will be long my home. I feel little inclination to the factious

[1] There can have been no reason for this abbreviation of the title of the Dauphin and his children, but the circumstance that the letter was liable to be seen in France, and a full statement might be considered disrespectful. The first-named was the Duc de Berri, afterwards Louis XVI.; he was then nine years old. The Count de P. was the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., born in 1755. The Count D'A, was the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charle X., who died in 1836. Hume has underrated his age, which was six; he was born in 1757. Thus were these children, who made their little speeches to the historian of Charles I., all destined to be, successively, kings of France, and to experience a too intimate acquaintance with such scenes as they found depicted in his "fine history!"

barbarians of London; and have ever desired to remain in the place where I am planted. How much more so, when it is the best place in the world? I could here live in great abundance on the half of my income; for there is no place where money is so little requisite to a man who is distinguished, either by his birth or by personal qualities. I could run out, you see, in a panegyric on the people; but you would suspect that this was a mutual convention between us. However, I cannot forbear observing on what a different footing learning and the learned are here, from what they are among the factious barbarians abovementioned.

I have here met with a prodigious historical curiosity, the "Memoirs of King James II." in fourteen volumes, all wrote with his own hand, and kept in the Scots College. I have looked into it; and have made great discoveries.[1] It will be all communicated to me: and I have had an offer of access to the Secretary of State's office, if I want to know the despatches of any French minister that resided in London. But these matters are much out of my head. I beg of you to visit Lord Marischal, who will be pleased with your company. I have little paper remaining, and less time; and therefore conclude abruptly by assuring you that I am, dear Doctor, yours sincerely, &c.[2]

Hume *to* Andrew Millar.

Paris, 1st Dec. 1763.

Dear Sir,—I have here fallen upon a great treasure, as I believe, of historical knowledge; which is, fifteen volumes of the late King James's Memoirs, wrote all with his own hand. I shall be able to make use of them for improving and cor-

[1] These volumes were lost during the French Revolution. It is said that an attempt was made to convey them to St. Omers; but having to be committed, for some time, to the care of a Frenchman, his wife became alarmed lest the regal emblems on the binding might expose the family to danger from the Terrorists. The narrative proceeds to say, that she first cut off the binding and buried the manuscripts, but that being still haunted by fears, she exhumed and burned them. See the introduction by Dr. Stanier Clarke, to "The Life of James II." believed to be an abridgment of these manuscripts. Hume is not consistent as to the number of volumes.

[2] Stewart's Life of Robertson.

recting many passages of my History, in case of a new edition; which, however, I fancy will not be soon. I am glad to see public affairs likely to settle in favour of government. Nobody ever led a more dissipated life than I do here. Please send to Mr. Stewart, in Buckingham Street, six copies of the new edition of my History; and two of the last large paper quarto, all in sheets. Make them carefully up in a parcel: he is to send them to me. I shall be your debtor for the quartos. I should be glad to hear from you. My direction is at the English ambassador's. Excuse my hurry. I beg my compliments to Mrs. Millar. I am, very sincerely, dear sir, your most humble servant.

Hume *to* Dr. Blair.[1]

Dear Doctor,—I write every thing in haste, except on public affairs, which are the only serious matters I have leisure to mind: so, excuse this letter, if it prove a scrawl. I approve very much of your plan for ascertaining the authenticity of Ossian's Poems; and I doubt not of your success. I do not think you can publish all the letters you receive, which nobody would read: a summary of them will do better; but endeavour to be as particular as you can with regard to names of persons and passages: for the force of your argument will be there. I have met here with enthusiasts for Ossian's poetry; but there are also several critics who are of my opinion, that, though great beauties, they are also great curiosities, and that they are a little tedious by reason of their uniformity.

You desire to know the particulars of my reception here, and my course of life. I own I write little upon this subject, and always with some degree of secrecy, both because I wish to have such intelligence conveyed by others rather than myself, and because I am somewhat indifferent whether it be conveyed or not. However, I wrote some circumstances to Robertson, which I allow him to communicate to you. I suppose this, like all other violent modes, will pass; and, in the meanwhile, the hurry and dissipation attending it, gives me more pain than pleasure. Never was there a stronger

[1] This letter is not dated.

instance of the vanity of human wishes. But this embarrassment proceeds chiefly from my own fault, and from a vain anxiety to give no offence nor displeasure to any body.

The men of letters here are really very agreeable: all of them men of the world, living in entire, or almost entire harmony among themselves, and quite irreproachable in their morals. It would give you, and Jardine, and Robertson, great satisfaction to find that there is not a single deist among them. Those whose persons and conversation I like best, are D'Alembert, Buffon, Marmontel, Diderot, Duclos, Helvetius, and old President Henault, who, though now decaying, retains that amiable character which made him once the delight of all France. He had always the best cook and the best company in Paris. But though I know you will laugh at me, as they do, I must confess that I am more carried away from their society than I should be, by the great ladies, with whom I became acquainted at my first introduction to court, and whom my connexions with the English ambassador will not allow me entirely to drop.

Nothing can be more easy and agreeable than my situation with Lord Hertford, who is a man of strict honour, an amiable temper, a good understanding, and an elegant person and behaviour. He takes very much in this place. He has got an opinion very well founded, that the more acquaintance I make, and the greater intimacies I form with the French, the more I am enabled to be of service to him: so he exacts no attendance from me; and is well pleased to find me carried into all kinds of company. He tells me, that if he did not meet me by chance in third places, we should go out of acquaintance. Thus you see my present plan of life sketched out; but it is unsuitable to my age and temper; and I am determined to retrench and to abandon the fine folks, before they abandon me.[1]

During his absence, Hume's house was let to Blair. In this letter he gives pretty minute instructions as to the most advantageous distribution of the occupation of the apartments, which incidentally illustrate his own domestic habits. Thus—

[1] MS. R.S.E.

Never put a fire in the south room with the red paper. It is so warm of itself, that all last winter, which was a very severe one, I lay with a single blanket; and frequently upon coming in at midnight, starving with cold, have sat down and read for an hour, as if I had had a stove in the room.

You think it inconvenient to take the house only for an interval. Alas! my prospects of being home are very distant and very uncertain: I am afraid I might say worse. My connexions with Lord Hertford must probably last for some years; after which, I shall be rich enough to live in Paris or London as I please, or to retire to a provincial town in France, or to Bath, or God knows whither. I like to keep my house in case of accidents, and therefore neither choose to sell it, nor let a lease of it; but there is no great chance of your being disturbed in it for some time. I am, &c.

P.S.—Pray, do you not all pay court to the Lord Marischal?[1] Do you imagine that you ever saw so excellent a man? or that you have any chance for seeing his equal if he were gone?

Hume *to* Colonel Edmondstoune.

Paris, 9th January, 1764.

Dear Edmondstoune,—Iwas fully settled, and, as I thought, for life at Edinburgh; had bought a very pretty little house, which I had repaired and furnished to my fancy; had purchased a chaise, and fixed every thing about my family on such a footing as to continue there the rest of my days. But while I was in this situation, which was far from disagreeable, I received a letter from my friend Mr. Wood, wrote by directions from Lord Hertford, by which I was invited to attend his lordship in his embassy to Paris, and to perform the

[1] Lord Marischal's attainder having been reversed, he had visited Scotland, for the purpose of purchasing one of his estates. He thus communicates the result to Hume in a letter of 23d February. "I thank you for forwarding my cousin's letter. I wish, now that I am Laird of Inverury, that he were my son, and of my name. I bought my estate farthest north. There was no bidder against any one; and great applause of the spectators." MS. R.S.E.

functions of secretary to the embassy. I had never seen Lord Hertford, though I had heard an excellent character of him; but as I thought myself too old to enter on a new scene of life, and found myself settled to my mind, I at first refused the invitation; but on its being urged more home to me, I came up to London, where I found that Mr. Bunbury, a gentleman of considerable fortune, and married to the Duke of Richmond's sister, had already been appointed secretary; but was so disagreeable to the ambassador, that he was resolved never to see, or do business with his secretary, and therefore desired I should attend him, in order to perform the functions. He also thought himself certain that Bunbury could not possibly continue in the situation; but in order to make me more secure, he procured me a pension of £200 a-year for life, from the king. As I became every day better acquainted with my lord, I liked him every day better; and I do not believe there is in the world a man of more probity or humanity, endowed with a very good understanding, and adorned with very elegant manners and behaviour. My lady is also a person of great merit; and nothing can be more amiable than my Lord Beauchamp: so that you see I have every domestic means of happiness; and the good reception I have met with at Paris, particularly, as you observe, by the ladies, renders my present course of life, though somewhat too hurried and dissipated, as amusing as I could wish. My lord appears zealously my friend, and has urged the matter so home, in my favour, to the king and the ministers, that he has obtained a promise, that I shall soon have the appointments and commission of secretary to the embassy, which is about £1000 a-year, added to what I already possess: so that you see, dear Edmondstoune, I am in the high road to riches; and as there is no instance of a secretary to the embassy at Paris, that has not been advanced to the most considerable employments, I am at the same time in the high road to dignities. You must know, that Lord Hertford has so high a character for piety, that his taking me by the hand is a kind of regeneration to me, and all past offences are now wiped off. But all these views are trifling to one of my age and temper. The material point is (if any thing can be material,) that I keep my health and humour as entire as I

possessed them at five and-twenty. I am sorry to hear, dear Edmondstoune, that the case is not the same with you, at least with regard to the former; and perhaps somewhat with regard to the latter. Your situation is no doubt tiresome, and somewhat disagreeable. What is the fancy of sending one of the first noblemen in the kingdom to pass years in a country town?[1] why do you not go forward to Italy, or back to Paris? When I arrived here, all M. Voltaire's friends told me of the regard he always expressed for me; that some advances on my part were due to his age, and would be well taken. I accordingly wrote him a letter, in which I expressed the esteem which are[2] undoubtedly due to his talents; and among other things I said, that if I were not confined to Paris by public business, I should have a great ambition to pay him a visit at Geneva. This is the foundation of the report you mention; but I am absolutely confined to Paris and the court, and cannot on any account leave them so much as for three days.

Some advice, given at this time by Hume to a young man who, though in holy orders, had a tendency to scepticism, has already been before the public, and has been severely criticised. His view, that there are certain secrets which may be circulated among the learned in published books, without any risk that the vulgar, to whom a knowledge of them would be dangerous, should ever become acquainted with them, is one of the most incomprehensible features of his character.[3] The application of his own ethical system to the circumstances, might have taught him that no good thing can connect itself with a lie; and that, independently of all more sacred considerations, nothing can be more desolating to human morality, than the discovery, that those who are professing to

[1] Edmondstoune appears to have been residing at Geneva, as guardian to Lord Mount-Stuart, Lord Bute's son.

[2] Sic in MS.

[3] See it noticed in vol. i. p. 405, in connexion with the right of resistance.

teach solemn truths, do not themselves believe in the opinions they promulgate. If, on the other hand, his counsel be a legitimate deduction from his ethical principles, it is right that the world should possess this test of their nature.

The following is the correspondence on both sides. For obvious reasons the name of the young clergyman is suppressed. It may be observed, that Hume's letter has been made a ground for attributing infidel opinions to the ministers of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. But justice requires it to be kept in view, that it appears from the immediately ensuing letter, that this individual belonged to the Church of *England*.

COLONEL EDMONDSTOUNE *to* HUME.

Geneva, 26th March.

MY DEAR SECRETARY,—I have delayed for some time answering your letter, in expectation of being able to tell you what is to become of me; whether I am to return home, or remain abroad some years longer. Though I believe the latter will happen, I cannot speak of it with certainty, as I left it to Lord B. to determine for me; and he has not, as yet, given me any answer. I write to you at present to consult you about an acquaintance of yours, Mr. V——, who is here with Lord Abingdon, and who thinks of returning to England, May next. You'll be so good as to determine for him what character he is to assume on his arrival, whether that of a clergyman or a layman. I suppose you know he is in orders, but he is very very low church. To speak plain language, I believe him to be a sort of disciple of your own; and, though he does not carry matters quite so far as you, yet you have given him notions not very consistent with his priestly character; so that you see you are somewhat bound to give him your best advice. V—— is a very good-natured, sensible, honest fellow, without any fortune. My young man has a great liking for him, and has all the inclination in the world to serve him; but he neither knows what to ask for him, and is not sure if his father would ask

any thing at present. We are as much in the dark as to what passes in England, as if we lived in Siberia. As you know probably something of the matter, without entering into politics, you may give us some hints to direct us in what manner to act, and whether we may not be of more use to our friend in acting as auxiliaries than principals. You'll determine whether a man of probity can accept of a living, a bishoprick, that does not believe all the Thirty-nine Articles; for you only can fix him: he has been hitherto irresolute. If [I am not] mistaken, he seems rather inclined not to be a clergyman; but you know as well, and better than I do, how difficult it is to get any tolerable civil employment. I mean any patent place; while as soon as you can conveniently, and if you should determine for his being a clergyman, throw in something consolatory on his being obliged to renounce white stockings the rest of his life. I wait with impatience to hear of your being made secretary to the embassy. Shall a descendant of Gospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, remain in the character of under-secretary? I hope not; though I am afraid our cursed politics at home will occasion some delay. Lord Mount Stuart offers his compliments to you, and thanks you for the pleasure your History gave him. You scrub, do you think we have so little taste or curiosity as not to have your History complete? We have two copies, one to lend, and another for our own use; they were sent us immediately on the publication; it is almost the only book he takes pleasure in reading. He has read it once, and has got through four volumes the second time. By the bye, what is this M^c^Caulay history? I saw in the newspapers an extract of a preface that seemed to me to be the rhapsody of a crazy head. I hear it is in opposition to your History. We have her sister here, who seems to be a good sort of woman, a Mrs. Buckingham. I wish your time would allow you to come here: you have a great many friends; among the rest a Madame Tronchin, wife to the procureur-general, a virtuous, generous, charitable, good woman. She has learned English since I have been here, and can read your History with as much ease as her own language. Her husband is a man of merit, a man of genius; but knows you only by the translations of your works.

Mallet, Professor Bertrand, and many others, even ministers, are your friends; even the Christians acknowledge your merit as an historian. The Christians here are the friends of Rousseau: those that are not, have been his persecutors; but it was not for his religious principles. They were afraid of his breeding disturbance in their state. I wish you could do something for Rousseau without his knowing it. Print his works in England for his benefit. You did not, I suppose, receive my letter on that subject. I never received that from you, which you say you enclosed to Sir Harry Erskine. Adieu, yours, J. E.[1]

HUME *to* COLONEL EDMONDSTOUNE.

"DEAR EDMONDSTOUNE,—I was just projecting to write a long letter to you, and another to Mr. V——, when your last obliging epistle came to hand. I immediately put pen to paper, to assure you that the report is entirely groundless, and that I have not lost, nor ever could have lost, a shilling by Fairholm's bankruptcy. Poor John Adams is very deeply engaged with him; but I had a letter last post from Dr. Blair, which informs me that he will yet be able to save fifteen or sixteen thousand pounds. I am glad to give you also this piece of intelligence.

"What! do you know that Lord Bute is again all-powerful, or rather that he was always so, but is now acknowledged for such by all the world? Let this be a new motive for Mr. V—— to adhere to the ecclesiastical profession, in which he may have so good a patron; for civil employments for men of letters can scarcely be found: all is occupied by men of business, or by parliamentary interest.[2]

"It is putting too great a respect on the vulgar, and on their superstitions, to pique one's self on sincerity

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] Sic. in MS.

with regard to them. Did ever one make it a point of honour to speak truth to children or madmen. If the thing were worthy being treated gravely, I should tell him, that the Pythian oracle, with the approbation of Xenophon, advised every one to worship the gods—νομω πολεως. I wish it were still in my power to be a hypocrite in this particular. The common duties of society usually require it; and the ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation, without which it is impossible to pass through the world. Am I a liar, because I order my servant to say, I am not at home, when I do not desire to see company?

"How could you imagine that I was undersecretary to Lord Hertford, or that I could ever be prevailed on to accept of such a character? I am not secretary at all, but do the business of secretary to the embassy without any character. Bunbury has the commission and appointments: a young man of three or four and twenty, somewhat vain and ignorant, whom Lord Hertford refused to accept of, as thinking he would be of no use to him. The king gave me a pension of £200 a-year for life, to engage me to attend his lordship. My lord is very impatient to have me secretary to the embassy; and writes very earnest letters to that purpose to the ministers, and, among the rest, to Lord Bute. He engaged me, somewhat against my will, to write also to such of my friends as had credit with that favourite, Oswald, Elliot, Sir Harry, and John Hume. The king has promised that my Lord Hertford shall soon be satisfied in this particular; and yet, I know not how, I suspect that some obstacle will yet interpose; though nothing can be more scandalous, than for a man to enjoy the revenue of an office, which is exercised by

another. Mr. Bunbury has great interest, being married to a sister of the Duke of Richmond, and sister-in-law to Lord Holland. The appointments of this office are above £1000 a-year, and the expense attending it nothing; and it leads to all the great employments. I wait the issue with patience, and even with indifference. At my years, and with my fortune, a man with a little common sense, without philosophy, may be indifferent about what happens. I am, dear Edmondstoune, yours sincerely."[1]

HUME *to* GILBERT ELLIOT *of Minto.*

"*Paris, 27th March*, 1764.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I believe I need not inform you how little I have been inclined to solicit the great, or even my own friends, for any thing that regards my own fortune. I may venture to say, that, hitherto, I have never once made any application of this nature: and you may wonder that now, at my years, when the greatest part of life is past, and I may esteem myself, in other respects, pretty much at my ease, I should submit to prefer requests which I declined at an age when ambition ought naturally to be stronger, and when my circumstances much more powerfully called for assistance. But the step I take at present is at Lord Hertford's desire; who, being determined to make it a point that I should have the credentials and appointments of secretary to the embassy, expressed his wish that I should apply to all my own friends on the same subject. My obligations to him are so great, that, even were I more reluctant, I could not have declined compliance; and surely I can have but small reluctance to apply to you, one of my best

[1] Original in possession of the Cambusmore family.

friends, with whom I have long lived in a course of intimacy and good correspondence.

"'I remember that the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, you said, that I no doubt wondered how it happened, that while the prime minister and favourite, who inclined to be a Mæcenas, and who bore me no ill will, was surrounded by all my most particular friends, I should never have experienced any good effects from their credit. I own that I never was surprised; not from any diffidence in them, but from some obvious objections. Now all these objections are removed by Lord Hertford's friendship. Nobody, henceforth, need be afraid to patronize me, either as a Scotchman or a Deist. This circumstance encourages me in my present application to my friends.

"Surely it is impossible to give them a juster and more plausible cause to support than mine. I do the functions here of secretary to the embassy: Is it not scandalous that another should live in London and draw the salary?

"Is it for the credit of government, that such abuses should appear to foreign nations? Is it good policy to send an ambassador to the most important of all foreign employments, and yet declare that he has so little credit at home, as not to have the choice of his own secretary.

"I shall not say that the partiality I meet with here will make these abuses more remarked, than if another person, less known, were concerned. But surely the government puts me in a situation which ought to render me entirely useless to my Lord Hertford, by refusing me a character which should have appeared necessary, in order to gain me admittance into company.

"Allow me to inform you of another circumstance,

which renders my prevailing on this point the most material step to my future fortune. When I came to London, and found, contrary to Lord Hertford's opinion, that Mr. Bunbury was likely to keep his appointments, I declined going abroad, unless something certain was fixed in my favour. My lord said, that he would obtain me, from the public, a settlement of £200 a-year for life, or would give me as much from his private fortune. He applied to the king, who agreed; to Mr. Grenville, who also consented, two days before we came off. My pension was fixed on the most precarious footing of all pensions, by a simple order from the treasury to their secretary. Yet Mr. Grenville told my lord, that this was equivalent to a settlement for life. My lord believes so still; though I said nothing, perhaps from a foolish delicacy, as the time of our departure so near approached, and it was difficult then to correct the blunder. Were I to return to England, on my present footing, I should regard this pension as absolutely insignificant—not worth two years' purchase; and never could form any plan on the supposition of its duration. But had I obtained the rank and character of secretary to the embassy, there are certain pensions annexed, by custom, to certain employments; and I believe I might more depend upon it.

"You see how materially my interests are concerned. I have wrote to others of my friends, Sir Harry, Oswald, and John Hume, in the same style, that an effort may be made, all at once, in my favour. I own that, notwithstanding all the plausible appearances, my hopes of success are but moderate. I have been accustomed to meet with nothing but insults and indignities from my native country; but if it continue

so, 'ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habebis.' I am, my dear sir, yours sincerely."[1]

When the fame of Hume's reception in Paris had reached Scotland, some of his countrymen, who had not previously been very solicitous to court his notice, discovered that an introduction to him would be a valuable acquisition. The correspondence shows that the expectations of such persons were very large, and that if their names connected them with the aristocracy of Scotland, it could not fail that they should be at once put at their ease in the midst of the brilliant circle in which Hume was moving. The following may be taken as an instance of these attempts. On the 6th April, 1764, Blair writes:

"This letter will be presented to you by Colonel L——, brother to the Earl of L——; who, going on a trip to Paris, is very ambitious of being introduced to your acquaintance. You will find him a very honourable, good-natured, well-behaved young man, of an amiable disposition and character. As I have been much connected with the L—— family, who were my first patrons in the ecclesiastical way, I was very glad to have it in my power to do them this favour at their desire; and will reckon myself much obliged to you for any civilities you show the Colonel.[2]

[1] Minto MSS.

[2] The letter proceeds to say, "Our little society here continues much on the footing you left it; only that we find frequent occasions of regretting the blank you make amongst us. In our college we are making a great improvement. In consequence of a bargain made with J. Russel, Bruce, the Professor of the Law of Nature and Nations, goes out; Balfour of Pilrig moves into his place; Ferguson into the chair of Moral Philosophy; and Russel into that of Natural. Is not this clever?" He then states, that "The taste for French

Blair was not the sole medium through whom this gentleman was recommended. Wallace writes, on 3d April, with all due ceremony: "The occasion of my writing at present this short letter, is a desire from the friends of the family of L—— here, asking me to write you by this night's post, and acquaint you that the Honourable Alexander L——, Esquire, son to the late Earl of L——, lieutenant-colonel of Colonel Carey's regiment of foot, is going to Paris, and will probably be in it before this reaches you, and wishes you may be acquainted, before he comes, who he is." Taking the effect of these imposing denominations for granted, Mr. Wallace continues:—"I dare say you will introduce him to the good company where you are, and will be ready to put him on the best methods of enjoying and improving himself at Paris."

In Hume's answer to this application, we may trace some desire to reprove any notion that he was a person so insignificant as to feel highly honoured by an acquaintance with an Honourable, and bound as a matter of simple etiquette to receive his proffers with grateful eagerness.

HUME *to* DR. BLAIR.

"*Paris, 26th April*, 1764.

"MY DEAR SIR, — Before I was favoured with yours, I had seen Colonel L——, who waited on me, as is usual with the British who come to Paris. I returned his visit, and introduced him to the ambassador, who asked him to dinner among seven or eight of his countrymen. You will be surprised, perhaps,

literature grows more and more amongst us," and hopes he will send any new publication which has merit. He concludes with mentioning the bankruptcy of the Fairholms, and the circumstance of Mr. Adam's involvement in it.

when I tell you that this is the utmost of the civilities which it will ever be possible for me to show Mr. L——. For as to the ridiculous idea of foreigners, that I might introduce him to the good company of Paris, nothing can be more impracticable. I know not one family to which I could present such a man, silent, grave, awkward, speaking ill the language, not distinguished by any exploit, or science, or art. Were the French houses open to such people as these, they would be very little agreeable, considering the immense concourse of strangers to this place. But it is quite otherwise. The people are more scrupulous of receiving persons unknown, and I should soon lose all credit with them, were I to prostitute my recommendations of this nature. Your recommendations have great weight with me; but if I am not mistaken, I have often seen Colonel L——'s face in Edinburgh. It is a little late he has bethought himself of being *ambitious*, as you say, of being introduced to my acquaintance. The only favour I can do him, is to advise him, as soon as he has seen Paris, to go to a provincial town where people are less shy of admitting new acquaintance, and are less delicate judges of behaviour. It is almost out of the memory of man, that any British has been here on a footing of familiarity with the good company except my Lord Holderness, who had a good stock of acquaintance to begin with, speaks the language like a native, has very insinuating manners, was presented under the character of an old secretary of state, and spent, as is said, £10,000 this winter, to obtain that object of vanity. Him, indeed, I met every where in the best company: but as to others—lords, earls, marquises, and dukes—they went about to plays, operas, and ——. Nobody minded them; they kept company with

one another; and it would have been ridiculous to think of bringing them into French company. I may add General Clarke, who was liked and esteemed by several people of merit, which he owed to his great cleverness and ingenuity, and to his surprising courage in introducing himself. I enter into this detail with you, that people with whom I am much more connected than with the L. family, may not, at any time, be surprised that I am able to do so little for them in this way, and may not form false ideas of the hospitality of the French nation. But I fancy there will not arrive at Paris many people who will have great claims of past civilities to plead with me.

"What you tell me of John Adams gives me great consolation. I had heard of the alarming news of his connexions with Fairholm, and things were put in the worst light. I was just ready to write to Ferguson to get from him a just state of the case; but if he has £15,000, or £18,000 remaining, his industry will recover him, and he may go on in his usual way of beneficence and generosity. That family is one of the few to whose civilities I have been much beholden, and I retain a lively sense of them.

"Our friend, I mean your friend, Lord Kames, had much provoked Voltaire, who never forgives, and never thinks any enemy below his notice. He has accordingly sent to the *Gazette Literaire*, an article with regard to the 'Elements of Criticism,' which turns that book extremely into ridicule, with a good deal of wit.[1] I tried to have it suppressed before it was printed; but the authors of that Gazette told me, that they durst neither suppress nor alter any thing that came from Voltaire. I suppose his lordship

[1] See Tytler's Life of Kames, vol. ii. p. 148.

holds that satiric wit as cheap, as he does all the rest of the human race; and will not be in the least mortified by his censure.

"The taste for literature is neither decayed nor depraved here, as with the barbarians who inhabit the banks of the Thames. Some people, who had read your dissertation, affirmed to me, that it was the finest piece of criticism, incomparably, to be found in the English tongue. I know not if you have read the 'Poetique de Marmontel:' it is worth your perusal. Voltaire has published an edition of Corneille, and his notes and dissertations contain many fine things. There is a book published in Holland, in two volumes octavo, called 'De la Nature.' It is prolix, and in many parts whimsical; but contains some of the boldest reasonings to be found in print. There is a miscellany in three volumes duodecimo published here, where there are many good pieces. It is perhaps more amusing to me, than it will be to you; as there is scarce a poem in it whose author I do not know, or the person to whom it is addressed.

"It is very silly to form distant schemes: but I am fixed at Paris for some time, and, to judge by probabilities, for life. My income would suffice me to live at ease, and a younger brother of the best family would not think himself ill provided for, if he had such a revenue. Lodgings, a coach, and clothes, are all I need; and though I have entered late into this scene of life, I am almost as much at my ease, as if I had been educated in it from my infancy. However, sickness, or the infirmities of age, which I may soon expect, may probably make me think of a retreat: But whether that will be better found in Paris or elsewhere, time must determine. I forbid myself all resolution on that head.

"I shall indulge myself in a folly, which I hope you will make a discreet use of: it is the telling you of an incident which may appear silly, but which gave more pleasure than perhaps any other I had ever met with. I was carried, about six weeks ago, to a masquerade, by Lord Hertford. We went both unmasked; and we had scarce entered the room when a lady, in mask, came up to me and exclaimed:—'*Ha! Monsr. Hume, vous faites bien de venir ici a visage découvert. Que vous serez bien comblé ce soir d'honnétetés et de politesses! Vous verrez, par des preuves peu équivoques, jusqu'à quel point vous êtes chéri en France.* This prologue was not a little encouraging; but, as we advanced through the hall, it is difficult to imagine the caresses, civilities, and panegyrics which poured on me from all sides. You would have thought that every one had taken advantage of his mask to speak his mind with impunity. I could observe that the ladies were rather the most liberal on this occasion. But what gave me chief pleasure was to find that most of the eulogiums bestowed on me, turned on my personal character, my naïvéte, and simplicity of manners, the candour and mildness of my disposition, &c.—*Non sunt mihi cornea fibra.* I shall not deny that my heart felt a sensible satisfaction from this general effusion of good will; and Lord Hertford was much pleased, and even surprised, though he said, he thought that he had known before upon what footing I stood with the good company of Paris.

"I allow you to communicate this story to Dr. Jardine. I hope it will refute all his idle notions that I have no turn for gallantry and gaiety,[1]—that I am on a bad footing with the ladies,—that my turn

[1] See Vol. I. p. 232.

of conversation can never be agreeable to them, — that I never can have any pretensions to their favours, &c. &c. &c. A man in vogue will always have something to pretend to with the fair sex.

"Do you not think it happy for me to retain such a taste for idleness and follies at my years; especially since I have come into a country where the follies are so much more agreeable than elsewhere? I could only wish that some of my old friends were to participate with me of these amusements; though I know none of them that can, on occasion, be so thoroughly idle as myself.

"I am persuaded you will find great comfort in my house, which, in every respect, is agreeable. I beg of you and Mrs. Blair, (to whom I desire my compliments,) that you would sometimes pay some attention to my sister, who is the person that suffers most by my absence. I am, dear sir, yours very sincerely."[1]

Blair writes, on the 15th November, assuring Hume that he is fully conscious of the unreasonableness of expecting him to introduce those who are accredited to him, to the good company of Paris. He says, that his own friend expressed himself as "very well satisfied" with Hume's behaviour towards him; and perhaps he had a better reception than the letter to Blair might seem to indicate. At all events, Blair seems not to have been discouraged, for he immediately introduced the son of the provost of Glasgow, travelling for his health, and Arthur Masson, a teacher of languages, recommending them to such good offices as Hume finds himself at liberty to bestow

[1] MS. R.S.E. The latter part of the letter is printed in the *Literary Gazette* for 1822, p. 712.

on them. It is clear, in short, that he had not been successful in frightening his friends from requesting him to perform offices of kindness and courtesy, or from trusting that he would perform them. The following passage, in Blair's letter, is evidence of the popularity of the Literary classes of the unversity of Edinburgh, during the middle of last century.

My class was, last season, in such reputation that I gave a second course in summer, at the desire of a body of the medical students. I am just about to open for this winter—with what success I cannot tell; for I tremble for it every season. Against next season I intend to print a synopsis of my lectures. In the medical school, a revolution is at a crisis, which is important to us. Dr. Rutherford wants to demit in favour of Frank Hume; a measure pushed by Lord Milton, Baron Mure, and John Home; the coalition of three formidable powers: but which we college people dread as boding us no good; and are much more inclined to another scheme, of placing Cullen in Rutherford's chair, and bringing Dr. Black, from Glasgow, into the chair of chemistry, which would greatly promote the reputation of our college, and which has all the popularity on its side at present.

How unimportant these things seem to you now? I hear much, from time to time, of your continuing, nay, increasing celebrity and fame. You are just the high mode, they tell us—the very delice of all the good company at Paris.

In a letter to Millar, chiefly in reference to some English law books, which Hume had engaged to obtain for a French lawyer, he recurs to the Memoirs of King James. He seems to have indolently adopted the notion that there were few chances of his having an opportunity of making additions to his History of the Stuarts. He did live, however, to see more than one new edition of it: but the references in them to the treasure he had discovered at Paris, are extremely meagre.

Another letter immediately follows, in which we find that his anticipations of new editions are already outrun by the demands: and we find in his, as in many other cases, where permanent fame has been reached, that the excitement of expectant authorship has declined long before its visions are realized; and that their fulfilment comes at last on minds sobered down to indifference.

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"*Paris*, 18*th March*, 1764.

"I have lived such a life of dissipation as not to be able to think of any serious occupation. But I begin to tire of that course of life. I have, however, run over King James's Memoirs, and have picked up some curious passages, which it is needless to speak of till we have occasion for a new edition, which I suppose is very distant."

"*Paris*, 18*th April*, 1764.

"DEAR SIR,—All the discoveries I made in King James's Memoirs, make against himself and his brother; and he is surely a good enough witness on that side: but I believe him also a man of veracity, and I should have put trust in any matter of fact that he told from his own knowledge. But this it is needless for us to talk any more about; since, I suppose, you have got copies enough of my History, already printed, to last for your lifetime and mine. I shall certainly never think of adding another line to it. I am too much your friend to think of it. . . . I beg my sincere compliments to Mrs. Millar. I saw a few days ago Mrs. Mallet, who seems to be going upon a strange project, of living alone, in a hermitage, in the midst of the forest of Fontainbleau. I pass my

time very agreeably here; though somewhat too much dissipated for one of my years and humour."[1]

"*Paris*, 23*d April*, 1764.

"I was very much surprised with what you tell me, that you had made a new edition in quarto, of my History of the Tudors, and might probably do the same with that of the Stuarts. I imagined that the octavo edition would for a long time supersede the necessity of any quarto edition; and I wonder that of the ancient history did not first become requisite. You were in the wrong to make any edition without informing me; because I left in Scotland a copy very fully corrected, with a few alterations, which ought to have been followed. I shall write to my sister to send it you, and I desire you may follow it in all future editions, if there be any such. I shall send you from here the alterations, which my perusal of King James's Memoirs has occasioned; they are not many, but some of them, one in particular, is of importance. I have some scruple of inserting it, on your account, till the sale of the other editions be pretty considerably advanced. You have not yet informed me how many you may have upon hand. I suppose a very considerable number. Father Gordon of the Scots College, who has an exact memory of King James's Memoirs, was so kind as to peruse anew my History during the Commonwealth, and the reigns of the two brothers; and he marked all the passages of fact, where they differed from the Memoirs. They were surprisingly few; which gave me some satisfaction; because as I told you, I take that prince's authority for a plain fact to be very good.

[1] MS. R.S.E.

"I never see Mr. Wilkes here but at chapel, where he is a most regular, and devout, and edifying, and pious attendant; I take him to be entirely regenerate. He told me last Sunday, that you had given him a copy of my Dissertations, with the two which I had suppressed;[1] and that he, foreseeing danger, from the sale of his library, had wrote to you to find out that copy, and to tear out the two obnoxious dissertations. Pray how stands that fact? It was imprudent in you to intrust him with that copy: it was very prudent in him to use that precaution. Yet I do not naturally suspect you of imprudence, nor him of prudence. I must hear a little farther before I pronounce."[2]

Millar, writing on 5th June, gives the following account of his conduct as to the suppressed dissertations.

"I take Mr. Wilkes to be the same man he was,—acting a part. He has forgot the story of the *two* dissertations. The fact is, upon importunity, I lent to him the only copy I preserved, and for years never could recollect he had it, till his books came to be sold; upon this I went immediately to the gentleman that directed the sale, told him the fact, and reclaimed the two dissertations which were my property. Mr. Coates, who was the person, immediately delivered me the volume; and so soon as I got home, I tore them out and burnt them, that I might not lend them to any for the future. Two days after, Mr. Coates sent me a note for the volume, as Mr. Wilkes had desired it should be sent to him to Paris; I returned the volume, but told him the two dissertations, I had torn out of the volume and burnt, being my property. This is the truth of the matter, and nothing but the truth. It was certainly imprudent for me to lend them to him.

[1] See above, p. 14.

[2] MS. R.S.E.

The interest taken by Hume, as by all his contemporary fellow-countrymen, in the Douglas cause, has already been noticed. As the inquiry which had taken place in France had not been long concluded, and was the object of discussion in the Court of Session, the adherents of the exiled royal house, and other Scottish families residing in Paris, naturally took such a deep interest in the proceedings, as the following letter explains.

HUME *to* BARON MURE.

"*Paris*, 22*d June*, 1764.

"MY DEAR BARON,—A few days ago I dined with the Duchess of Perth, which was the first time I had seen that venerable old lady, who is really a very sensible woman. Part of our conversation was upon the Douglas affair.

"That lady, as well as all the company, as well as every body of common sense here, shows her entire conviction of that imposture; and there was present a gentleman, an old friend of yours, a person of very good understanding and of undoubted honour, who laid open to us a scene of such deliberate dishonesty on the part of her grace of Douglas and her partisans, as was somewhat new and surprising. I suppose it is all known to poor Andrew,[1] whom I heartily love and pity. 'Tis certain, that the imposture is as well known to her grace and her friends, as to any body; and Hay, the Pretender's old secretary, the only man of common honesty among them, confessed to this gentleman, that he has frequently been shocked with their practices, and has run away from them to keep

[1] Andrew Stuart, see above, p. 168.

out of the way of such infamy; though he had afterwards the weakness to yield to their solicitations. Carnegy knows the roguery as well as the rest; though I did not hear any thing of his scruples. Lord Beauchamp and Dr. Trail, our chaplain, passed four months last summer at Rheims, where this affair was much the subject of conversation. Except one curate, they did not meet with a person, that was not convinced of the imposture. Mons. de Puysieuls,[1] whose country seat is in the neighbourhood, told me the same thing. Can any thing be more scandalous and more extraordinary than Frank Garden's behaviour?[2] Can any thing be more scandalous and more ordinary than Burnet's. I am afraid, that notwithstanding the palpable justice of your cause, it is yet uncertain whether you will prevail.

"I continue to live here in a manner amusing enough, and which gives me no time to be tired of any scene. What between public business, the company of the learned and that of the great, especially of the ladies, I find all my time filled up, and have no time to open a book, except it be some books newly published, which may be the subject of conversation. I am well enough pleased with this change of life, and a satiety of study had beforehand prepared the way for it: however, time runs off in one course of life as well as another, and all things appear so much alike, that I am afraid of falling into total Stoicism and indifference about every thing. For instance, I am every moment to be touching on the time when I am to receive my credential letters of secretary to the embassy, with a

[1] Puisieux?

[2] Francis Garden, afterwards a judge of the Court of Session, with the title of Lord Gardenstone. He was senior, and James Burnet, afterwards Lord Monboddo, was junior Scottish counsel for Mr. Douglas in the Tournelle process in France.

thousand a-year of appointments. The king has promised it, all the members have promised it; Lord Hertford earnestly solicits it; the plainest common sense and justice seem to require [it]: yet have I been in this condition above six months; and I never trouble my head about the matter, and have rather laid my account that there is to be no such thing.

"Please to express my most profound respects to Mrs. Mure, and my sense of the honour she did me. If I have leisure before the carrier goes off, I shall write her, and give her some account of my adventures; but I would not show her so little mark of my attention as to write her only in a postscript. I am, dear Baron," &c.[1]

The correspondence with Madame de Boufflers was occasionally resumed, when Hume or she was absent from Paris. How well the philosopher could upon occasion accommodate himself to the taste of a French lady of the court, the following may suffice to show.

HUME *to the* COMTESSE DE BOUFFLERS.

Compiegne, 6th July, 1764.

We live in a kind of solitude and retirement at Compiegne; at least I do, who, having nothing but a few general acquaintance at court, and not caring to make more, have given myself up almost entirely to study and retreat. You cannot imagine, madam, with what pleasure I return as it were to my natural element, and what satisfaction I enjoy in reading, and musing, and sauntering, amid the agreeable scenes that surround me. But yes, you can easily enough imagine it; you have yourself formed the same resolution; you are determined this summer to tie the broken thread of your studies and literary amusements. If you have been so happy as to execute your purpose, you are almost in the

[1] Copy in R.S.E. The original is in possession of Colonel Mure.

same state as myself, and are at present wandering along the banks of the same beautiful river, perhaps with the same books in your hand, a Racine, I suppose, or a Virgil, and despise all other pleasure and amusement. Alas! why am I not so near you, that I could see you for half an hour a day, and confer with you on these subjects?

But this ejaculation, methinks, does not lead me directly in my purposed road, of forgetting you. It is a short digression, which is soon over: and that I may return to the right path, I shall give you some account of the state of the court; I mean the exterior face of it; for I know no more; and if I did, I am become so great a politician, that nothing should make me reveal it. The king divides his evenings every week after the following manner: one he gives to the public, when he sups at the grand convent;[1] two he passes with his own family; two in a society of men; and, to make himself amends, two he passes with ladies, Madame de Grammont, usually, Madame de Mirepoix, and Madame de Beauveau. This last princess passed three evenings in this manner at the Hermitage immediately before her departure, which was on Monday last. I think her absence a great loss to that society; I am so presumptuous as to think it one to myself. I found her as obliging and as friendly as if she had never conversed with kings, and never were a politician. I really doubt much of her talent for politics. Pray what is your opinion? Is she qualified, otherwise than by having great sense and an agreeable conversation, to make progress in the road to favour? and are not these qualities rather an encumbrance to her? I have met her once or twice, with another lady, in whose favour I am much prepossessed; she seems agreeable, well behaved, judicious, a great reader; speaks as if she had sentiment, and was superior to the vulgar train of amusements. I should have been willing, notwithstanding my present love of solitude, to have cultivated an acquaintance with her, but she did not say any thing so obliging to me as to give me encouragement. Would you conjecture that I mean the Countess of Tessé? I know not whether you are acquainted with that lady. But I shall

[1] Perhaps an error in transcribing *au grand couvert*?

never have done with this idle train of conversation; and therefore, to cut things short, I kiss your hands most humbly and devoutly, and bid you adieu.[1]

CHAPTER XIV.

1764—1765. Æt. 53—54.

The French and English Society of Hume's day — Reasons of his warm reception in France — Society in which he moved — Mixture of lettered men with the Aristocracy — Madame Geofrin — Madame Du Page de Boccage — Madame Du Deffand — Mademoiselle De L'Espinasse — D'Alembert — Turgot — The Prince of Conti — Notices of Hume among the Parisians — Walpole in Paris — Resumption of the Correspondence — Hume undertakes the management of Elliot's sons — Reminiscences of home — Mrs. Cockburn — Adam Smith — Madame De Boufflers and the Prince of Conti — Correspondence with Lord Elibank.

THERE were many things to make the social position he obtained in France infinitely gratifying to Hume. Even his good birth was no claim to admission on a position of liberal familiarity with the higher aristocracy of England. His descent from a line of Scottish lairds would be insufficient in the eyes of the Walpoles, Russels, and Seymours, to distinguish him from the common herd of men who could put on a laced waistcoat and powdered wig, and command decent treatment from the lackeys in their antechambers. His claims rested on his Literary rank; and the extent to which such claims might be admitted was fixed by Hereditary rank at its own discretion. It might cordially receive them one day, and repel them with cold disdain on another. In this doubtful

[1] Private Correspondence, p. 83-85.

and partial recognition, Hume would find himself in the motley crowd of those who force themselves, or are partly welcomed, into these high places—dissipated men of genius, underbred men of riches, hardworking, pertinacious politicians; persons with whom his finely trained mind, his reserve, and his habit of mixing in a refined though small society of Scotsmen, would not easily harmonize.

In France matters were widely different; there he was at once warmly and affectionately received into the bosom of a society to which many of the supercilious English aristocracy would have sought for admission in vain. In England no distinct palpable barrier surrounded the distinguished group. The multitude clamorously asserted an equality. In default of other qualities, impudence and perseverance were sometimes sufficient to force admission. In these circumstances, each member of the privileged classes guarded his own portion of the arena as well as he might, and the intruder had to fight battle after battle, and contest every inch of ground he gained.

It seems as if in France the very rigidness with which the select circle was fortified was the reason why those admitted within it were placed so thoroughly at their ease. The aristocracy could open the door, look about them, and invite an individual to enter, without fearing to encounter a general rush for admission. There was much evil of every kind in that circle; we have not to deal here with its inward morality, but its outward form, and it certainly deserves to be remembered as one of the most memorable instances in which, on any large scale, the aristocracy of rank and wealth has met the aristocracy of letters without restraint. The quality of shining in conversation was not to be despised by the greatest in wealth, or the highest in

the peerage; and their efforts were measured with those of the first wits of the time. To an aristocracy which could thus amuse itself, it was a great luxury to be surrounded by men of thought and learning. The courtier who could open his salon to the wits and philosophers of Paris, was far more dependant on their presence than they were on the privilege of admission. If a Barthélemi, a Marmontel, a Condillac, saw cause to desert the suppers of D'Holbach, they would be received at those of the Duc de Praslin or de Choiseul, the Prince of Conti, and Madame du Deffand; but how were such departed stars to be replaced?[1]

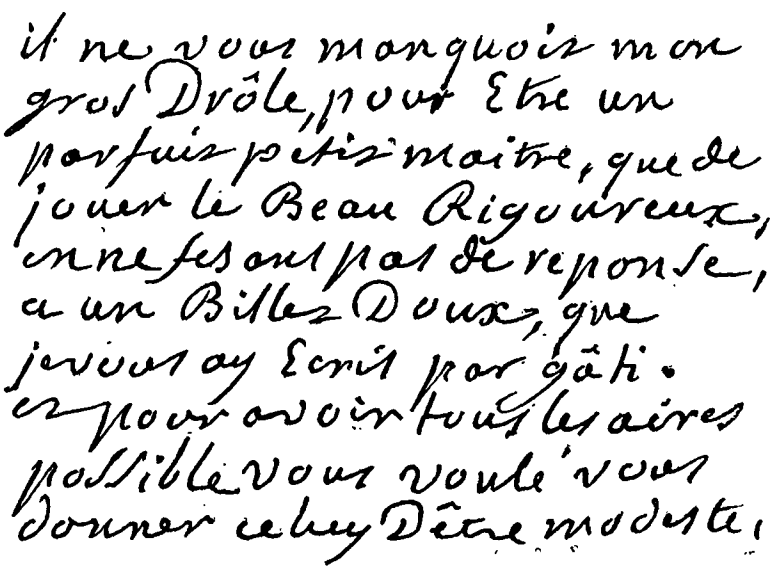
There is perhaps no more striking type of the

[1] The confidence with which the great aristocracy of birth mingled with whatever elements it thought fit, is perhaps the best evidence of the security it felt in the haughty and arbitrary exercise of its established privileges. With all this free equality of social intercourse, however, there must have been something yet left to which the mere guest was not admitted, and to which he never aspired. Without this, it seems impossible that Actors,—menials by the etiquette of the court, anathematized by the church, held incapable of giving evidence in some courts of law as persons of infamous profession,—should have been so much sought after and caressed. Thus the Le Kains, Fleurys, and Préville, among the men; the Sophy Arnoulds, Dumesnils, Clairons, among the women, many of them thorough profligates, are to be found haunting places surrounded by the highest lustre of adventitious rank, busying themselves with state secrets, mingling in family disputes, and always with the easy assurance of their profession. This state of matters could not have existed unless the aristocracy, notwithstanding the ease with which they permitted themselves to be approached, were able effectually to mark precisely the point where the advance was to stop, and could feel themselves among persons, who, like old family servants, never presume upon familiarity. In admitting to social intercourse, however, a person of Hume's dignity of character and position in literature, there could be no such reserves, and the intercourse must have been as really on terms of familiarity as it appeared to be.

character and condition of the Parisian coteries than one of Hume's most intimate friends, Madame Geoffrin. In this country, were an uneducated woman to frame and lead a social party, including the first in rank and in talent of the day, to which no one under royalty was too great not to deem admission a privilege; were she to be absolute in her admissions and exclusions, bold in her sarcasms, free and blunt often to rudeness in her observations and opinions, and severe or kind to all by turns as her own choice or caprice suggested, it would be at once pronounced that the reddest blood and the highest rank could alone produce such an anomaly. A very small number of eminent duchesses have perhaps occupied such a position in this country. Yet Madame Geoffrin, who acted this part to the full among the fastidious aristocracy of France before the revolution, was the daughter of a valet-de-chambre and the widow of a glass manufacturer. The foundation of her influence was her success in making herself the centre of a circle of artists and men of letters. She was much in the confidence of Madame De Tencin, and on that lady's death succeeded in transferring to herself what remained of her distinguished society, dimmed as it was by the departure of Montesquieu and Fontenelle. Madame Geoffrin by activity and energy widened the circle. She never made visits herself, and those who had the privilege of entering her dining-room on her public days, found there assembled D'Alembert, Helvétius, Raynal, Marmontel, Caraccioli, Holbach, Galliani, and the artist Vanloo. During the British embassy, David Hume, the great philosopher from the far North, might there be met; and when all other attempts had perhaps failed, some chance of encountering such an erratic meteor as Rousseau

still remained in attending Madame Geoffrin's Wednesday dinner. Having once, by her signal wit and wisdom, gained her position, no obtrusive rivals from her own deserted class could push near enough to drive her from it. It is not the least admirable feature of this remarkable woman, that far from assuming the subdued and cautious tone of one of her own rank, who must be more wary than a denizen of committing breaches of the social rules of her new cast, a simplicity and freedom seems to have accompanied all her actions and ideas; a courageous adoption of what seemed good to her in place of what might be fit. Her letters, in their severe diction, give some notion of the writer's character, but cannot convey so full an impression as when they are presented in the bold, irregular, and most "unlady-like" hand in which they are scribbled.[1]

[1] The following is a specimen, of a letter to Hume:—



Among other like distinctions, an author had offered to dedicate to her his Italian Grammar. She answered, "A moi, Monsieur;

The pleasant retailers of the literary chit-chat of that time, Marmontel, Grimm, Bauchemont, and others, are full of details of Madame Geoffrin, who, if she was not quite as formally approached as Boufflers, or Deffand, was as much respected, loved, and feared. The author of the "Contes Moraux," tells us some of the weaknesses of this gifted lady; and, according to his account, she had been actually convicted, living as she was outwardly in the freest society in the world, of a turn for secret devotion! "Elle avait un apartement dans un couvent de religieuses et une tribune à l'Eglise des Capucins,—mais avec autant de mystère que les femmes galantes de ce temps-là avaient des petites maisons." The picture would be sufficiently ludicrous, were it not for the darker features presented by a state of society, where no one should venture to be pious except under pain of being exterminated with ridicule.

There was one matter as to which Madame Geoffrin was timid and cautious; she never meddled with matters of state or unsafe political opinions, and was induced to discountenance those who did so. Surrounded by restless and inquiring spirits, she often dreaded being compromised by their conduct; and was especially uneasy at any time when the Bastille sheltered a more than usual number of those whose wit was wont to flash round her board. But her guests have recorded, that if there was a little saddened and earnest gravity in her deportment, when she received them after such naughty affairs, she abated nothing of her old kindness. Her good heart indeed was after all her noblest quality. She was one of those who held the simple notion, that were it not for the judicious distribution

la dédicace d'une grammaire! à moi qui ne sais pas seulement l'orthographe." "C'était la pure vérité," subjoins Marmontel.

of favours by the rich, the poor, including artisans and producers of all kinds, must necessarily die of starvation. She was thus in the midst of an extensive distribution of charities, actively occupied in the *encouragement* of those who lived by the sweat of their brow; and if she believed that she accomplished much more than she actually did, it was a satisfaction not to be grudged to one who occupied herself with the fortunes of the poor, in the midst of the stony indifference of the French aristocracy of that day.

Another lady, a friend and correspondent of Hume, Madame le Page du Bocage, endeavoured to rival Madame Geoffrin as a centre of attraction; but though she possessed, along with wealth, both rank and beauty, she was unsuccessful, on account of the presence of a third quality — authorship. The wits must praise her bad poetry if they frequented her house, and where so many other doors were open without such a condition, they abandoned it. "Elle était d'une figure aimable," says Grimm, "elle est bonne femme; elle est riche; elle pouvait fixer chez elle les gens d'esprit et de bonne compagnie, sans les mettre dans l'embarras de lui parler avec peu de sincérité de sa *Colombiade* ou de ses *Amazones*." [1]

Perhaps of all these eminent women, while

[1] This active lady visited Voltaire, and succeeded in getting access to him. It is said that the patriarch laboured hard to compose a quatrain in her praise, but that the muse would not attend for such a purpose. He solved the difficulty very ingeniously, by twisting some laurel twigs into a wreath, and placing it on her brow.

She writes to Hume, on 27th September, 1764, "Je vous présente monsieur un receuil de mes ouvrages nouvellement imprimé à Lyon, pour avoir l'honneur d'être dans la bibliothèque d'un homme qui fait l'honneur de notre siècle. Je vous supplie d'accepter ce faible don, et de vouloir bien faire passer le paquet que vous trouverez c'y joint au Marquis Caraccioli Ministre de Naples à Londres."—MS. R.S.E.

Madame de Boufflers had the greatest amount of elegance and accomplishment, Madame du Deffand had the sharpest and most searching wit. She was the author of that proverbial *bon mot* about St. Denis carrying his head under his arm, *il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte;* a saying sufficient to make a reputation in France. Madame du Deffand does not appear to have been a correspondent of Hume, nor, though they occasionally met, does much cordiality seem to have subsisted between them.[1] The aveugle clairvoyante, as Voltaire aptly called her, in allusion to her blindness and her wit, thought that she discovered in Hume a worshipper at another shrine. She wrote to Walpole expressing her disgust of those who paid court to Madame de Boufflers, at the same time, only just not stating, in express terms, how much they were mistaken in not transferring their obsequiousness to herself.[2] She, certainly an object

[1] The following note shows that there was some intercourse between them, though it was probably not very extensive.

"Madame la D. de Choiseul a très bien reçu les compliments de Mr. Hume. Elle se reproche de ne lui avoir point écrit. Elle m'a chargée de lui dire que s'il vouloit la venir voir aujourd'hui sur le midi et demy une heure[1] qu'il lui feroit beaucoup de plaisir. Madame du Deffand l'exhorte de ne pas manquer à y aller, et elle le prie de faire souvenir Madame de Choiseul de la promesse qu'elle lui a faite de la venir voir avant la visite qu'elle veut rendre à Madame L'Ambassadrice."—MS. R.S.E.

[2] "Vous me faites un grand plaisir de m'apprendre que David Hume va en Ecosse; je suis bien aise que vous ne soyez plus à portée de le voir, et moi ravie de l'assurance de ne le revoir jamais. Vous me demanderez ce qu'il m'a fait? Il m'a déplu. Haïssant les idoles je déteste leurs prêtres et leurs adorateurs. Pour d'idoles, vous n'en verrez pas chez moi: vous y pourrez voir quelquefois de leurs adorateurs, mais qui sont plus hypocrites que dévots; leur culte est extérieur; les pratiques, les cérémonies de cette religion sont des soupers, des musiques, des opéras, des comédies, etc." Letters of the Marquise du Deffand, vol. i. p. 331.

[1] Sic in MS.

of pity from her blindness, was still more so in her own discontented spirit. The days which tranquil ease and the attentions of kind friends might have soothed, were disturbed by restless vanity, an intense desire to interfere with the doings of that world which she could not see, dissipation, and literary wrangles.

One remarkable person, an offshoot of Madame du Deffand's circle, and driven forth from it to raise an empire of her own, was Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse. Hume and she met frequently in Paris, and they subsequently corresponded together. She was an illegitimate child, who, having been well educated, had been adopted by Madame du Deffand as her companion, and the minister for supplying, as far as possible, her lost sense of sight. Mademoiselle had to be present at those displays of intellect which illuminated the table of her mistress. It soon began to transpire that the humble drudge possessed a soul of fire; and taking part in the conversation, her remarks rose as she acquired confidence and ease, into an originality of thought, fulness of judgment, and rich eloquence of language, which fascinated the senses of those veteran champions in the arena of intellect. Thus many of those who went to offer their incense to a woman old and blind, were constrained to bestow some of it on one "young in years, but in sage counsel old," who had little more outward claim on their admiration; for Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse was naturally plain, and was deeply marked with small-pox. The patroness did not present herself till six o'clock in the evening; to her who knew no difference between light and darkness it was morning. She often found that her protégé had been entertaining the guests for an hour, and that they had come early to enjoy her conversation. This was treason—an

overt tampering with the allegiance of the followers; and the subordinate was driven forth with contumely.

It is not easy to decide which party, if either, was in the right; though the memoir writers in general take the part of Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse. Far from being made a homeless wanderer by the dismissal, she was immediately supplied with a house and furniture by her friends, who obtained for her a pension from the crown. On these means she founded a rival establishment of her own; and surrounded herself with an intellectual circle, which seems to have more than rivalled in brilliancy that from which she was dismissed. D'Alembert was told that if he countenanced the new idol, he must bid farewell to his former patroness. He at once joined the party of the young aspirant. He became dangerously ill, and Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse nursed him with the untiring affection of a wife or a daughter. The philosopher, whose humble dwelling was found to be on too sordid a scale to be consistent with health, thenceforth took up his abode with his young friend. Hume must have witnessed the rise of this new connexion, for it was during his residence in Paris that D'Alembert's illness took place, and it is the object of occasional anxious allusion by his Parisian acquaintance.[1]

Though the circumstances in which he passed his

[1] "C'est avec la plus grande joie que M. D'Angiviller a l'honneur d'informer Monsr. Hume que la philosophie n'a plus de larmes à répandre. D'Alembert est commo hors d'affaire. Il a été transporté chez Watelet. Il s'en trouve fort bien: il plaisante, il dit de bons mots et s'impatiente. Tout cela est de bon augure. Duclos a dit assez plaisamment le jour que l'on a transporté le malade chez Watelet. Voicy un jour remarquable, c'est aujourd'huy que l'on a sevré D'Alembert; nous sommes surs au moins qu'il n'y a pas de miracle à cette guérison; les prêtres n'ont pas prié pour lui. Mr. D'An-

earlier days were not likely to nourish such a taste, no man seems to have been more dependant on the presence of an educated and intellectual female than the secretary of the Academy. There is little doubt that the new attachment was of a Platonic character; but it boded evil to both parties. The lady, if she had some portion of the purer affections of the soul to bestow upon the sage, had

giviller a l'honneur d'assurer Monsieur Hume de l'attachement profond et de la vénération dont il est pénétré pour lui."

"*Ce Mardi* 30."

The Earl Marischal writes thus:—

"*Potsdam, 11th September*, 1764.

"Le plaisir de votre lettre, et l'assurance d'amitié de Madame Geoffrin et de Monsieur D'Alembert a été bien rabattu par ce que vous me dites de l'état de la santé de M. D'Alembert. Sobre comme il est à table—comment peut-il avoir des maux d'estomac? Il faut qu'il travaille trop de la tête à des calculs, ou qu'il allume sa chandelle par les deux bouts. C'est cela sans doute. Renvoyez-le ici à mon hermitage. Je le rendrai à sa, ou ses belles, frais, reposé, se portant à merveille.

"Apropos de mon hermitage dont M. de Malsan vous a fait la description, il a voyagé avec Panurge, et a été chez *oui-dire tenant école de temorgnerie*. Primo, ma petite maison ne subsiste pas—par conséquence mon grand hôte ne pouvoit m'y honorer de sa présence. 2do, Elle ne sera pas si petite, ayant 89 pieds de façade avec deux ailes de 45 pieds de long. Le jardin est petit, assez grand cependant pour moi, et j'ai une clef pour entrer aux jardins de Sans-Souci. Il y aura une belle salle avec un vestibule, et un cabinet assez grand pour y mettre un lit, tout apart des autres apartements. Si D'Alembert venoit, il pouroit y loger, et prendre les eaux; mais il est peu-que probable, que le grand hôte me disputeroit, et emporteroit cet avantage. En attendant son arrivée, j'y logerai mon ancien ami Michel de Montaigne, Ariosto, Voltaire, Swift, et quelques autres.

"Dites à D'Alembert que j'ai une vache pour lui donner de bon lait. Cela le contentera plus que les cent mille roubles qu'on lui a offert. N'a pas bon lait qui veut, et vir sapiens non abhorrebit eam, comme disoit Maître Janotus de ses chausses.

warmer feelings for likelier objects; and her frame sunk before the consuming fires of more than one passion.[1] She was carried to an early grave, and the mortifications, caused by her alienation, followed by grief for her death, broke the spirit, and imbittered and enfeebled the latter days of the philosopher. Hume seems to have established a closer friendship with D'Alembert than with any of his other contemporaries in France; and he left a memorial of his regard for

[1] If we are to trust the story told by Marmontel, and repeated by others who should be equally well informed, her conduct, put in plain language, comes to this. That she had made up her mind to raise her position by a distinguished marriage. That in this view, looking to one object after another, she finally determined boldly to experiment on M. Mora, the son of the Spanish ambassador. That as this young gentleman had been recalled by his family to Spain, she fraudulently procured a certificate from an eminent physician, to the effect that a return to the climate of France was essential to his safety; and that he died on his journey back. But not less singular than the tale itself, is the good-humoured simplicity with which it is told, as something rather commendable than otherwise. Marmontel tells it, not omitting to state how he used to run to the post-office for M. Mora's letters, in the midst of that amusing series of sketches, the leading charm of which is their amiable author's utter unconsciousness that his narrative is ever likely to be scrutinized by people so educated and trained, as to look upon his pleasant frailties as detestable vices, and the whole system of society, so loveable and interesting in his eyes, as hideous. These things indeed are mysteries; and read and ponder as we may, we cannot enter into their spirit, but must view them as strange, distant, and unnatural objects.

There is reason, however, to believe, that Marmontel's account of L'Espinasse is far from being accurate. See the article on Deffand's and L'Espinasse's letters, in *The Edinburgh Review*, vol. xv. p. 459, where, as also in the article, vol. xvii. p. 290, a fuller view of the character of the French literary circles of that day will be found than any where else in the English language. The doubts of Marmontel's accuracy in the former of these articles, are singularly confirmed by the Memoires of Marmontel's uncle-in-law, Morellet, published in 1832, see vol. ii. p. 276.

the encyclopediast in his will. Unlike, in many respects, they had some features in common. D'Alembert's personal character, and the habits of his life, had, like his philosophy, the dignity of simplicity. His figure, and still more his voice, were the objects of much malicious sarcasm; but cruel jests could not make his fragile body less the tenement of a noble spirit; or his shrill puny voice less the instrument of great and bold thoughts. His mind stands forth in strong relief from the frippery of that age; while his writings contain no marks of that reckless infidelity which distinguishes the productions of his fellow labourers. In some of those follies, so prevalent that a man utterly free of them, must have courted the charge of eccentricity, if not of insanity, he partook; but moderately and reluctantly, as one suited for a better time and a nobler sphere of exertion. In the quarrel with Rousseau, he adopted the cause of Hume with honest zeal. He wrote many letters to Hume, which are still preserved. They perhaps, in some measure, exhibit the least amiable feature of his character — his bitterness, it might be almost termed hatred, towards Madame du Deffand, on account of her conduct to his own friend.

It is unnecessary to discourse, at any length, on the distinguished men—including the names of Buffon, Malesherbes, Diderot, Crébillon, Morellet, Helvétius, Holbach, Hénault, Raynal, Suard, La Condamine, and De Brosses, who courted Hume's company in France. Next to D'Alembert, his closest friendship seems to have been with the honest and thoughtful statesman, Turgot; who, in the midst of that reckless whirl of vanity, was already looking far into the future, and predicting, from the disorganized and menacing condition of the elements of French society,

the storm that was to come. He wrote many letters to Hume, containing remarks on matters of statesmanship and political economy, which are of great interest in a historical and economical view, especially in one instance, where he notices the want of any common principle of sympathies and interests connecting the aristocracy with the people, and reflects on the dangerous consequences of such a state of matters to the peace of Europe.

There are many circumstances showing that much as he loved the social ease, combined with learning and wit, for which his Parisian circle was conspicuous, he disliked one prominent feature of that social system —the scornful infidelity, the almost intolerance of any thing like earnest belief, so often exhibited, both in speech and conduct. Sir Samuel Romilly has preserved the following curious statement by Diderot:— "He spoke of his acquaintance with Hume. 'Je vous dirai un trait de lui, mais il vous sera un peu scandaleux peut-être, car vous Anglais vous croyez *un peu* en Dieu; pour nous autres nous n'y croyons guères. Hume dîna avec une grande compagnie chez le Baron D'Holbach. Il était assis à côté du Baron; on parla de la religion naturelle: 'Pour les Athées,' disait Hume, 'je ne crois pas qu'il en existe; je n'en ai jamais vu.' 'Vous avez été un peu malheureux,' répondit l'autre, 'vous voici à table avec dix-sept pour la première fois.'"[1]

The secretary's residence in the metropolis was occasionally varied by official sojourns to Fontainbleau, or Compiègne, a visit to the Duchesse de Barbantane at Villers Cotterets, or an excursion with Madame de Boufflers and the Prince of Conti to

[1] Memoirs of Romilly, i. 179. I have seen this anecdote in some French book, but do not remember where.

L'Ile-Adam. That rural seat of princely magnificence and hospitality is a familiar name in the memoirs of the times; and particularly in those of Madame de Genlis. It is singular, indeed, that this lady never mentions Hume, though she appears to have been living in the castle at the time when he visited it. The Prince of Conti was in every way possessed of the external qualifications which, in the eyes of his countrymen, were then the proper ornaments of his high station. He was brave, a distinguished military leader, generous, extravagant, gallant, and a lover of literature and the arts.[1] There was probably little in such a character to rival a Turgot, or a D'Alembert in Hume's esteem; but his intercourse with this prince, as with De Rohan, De Choiseul, and others, would be of a more limited and formal character.[2]

[1] Madame de Genlis has preserved an instance of the magnificent gallantry of the prince. Madame Blot, the same lady probably who occupies so curious a place in the Chesterfield correspondence, expressed a wish to have a picture of her canary-bird set in a ring. The prince desired to have the felicity of accomplishing her wish, and she consented, provided the ring were of plain gold without ornament. The ring when it made its appearance was plain indeed, but the portrait was covered by a large diamond cut flat like glass. Madame Blot preserved the ring and the picture, but returned the diamond. The prince pounded the diamond to powder, and wrote the lady a letter strewed with the diamond dust as drying sand.

[2] The following specimen of the invitations which poured in upon Hume during his sojourn in Paris, is a slight departure from the usual received form of such documents, the functionary who had charge of the despatches of the august entertainer having chosen to make it the vehicle of his own good taste in literature, and knowledge of the English language.

"M. Le Prince Louis de Rohan prie M. Hume de lui faire l'honneur de venir dîner chez lui. Mardi, 17 Janvier—"

" M. L'Abbé Georgel fait un million de complimens à M. Hume. *He makes great account of his vorks, admires her wit, and loves her person.*"

"Samedy, 14."—MS. R.S.E.

His influence with courtiers and statesmen, however, appears to have been considerable. In the letters addressed to him there are several instances where French people solicit his interposition with the great: thus, Madame Helvétius desires his good offices to procure an abbaye for her friend and neighbour the Abbé "Macdonalt," of an illustrious Irish family.[1] One lady, seeking ecclesiastical patronage, tells him that the clergy will have more pleasure in doing him a favour than in performing the functions of their office!

Hume has thus recorded in his "own life" the impression left on him by his reception in Paris:— "Those who have not seen the strange effects of modes, will never imagine the reception I met with at Paris, from men and women of all ranks and stations. The more I resiled from their excessive civilities, the more I was loaded with them. There is, however, a real satisfaction in living at Paris; from the great number of sensible, knowing, and polite company with which that city abounds above all places in the universe. I thought once of settling there for life." If he thought that he could have taken up his residence in Paris, and preserved for the remainder of his days the fresh bloom of his reputation, he was undoubtedly mistaken; but, dazzled as he in some measure was, we can see in his correspondence that he estimated the sensation he made pretty nearly at its just value. In the circle of toys, seized and discarded, by a giddy fashionable crowd, philosophy will have its turn, as well as poodles, parrots, tulips, monkeys, cafés, and black pages. It had been so a century earlier, when the most abstruse works

[1] MS. R.S.E.

of Des Cartes had been the ornament of every fashionable lady's toilette; and now the wheel had revolved and philosophy was again in vogue.

A second time we have Lord Charlemont affording us a passing sketch of Hume. Having had an opportunity of witnessing the philosopher's reception in France, he says:—

From what has been already said of him, it is apparent that his conversation to strangers, and particularly to Frenchmen, could be little delightful, and still more particularly, one would suppose, to French women: and yet no lady's toilette was complete without Hume's attendance. At the opera his broad unmeaning face was usually seen *entre deux jolis minois.* The ladies in France gave the ton, and the ton was deism: a species of philosophy ill suited to the softer sex, in whose delicate frame weakness is interesting, and timidity a charm. . . . . How my friend Hume was able to endure the encounter of these French female Titans, I know not. In England, either his philosophic pride or his conviction that infidelity was ill suited to women, made him perfectly averse from the initiation of ladies into the mysteries of his doctrine."[1]

The same characteristics are recorded by Grimm.[2] We have his position still more vividly painted by Madame d' Epinay, according to whom he must have undergone not a small portion of the martyrdom of lionism. One of the "rages" of the day was the holding of cafés, or giving entertainments in private

[1] Hardy's Memoirs of Charlemont, p. 122.

[2] "Ce qu'il y a encore de plaisant, c'est que toutes les jolies femmes se le sont arraché, et que le gros philosophe Ecossais s'est plu dans leur société. C'est un excellent homme, que David Hume; il est naturellement serein, il entend finement, il dit quelquefois avec sel, quoiqu'il parle peu; mais il est lourd, il n'a ni chaleur, ni grâce, ni agrément dans l'esprit, ni rien qui soit propre à s'allier au ramage de ces charmantes petites machines qu'on appelle jolies femmes. O que nous sommes un drôle de peuple!"—Correspondance Littéraire, 1ière P. vol. v. p. 125.

houses, according to the arrangements and etiquette of a public café. Among the amusements of the evening were pantomimes, and acted tableaux. In these it was necessary that Hume should take a *rôle*, and as he was always willing to conform to established regulations, we find him seated as a sultan between two obdurate beauties, intending to strike his bosom, but aiming the blows at *le ventre*, and accompanying his acting with characteristic exclamations.[1]

Hume's popularity in Paris appears to have somewhat disturbed Horace Walpole's equanimity. He was too good an artist to be very angry, or to express himself in terms of aggravated bitterness; but it is clear from

[1] "Le célèbre David Hume, grand et gros historiographe d'Angleterre, connu et estimé par ses écrits, n'a pas autant de talens pour ce genre d'amusemens auquel toutes nos jolies femmes l'avoient décidé propre. Il fit son début chez Madame de T——; on lui avoit destiné le rôle d'un Sultan assis entre deux esclaves, employant toute son éloquence pour s'en faire aimer; les trouvant inexorables, il devoit chercher le sujet de leurs peines, et de leur résistance: on le place sur un sopha entre les deux plus jolies femmes de Paris, il les regarde attentivement, il se frappe le ventre et les genoux à plusieurs reprises, et ne trouve jamais autre chose à leur dire que: '*Eh bien! mes demoiselles...Eh bien! vous voilà donc...Eh bien! vous voilà... vous voilà ici?*' Cette phrase dura un quart d'heure, sans qu'il pût en sortir. Une d'elles se leva d' impatience: Ah! dit elle, je m'en étois bien doutée, cet homme n'est bon qu'à manger du veau! Depuis ce temps il est relégué au rôle de spectateur, et n'en est pas moins fêté et cajolé. C'est en vérité une chose plaisante que le rôle qu'il joue ici; malheureusement pour lui ou plutôt pour la dignité philosophique, car, pour lui, il paroît s'accommoder fort de ce train de vie; il n'y avoit aucune manie dominante dans ce pays lorsqu'il y est arrivé; on l'a regardé comme une trouvaille dans cette circonstance, et l'effervescence de nos jeunes têtes s'est tourné de son côté. Toutes les jolies femmes s'en sont emparées; il est de tous les soupers fins, et il n'est point de bonne fête sans lui; en un mot, il est pour nos agréables ce que les Génevois sont pour moi."—Mémoires et Correspondance de Madame d'Epinay, vol. iii. p. 284.

occasional notices, that, notwithstanding his professed admiration of Scotsmen, it displeased him to find Hume the Scotsman sitting at the king's gate. Writing to Lady Hervey on 14th Sept. 1765, he says, "Mr. Hume, that is *the mode*, asked much about your ladyship."[1] Then to Montague, on the 22d of the same month, and in allusion to the conversation of the dinner-table in Paris:

For literature, it is very amusing when one has nothing else to do. I think it rather pedantic in society: tiresome when displayed professedly; and, besides, in this country, one is sure it is only the fashion of the day. Their taste in it is the worst of all; could one believe, that when they read our authors, Richardson and Mr. Hume should be their favourites? The latter is treated here with perfect veneration. His History, so falsified in many points, so partial in as many, so very unequal in its parts, is thought the standard of writing.[2]

Thus, and in the like strain, do the French suffer in his good opinion, for their offence in making an idol of Hume. So, on the 3d October, when writing to Mr. Chute,—

Their authors, who by the way are every where, are worse than their own writings, which I don't mean as a compliment to either. In general, the style of conversation is solemn, pedantic, and seldom animated, but by a dispute. I was expressing my aversion to disputes: Mr. Hume, who very gratefully admires the tone of Paris, having never known any other tone, said with great surprise, "Why, what do you like, if you hate both disputes and whisk?"[3]

Then, on the 19th of the same month, to Mr. Brand:

I assure you, you may come hither very safely, and be in no danger from mirth. Laughing is as much out of fashion

[1] Letters, collected edition, v. 69.
[2] Ib. 73.
[3] Ib. 77.

as pantins and bilboquets. Good folks, they have no time to laugh. There is God and the king to be pulled down first; and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane for having any belief left. But this is not my only crime; I have told them, and am undone by it, that they have taken from us to admire the two dullest things we had—Whisk and Richardson. It is very true that they want nothing but George Grenville to make their conversations, or rather dissertations, the most tiresome upon earth. For Lord Lyttelton, if he would come hither, and turn freethinker once more, he would be reckoned the most agreeable man in France,—next to Mr. Hume, who is the only thing in the world that they believe implicitly, which they must do, for I defy them to understand any language that he speaks.[1]

[1] Ib. 90-91. He was not then aware that Hume's presence was destined to afford him an opportunity of becoming "the mode" himself. This he tells us was the effect of his jeu d'esprit on Rousseau, with which we shall hereafter have concern; and he tells it in a manner which shows that, however contemptible when set in the brow of David Hume, the chaplet of fashionable renown was not felt to be unbecoming on his own. Thus, he says to Mr. Conway, on 12th January, 1766, "I almost repent having come hither, for I like the way of life and many of the people so well, that I doubt I shall feel more regret at leaving Paris than I expected. It would sound vain to tell you the honours and distinctions I receive, and how much I am in fashion. Yet when they come from the handsomest women in France, and the most respectable in point of character, can one help being a little proud? If I was twenty years younger, I should wish they were not quite so respectable. Madame de Brionne, whom I have never seen, and who was to have met me at supper last night, at the charming Madame D'Egmont's, sent me an invitation by the latter for Wednesday next. I was engaged and hesitated: I was told, 'Comment! savez-vous que c'est qu'elle ne feroit pas pour toute La France.' However, lest you should dread my returning a perfect old swain, I study my wrinkles, compare myself and my limbs to every plate of larks I see, and treat my understanding with at least as little mercy. Yet, do you know, my present fame is owing to a very trifling composition, but which has made incredible noise. I was one evening at Madame Geoffrin's,

At this time Adam Smith was travelling in France, with his pupil, the young Duke of Buccleuch. On

joking on Rousseau's affectations and contradictions, and said some things that diverted them. When I came home I put them into a letter, and showed it next day to Helvetius, and the Duke de Nivernois, who were so pleased with it, that, after telling me some faults in the language, which you may be sure there were, they encouraged me to let it be seen. As you know I willingly laugh at mountebanks, political or literary, let their talents be ever so great, I was not averse. The copies have spread like wildfire, *et me voici à la mode.* I expect the end of my reign, at the end of the week, with great composure." (Ib. 118-119.)

One is tempted to give, as part of the whole picture of the visit of the two Englishmen, a few of Walpole's notices of his own intense modesty. Thus: "I had had my share of distresses in the morning, by going through the operation of being presented to the royal family, down to the little madame's pap dinner, and had behaved as sillily as you will easily believe, hiding myself behind every mortal. The queen called me up to her dressing-table, and seemed mightily disposed to gossip with me; but instead of enjoying my glory like Madame de Sévigné, I slunk back into the crowd after a few questions. She told Monsieur de Guerchy of it afterwards, and that I had run away from her, but said she would have her revenge at Fontainbleau; so I must go thither, which I did not intend." Ib. 81-82. So when writing to Gray, after giving a description of the effect which his wicked wit had produced on Madame de Boufflers and the Prince of Conti, how she "with a tone of sentiment, and the accents of lamenting humanity, abused me heartily, and then complained to myself with the utmost softness," and how he "acted contrition, but had like to have spoiled all, by growing dreadfully tired of a second lecture from the Prince of Conti, who had taken up the tale;" he concludes, "but when I left a triumphant party in England, I did not come hither to be at the head of a fashion. However, I have been sent for about like an African prince or a learned canary bird; and was, in particular, carried by force to the Princess of Talmond, the queen's cousin, who lives in a charitable apartment in the Luxembourg, and was sitting on a small bed hung with saints and Sobieskis, in a corner of one of those vast chambers, by two blinking tapers." (Ib. 130-131.

Hume's simple and self-satisfied account of the distinctions conferred on him, and the gratification they afforded him, has met with

5th July, 1764, he writes from Toulouse, requesting Hume to give him and his pupil introductions to distinguished Frenchmen, the Duc de Richelieu, the Marquis de Lorges, &c. He says, that Mr. Townsend had assured him of these and other introductions, from the Duc de Choiseul, but that none had made their appearance in that quarter. Smith seems to have been heartily tired of the glittering bondage of his tutorship, and to have sighed for the academic conviviality he had left behind him at Glasgow. He says:—

"The Duke is acquainted with no Frenchman whatever. I cannot cultivate the acquaintance of the few with whom I am acquainted, as I cannot bring them to our house, and am not always at liberty to go to theirs. The life which I led at Glasgow, was a pleasureable dissipated life in comparison of that which I lead here at present. I have begun to write a book, in order to pass away the time. You may believe I have very little to do. If Sir James would come and spend a month with us in his travels, it would not only be a great satisfaction to me, but he might, by his influence and example, be of great service to the Duke."[1]

There is little doubt that the book he had begun to write, was the "Wealth of Nations:" and we have here probably the earliest announcement of his employing himself in that work. On the 21st of October, he writes from Toulouse, stating that the

considerable ridicule. But the reader may judge for himself which is the more honest, manly, and dignified: the plain acknowledgment of distinctions conferred and appreciated, or this hollow profession of contempt for unsolicited, unexpected, unenjoyed honours.

[1] MS. R.S.E. The Sir James alludes to Sir James Macdonald.

letters of introduction had reached him, and that his noble pupil was well received. He says, "Our expedition to Bourdeaux, and another we have made since to Bagneres, has made a great change upon the Duke. He begins now to familiarize himself to French company; and I flatter myself I shall spend the rest of the time we are to live together, not only in peace and contentment, but in great amusement."

Amidst the multiplied attractions of Paris, Hume's thoughts were often turned to his native city, and the circle of kind friends and admirers he had there left behind him. Such reminiscences of home doings as are contained in the following letters, would doubtless ensure his warm attention. On 1st July, Blair writes:

Robertson has, of late, had worse health than usual, which has somewhat interrupted his studies. He talked once of a trip to France this season; but his want of the language is so discouraging, as seems to have made him lay aside thoughts of it for the present. It will be a twelvemonth more, I suppose, before his Charles V. shall see the light.

I dined this day with Sir James Macdonald, on whose praises I need not expatiate to you. Much conversation we had about you; and a great deal I heard of your flourishing state. You write concerning it yourself, like a philosopher and a man of sense. The first splendour and eclat of such situations soon loses its lustre, and often, as you found it, is burdensome. Ease and agreeable society are the only things that last and remain; and these, now that you are quite naturalized, and have formed habits of life, I imagine you enjoy in a very comfortable degree. The society at Paris, to one who has all your advantages for enjoying it in its perfection, is, I am fully convinced, from all that I have heard, the most agreeable in the whole world.

Our education here is at present in high reputation. The Englishes are crowding down upon us every season, and I wish may not come to hurt us at the last.[1]

[1] MS. R.S.E.

Jardine writes, on 1st August: —

I have attempted, four or five times, to write to you: but this poor church has, for some time past, been in such danger, that I could never find time for it. She has employed all my thoughts and care for these twelve months past. The enemy had kindled such a flame, that the old burning bush was like to have been consumed altogether. I know it will give you pleasure to hear that my endeavours to preserve her have been crowned with success. She begins to shine forth with her ancient lustre; and will very soon be, not only fair as the sun, but, to all her enemies, terrible as an army with banners.[1]

It is pleasing to find one whose name has been so much associated with the later school of our national literature, as Mrs. Cockburn, the early friend of Scott, enjoying the intimacy of the sages of the philosophical age of Scottish letters. This accomplished lady, well known as the authoress of one of the versions of "The Flowers of the Forest," was a correspondent of Hume. A few of her letters have been preserved; and the following are her free and animated remarks on Hume's flattering reception in France, — remarks written in the full assurance that neither adulation nor prosperity would diminish the regard of that simple manly heart, for the chosen friends he had left in his native soil.

From the bleak hills of the north, from the uncultured daughter of Caledon, will the adored sage of France deign to receive a few lines: they come from the *heart* of a friend, and will be delivered by the *hand* of an enemy. Which, O man of mode, is most indifferent to thee? Insensible thou art alike to gratitude or resentment; fit for the country that worships thee. Thou art equally insensible to love or hate. A momentary applause, ill begot, and worse brought

[1] MS. R.S.E.

up, — an abortion, a fame not founded on truth, — have bewitched thee, and thou hast forgot those who, overlooking thy errors, saved thy worth. Idol of Gaul, I worship thee not. The very cloven foot, for which thou art worshipped, I despise: yet I remember *thee* with affection. I remember that, in spite of vain philosophy, of dark doubts, of toilsome learning, God had stamped his image of benignity so strong upon thy *heart*, that not all the labours of thy head could efface it. Idol of a foolish people, be not puffed up; it is easy to overturn the faith of a multitude that is ready to do evil: an apostle of less sense might bring to that giddy nation — libertinism; liberty they are not born to. This will be sent to you by your good friend, Mr. Burnet; who goes much such an errand as you have given yourself through life, viz., in search of truth; and I believe both are equally impartial in the search; though, indeed, he has more visible interests for darkening it than ever you had.

Castlehill, Baird's Close, Aug. 20th, 1764.[1]

Hume *to* Andrew Millar.

"*Paris, 3d September,* 1764.

"It is certain that nothing could be a greater inducement to me to continue my History, than your desiring so earnestly I should do so. I have so great reason to be satisfied with your conduct towards me, that I wish very much to gratify you in every thing that is practicable; and there want not other motives to make me embrace that resolution. For, though I think I have reason to complain of the blindness of party, which has made the public do justice to me very slowly, and with great reluctance, yet I find that I obtain support from many impartial people; and hope that I shall every day have more reason to be satisfied in that particular. But, in my present situation, it is impossible for me to undertake such a

[1] MS. R.S.E.

work; and I cannot break off from Lord Hertford, as long as he is pleased to think me useful to him. I shall not, however, lose sight of this object; and any materials that cast up, in this country, shall be carefully collected by me.

"I am glad you are satisfied with the publication of the new edition of my Essays. I shall be obliged to you if you will inform yourself exactly how many copies are now sold, both of that edition and of the octavo edition of my History. I think both these editions very correct. I did little more than see your friends, Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Wilson, at Paris, and present them to Lord Hertford. We returned not from Compiegne till a few days before they left Paris. . . . . I think the Duchess of Douglas has chosen well in making Mallet one of her commissioners. I have no good opinion of that cause. Mrs. Mallet has retired into the forest of Fontainbleau with a Macgregor. I fancy she is angry with me, and thought herself neglected by me while in Paris. I heard of her thrusting herself every where into companies, who endeavoured to avoid her; and I was afraid she would have laid hold of me to enlarge her acquaintance among the French. I have not yet executed your commission with Monsr. le Roy, but shall not forget it. I am very glad that Mrs. Millar is so good as to remember me. I shall regard it as one agreeable circumstance attending my return to England, that you and she will have leisure to give more of your company to your friends; and I shall always be proud to be ranked in the number.

"The lowness of stocks surely proceeds not from any apprehension of war: never was a general peace established in Europe with more likelihood of its continuance; but I fancy your stocks are become at last

too weighty, to the conviction of all the world. What must happen, if we go on at the same rate during another war? I am, with great sincerity, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant." [1]

The course of correspondence with Elliot, which commences with the next following letter, relates, in a great measure, to the disposal of his two sons at Paris, and to their future training and education.[2] There could be no better evidence of the reliance placed in Hume's honourable principles and knowledge of the world, by those friends who were sufficiently intimate with him, fully to appreciate his character; while his whole conduct in the transaction shows kindness of heart, with a warm attachment to friends, and an earnest disposition to serve them.

GILBERT ELLIOT *of Minto to* HUME.

MY DEAR SIR,—My departure from Paris was so very sudden, that I was obliged to leave many of my little schemes uncompleted; and, what was still more mortifying, to see the progress of all my growing attachments cruelly interrupted. I reached this place just in time, though not a little retarded by the Russian chancellor and his forty horses. Had I but foreseen this obstruction, I might as well have set out on Wednesday morning at two o'clock; and in that case,

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] The elder of the youths here mentioned, who became afterwards an eminent statesman, was born in 1751. He was for some time attached to the Fox party, and after the dissolution of the Fox and North coalition ministry, he was twice unsuccessfully proposed as Speaker. In 1793, he was selected for the delicate duty of negotiating with the French Royalists. During the British sovereignty of Corsica, in 1794, he was appointed viceroy or governor of the island. But the most brilliant and the best known chapter in his political career, is his policy as Governor-general of India, from 1807 to 1814. He was created Baron Minto in 1797, and Earl of Minto in 1813. He died in 1814.

my dear philosopher, what a delicious evening should I have passed in your company.

Upon full deliberation I am determined to send you my boys, if a tolerable place can be found for their reception. I did not much like that talking professor, who undertakes so largely: if nothing better can be done, pray take the trouble to renew my negotiation with Madame Anson. Her house, though not just what I could wish, is, however, not much amiss. I must not lose this occasion of sending my children to France. I shall never find any other so favourable. It will be no small consolation to their mother, from whom they are now to be separated for the first time, to know that we are not without a friend in Paris, who will sometimes have an eye to their conduct. If I am not too partial, I think you will find in their character much native simplicity, and perhaps some little elevation of mind. Send them back to me, my dear sir, with the same qualities, tempered, if you will, but not impaired by the acquisition of some few of those graces which spread such an inexpressible charm through those societies where even you are not ashamed to pass so many precious hours.

If you should find no leisure to give them a moment's instruction, tell them at least to look up to the conduct and character of a young friend of ours at Paris.[1] There they will find a model, which, without hoping to equal, it will, however, become them to copy. But, after all, what am I about? At Paris, to have children at all, is *de plus mauvais ton de monde*, and I forgot to inform myself, when one happens to have them, whether it be *permitted* to take any thought about them. I am impatient to hear from you at London. I shall not be long there. I desire you would take this important business into your hands and settle it for me entirely. I will send them over the moment you desire me, and consigned to whom you direct,—the sooner the better: you will settle all other particulars as you find proper. Before I conclude, allow me in friendship also to tell you, I think I see you at present upon the very brink of

[1] Probably either the young Comte de Boufflers, the son of the lady who was Hume's correspondent, or Sir James Macdonald.

a precipice. One cannot too much clear their mind of all little prejudices, but partiality to one's country is not a prejudice. Love the French as much as you will. Many of the individuals are surely the proper objects of affection; but, above all, continue still an Englishman. You know, better than any body, that the active powers of our mind are much too limited to be usefully employed in any pursuit more general than the service of that portion of mankind which we call our country. General benevolence and private friendship will attend a generous mind and a feeling heart, into every country; but political attachment confines itself to one.

> Mon *fils*, sur les humains que ton ame attendrie,
> Habite l'univers, mais aime sa patrie.

I have not now leisure to trouble you with the few observations my too short stay at Paris had but imperfectly furnished me with. Irreconcileable to the principles of their government, I am delighted with the amenity and gentleness of their manners. I was even pleased to find that the severity and rigour of our English climate had not rendered me altogether insensible to the kind impressions of a milder sky. May I trouble you with my most cordial and sincere respects to Lord and Lady Hertford. Some French names, too, I could mention, but I am not vain enough to imagine that I can, upon so short an acquaintance, have a place in their remembrance. Believe me, very dear sir, yours very sincerely, and most affectionately,

GILBERT ELLIOT.[1]

(I set out this moment.)

Brussels, 15th September, 1764.

HUME *to* GILBERT ELLIOT *of Minto.*

"*Paris, 22d Sept.* 1764.

"As soon as I received yours from Brussels, I set on foot my inquiries. I spoke to Abbé Hooke, to Père Gordon, to Clairaut, to Madame de Pri, and to others,

[1] MS. R.S.E.

with a view of finding some proper settlement for your young gentlemen. Every body told me, as *they* did, of the difficulty of succeeding in my scheme; and nothing yet has been offered me, that I would advise you to accept of. I went to Madame Anson's, and found that family a very decent, sensible kind of people. I came in upon them about seven o'clock, and found a company of eight or nine persons assembled, whose aspects pleased me very much. The only objection that occurred to me with regard to this family, is the quarter of the town, which is not only so unfashionable, that my coachman was astonished when I ordered him to drive thither, but, what is worse, it is far from all walks and places of exercise. However, it is near the university; and, consequently, it is in that quarter where all the youth of France are educated. If nothing better present itself, I shall conclude a bargain with this family for a thousand crowns a-year, without firing or washing, according to the terms proposed to you, which they said they could not depart from. The misfortune is, that I must go to Fontainbleau in about a fortnight, and, consequently, am straitened in my time of inquiry; but, in all cases, I shall certainly conclude with somebody before my departure. We stay six weeks at Fontainbleau, during which time, if you send your sons to Paris, I shall take a journey thither to receive them. In all cases, they must come immediately to the Hotel de Brancas, where they will not want friends.

"I do not like the talking man more than you do; and a flattering letter I have since received from him, does not augment my good opinion. I went to Monsieur Bastide, he who proposed the scheme for ten thousand livres a-year. He seems to be a genteel, well-bred man; lives in a very good house in an excel-

lent quarter of the town; is well spoke of by D'Alembert and others; and has with him two very agreeable boys, Russian princes, who speak French very well. I should have given him the preference, had it not been the price. He asks ten thousand livres a-year for your two sons and their governor, without supplying them either with clothes or masters. You know his ten thousand a-piece included all expenses. If you can resolve to go so far in point of expense, it is the best place that occurs, or is likely to occur.

"Since I wrote the above, I went to see Mademoiselle L'Espinasse, D'Alembert's mistress, who is really one of the most sensible women in Paris. She told me that there could not be a worthier, honester, better man, than Bastide. I told her that I had entertained the same opinion, but was afraid his head-piece was none of the best. She owned that he did not excel on that side; and a proof of it was, that he had wrote several books, all of which were below middling. On my return home, I found the enclosed letter from him.[1] I have promised him an answer by the return of the post from England. On the whole, the chief advantage, as it appears to me, which his house will have above Anson's, consists in the air and situation. It lies on the skirts of the town, in an open street near the rampart; but five thousand livres a-year is paying too dear for the advantage.

"I cannot imagine what you mean by saying I am on a precipice. I shall foretell to you the result of my present situation almost with as great certainty as it is possible to employ with regard to any future event. As soon as Lord Hertford's embassy ends, which

[1] Among Hume's papers there is a letter signed "De Bastide, auteur d'un Maison d'Éducation," thanking him for the favourable disposition shown towards him, and desiring an interview.

probably may not continue long, some zealot, whom I never saw, and never could offend, finding me without protection, will instanter fly, with alacrity, to strike off that pension which the king and the ministry, before I would consent to accept of my present situation, promised should be for life. I shall be obliged to leave Paris, which I confess I shall turn my back to with regret. I shall go to Thoulouse or Montauban, or some provincial town in the south of France, where I shall spend, contented, the rest of my life, with more money, under a finer sky, and in better company than I was born to enjoy.

"From what human motive or consideration can I prefer living in England than in foreign countries? I believe, taking the continent of Europe, from Petersburg to Lisbon, and from Bergen to Naples, there is not one who ever heard of my name, who has not heard of it with advantage, both in point of morals and genius. I do not believe there is one Englishman in fifty, who, if he heard I had broke my neck to-night, would be sorry. Some, because I am not a Whig; some because I am not a Christian; and all because I am a Scotsman. Can you seriously talk of my continuing an Englishman? Am I, or are you, an Englishman? Do they not treat with derision our pretensions to that name, and with hatred our just pretensions to surpass and govern them? I am a citizen of the world; but if I were to adopt any country, it would be that in which I live at present, and from which I am determined never to depart, unless a war drives me into Switzerland or Italy.

"I must now inform you what passed with regard to my affair at L'ile-Adam.[1] My friend showed me a

[1] In allusion to the interest taken by the Comtesse de Boufflers in his being appointed secretary of legation. See *postea*.

letter, which she had lately received from Lord Tavistock, by which it appears he had fallen into great friendship, and bore a great regard to Lady Sarah Bunbury. I instantly forbade her to write to England a line about my affair. I bear too great a respect to her, to expose her to ask a favour, where there was so little probability of success: thus have vanished my best hopes of obtaining justice in this point. Here is surely no new ground of attachment to England.[1]

[1] Minto MSS. The tone of this letter extracted the following criticism from Elliot.

"So you did not permit your friend to write the long intended letter. Your reason for this, I must own, is not to me a satisfactory one. If the secretaryship were now actually vacant, it would of course devolve upon you; nor would the interposition of your friends be necessary. It is Mr. Bunbury's provision then, and not yours, which constitutes the difficulty: he happens to be in possession; his alliance and his connexions are considerable; and the difficulty of his re-election makes it less easy than it would otherwise be to find an equivalent for him. Yet if it could be found, it is impossible to conceive that he would not willingly exchange a situation, the functions of which are performed by another, and which he holds contrary to the inclination of his principal. In such a state of things, I cannot help thinking, that a lively representation of your case, from the warm and persuasive pen of your friend, is the most likely circumstance to engage the active genius of the D. of B. to rouse government from their indolence about finding or creating some proper arrangement for Mr. Bunbury. Lord Holland will probably join his influence, and Lord Tavistock, even on his new friend's account, will most certainly concur. This joint operation, supported by the justice of your claims, and the application of your friends, seems to me the most infallible method to surmount the real difficulty, which you have candour enough to admit stands in the way of administration, though disposed to do you justice. If to all this you object certain delicacies in your own mind, and a disdain to solicit what ought to be bestowed, I can only answer, a British minister is at all times so much the slave of those who are not his friends, that his best friends are almost always obliged to extort justice to themselves by methods often hostile, always indo-

HUME *to* GILBERT ELLIOT *of Minto.*

"*Hotel de Brancas, 30th Sept.* 1764.

"After acknowledging that I received both your letters, that from Brussels, and that from Calais, I should be ashamed to appear before you with so late a letter. This day fortnight, Lord March and Selwin appointed to go off. I sent March a very long letter for you, and enjoined him, as he lived next door to you, to deliver it the moment he arrived; and having thus done my duty, I went very contentedly to L'ile-Adam, where I remained for four days. On my return to Paris, I was much surprised to hear that March, after his post-chaise was yoked, had

licate. I write to you popularly, not as a philosopher. I desire, therefore, that your objections to my doctrine may be in the same tone; and, after all, why should you, like the plaintive author of 'Emile,' indulge yourself in a pleasing kind of indignation, as if your countrymen had some unaccountable satisfaction in mortifying a man, who feels so very different treatment even from strangers. Notwithstanding all you say, we are both Englishmen; that is, true British subjects, entitled to every emolument and advantage that our happy constitution can bestow. Do not you speak and write and publish what you please? and though attacking favourite and popular opinions, are you not in the confidential friendship of Lord Hertford, and intrusted with the most important national concerns? Am not I, a member of Parliament, as much at liberty to abuse ministers and administration, as if I had been born in Wapping, or to support them if I think proper? Had it not been for the clamour of *a Scott*, perhaps indeed I might have been in some more active, but not more honourable or lucrative situation. This clamour we all know is merely artificial and occasional. It will in time give way to some other, equally absurd and ill-founded, when you, if you will, may become a bishop, and I a minister. In the mean time, let us make the best of our present circumstances; I as treasurer of the chamber, you as the idol of whatever is fair and learned at Paris. About the beginning of December I will be at London, ready to assist your operations if you will follow my advice. Yours," &c. MS. R.S.E.

changed his mind, and was still in Paris. When I appeared alarmed at this intelligence, I was told that he had sent off an express to London with letters, which composed my mind. Next day I saw him, and he fairly confessed, that from forgetfulness, he had not sent off my letter. I begged him to send it to me; he promised it, delayed it, promised again, and at last owns that he has lost it; which gives me great vexation, both on your account, and my own, for I spoke to you with great freedom, and am infinitely uneasy lest my letter should fall into bad hands.[1] When I rail at March, I get no other reply than, 'God damn you! if your letter was of consequence, why the devil did you trust it to such a foolish fellow as me?' I am therefore obliged, in a great hurry, to give you some imperfect account of what I have done. I went to Ansons', who seem a discreet, sober set of people. I came in upon a mixed company, whose looks pleased me: the only objection is the quarter of the town, which is straitened; but it is near the University, and consequently where all the youth of France are educated. I do not like the talking man more than you; and a very flattering letter he wrote me, helped further to disgust me. La Bastide, the 10,000 livres man, I went to see: he seems an agreeable man, and is well spoke of; he lives in an agreeable house, and in a good air, and has two young Russian princes with him, who speak very good French; he offers to take your two boys and preceptor for 8000 livres on the whole, but without paying either clothes or master. I suppose you would not choose to pay 5000 livres a-year, merely for the advantage of better air. I have heard a very good character of one Eriot, professor of rhetoric in the Collège de Beauvais, who offers to take

[1] It will be seen that the letter had arrived safely.

them: they would live in the house with him alone; but he proposes that they should go to all the classes of the university, where they would make acquaintance with French boys, and nobody would ever ask questions about their religion: But as I heard you declare against their going to the university, (which yet I should highly approve of,) I cannot make any bargain with Eriot. The misfortune is, I go to Fontainbleau to-morrow se'ennight, and must conclude a bargain without hearing from you, by this fine trick Lord March has played me. It is probable, therefore, it will be with Anson, because you yourself did not disapprove of that plan; and I should be afraid to depart from it considerably, without your authority. If you give me information in time, I shall come from Fontainbleau to settle your boys. In any case make them come immediately to the Hotel de Brancas, where they will not want friends if any of the family be in town.

"Since I wrote the above, one of my numerous scouts came to me, and told me, that within gunshot of the Hotel de Brancas, there was to be found all I could wish, and more than I could have imagined. It is called La Pension Militaire. I immediately went to see it. I found there an excellent airy house, with an open garden belonging to it. It is the best house but one in Paris; has a prospect and access into the large open space of the Invalids, and from thence into the fields. The number of boys is limited to thirty-five, whom I saw in the court, in a blue uniform with a narrow silver lace. They left off their play, and made me a bow with the best grace in the world, as I passed. I was carried to their master the Abbé Choquart, who appeared to me a sensible, sedate, judicious man, agreeable to the character I had

received of him. He carried me through the boys' apartments, which were cleanly, light, spacious, and each lay in a small bed apart. I saw a large collection of instruments for experimental philosophy. I saw an ingenious machine for teaching chronology. There were plans of fortification. While I was considering these, I heard a drum beat in the court. It was the hour for assembling the boys for their military exercises. I went down. They had now all got on their belts, and had their muskets in their hands. They went through all the Prussian exercises with the best air and greatest regularity imaginable. Almost all were about your son's age, a year or two more or less. They are the youth of the best quality in France; their air and manners seemed to bespeak it. The master asked only about thirteen hundred livres a-year for each of your boys, five hundred for the preceptor. He supplies them with all masters, except those of dancing, music, and designing; for these they have masters that come in, who take only eight livres a-month, though they require from others three louis-d'ors. There is a riding master belonging to the house. Your sons need never go to mass unless they please, and nobody shall ever talk to them about religion; the master only requires, that you should write him a letter, which he will read to every body, by which you desire . . . .[1]

The following short letter was addressed to Mr. Elliot on the same day with the preceding one, for the reason which the letter itself states. The anxious care with which Hume endeavoured not only to be punctual and exact himself in the performance of the business he had undertaken, but to remedy the con-

[1] Minto MS. The remainder of the letter is wanting.

sequences of the absence of these qualities in others, may afford a useful reproof to those who demean themselves as above the exercise of these homely virtues; and shows that the practice of them has been, in one instance at least, considered not incompatible with the design and achievement of intellectual greatness.

HUME *to* GILBERT ELLIOT *of Minto.*

"*Hotel de Brancas, 30th September*, 1764.

"I have wrote you a long letter to London, a short one to Harrowgate, and now I write to you to Minto. Not to lose time, you must have a little implicit faith; without making further questions, give instantly orders that your sons be sent to me, and that they come instantly to the Hotel de Brancas. Within less than a gunshot of this, I have found a place which has all advantages beyond what your imagination could suggest; it is almost directly opposite to my friend the Marechale de Mirepoix's, by whose advice I act. I tell you this, lest your opinion of my discretion be not the highest in the world. There are there about thirty boys of the best families in France. The house is spacious, airy, clean, has a garden, opens into the fields; the board costs only thirteen hundred livres a-year for each boy, five hundred for the tutor; the boys have almost all masters for this sum. I have concluded the bargain for a quarter; the payment runs on from the first of October, because the course of studies begins then; there will be no question about religion or the mass. I have been more particular in my letter to London. Nothing was ever so fortunate for your purpose."

. . "*Hotel de Brancas, 9th October*, 1764.

"I go to Fontainbleau to-day; my Lady and

Lord Beauchamp go also. Mr. Trail, the chaplain, and Mr. Larpent, my lord's secretary, follow in a few days. All these arrangements are unexpected; but the consequence is, that there will be nobody in the Hotel de Brancas for some weeks; but this need not retard a moment your sending the young gentlemen. I have spoke to the master of the academy, who says that the moment they arrive they shall be settled as well as if all their kindred were there. I have sent the enclosed letter to him, which the gentleman who attends them may deliver immediately on his arrival in Paris. Vive valeque."[1]

In 1764, the Comte de Boufflers died, and his widow expected to be made Princess of Conti. Hume seems to have seen from the first that this expectation was likely to lead to manifold mortifications, and that it

[1] Minto MSS. On 19th October, Mr. Elliot writes,—

"I am too well acquainted with your friendly disposition to be at all surprised at the trouble you have so successfully taken about my boys. You will, however, allow me to admire your punctuality in sending me three letters all differently addressed. The short one for this place is the only one come to hand. I am impatient, on every account but what regards the establishment of the boys, for the long one sent to London. I act with implicit faith upon your short mandate; and if I could have entertained any doubt, the name of Madame Mirepoix, you very well know, was more than sufficient to remove it."

On 6th November, he is able to say,—

"I have at length received all your letters; the one intrusted to Lord March, the other wrote on the supposition of its being lost, and a third dated October 9th. They all came on the same day, and so late as the 24th of October. The two boys and their tutor, Mr. Liston, are now, I presume, settled at Paris. They had a letter for you. I had luckily directed them, if they found nobody at the Hotel de Brancas, to inquire for a Pension opposite to the Maréchale de Mirepoix." (MS.R.S.E.)

was the duty of a true friend to prepare her mind for disappointment. In this spirit he wrote her the following long and carefully considered letters, in answer to some communications from her, full of hopes and fears, and all a Frenchwoman's nervous agitations.

HUME *to the* COMTESSE DE BOUFFLERS.

Wednesday, 28th of November, 1764.

You may believe that, ever since my return to Paris, I have kept my eyes and ears open with regard to every thing that concerns your affair. I find it is the general opinion of all those who think themselves the best informed, that a resolution is taken in your favour; and that the resolution will probably have place. But you do not expect surely, that so great an event will pass without censure. It would ill become my friendship to flatter you on this head. The envy and jealousy of the world would alone account for a repugnance in many. Nobody has been more generally known than you; both of late and in your early youth. Will so numerous an acquaintance be pleased to see you pass, from being their equal, to be so much their superior? Will they bear your uniting the decisive elevation of rank to the elevation of genius, which they feel, and which they would in vain contest? Be assured, that she is really and sincerely your friend, who can willingly yield you so great advantages.

But though I hear some murmurs of this kind, I have likewise the consolation to meet with several who entertain opposite sentiments. I was told of a man of superior sense, nowise connected with you, who maintained in a public company, that, if the report was true, nothing could give him a higher idea of the laudable and noble principles of your friend. The execution of his purpose, he said, could not only be justified, but seemed a justice due to you. The capital point is to interpose as few delays as possible. Time must create obstacles, and can remove none. While the matter seems in suspense, many will declare themselves with violence against you, and will render themselves irreconcilable enemies by such declarations. They might be the

first to pay court to you, had no leisure been allowed them to display their envy and malignity.

On the whole, I am fully persuaded, from what I hear and see, that the matter will end as we wish. But in all cases, I foresee, that, let the event be what it will, you will reap from it much honour and much vexation. Alas! dear madam, the former is never a compensation for the latter: especially to you, whose delicate frame, already shaken by an incident of much less importance surely, is ill calculated to bear such violent agitations. Pardon these sentiments if you think them mean. They are dictated by my friendship for you. I am indeed so mean as to wish you alive and healthy and gay in any fortune. A fine consolation for us truly, to see the epithet of princess inscribed on your grave, while we reflect that it contains what was the most amiable in the world? I propose to pay my respects to you the beginning of next week.

10th December, 1764.

It is needless to inform you, how much you employed my thoughts in this great crisis of your fortune, of your health, of your life itself. You could perceive, by undoubted signs, that I partook sincerely of the violent anxieties, by which I found you agitated; and that, after having endeavoured in vain to appease the tumult of your passions, I was at last necessitated myself to take part in your distress. My sympathy is not abated by absence. I find myself incapable almost of other occupation or amusement.

You still recur to my memory. The chief relief I have is in writing to you, and throwing together some thoughts, which occur to me, on your subject.

They are mostly the same which occurred in conversation, and which I have already suggested to you. They will acquire no additional authority at present in writing, except by convincing you that they are the result of my most mature reflections.

Of all your friends, I, as a foreigner, am perhaps the least capable of giving you advice on so delicate a subject: I only challenge the preference, in the warmth of my affection and esteem towards you; and I am, as a foreigner, the farther removed from all suspicion of separate interests and regards.

I cannot too often repeat, what I inculcated on you with great earnestness, that, even if your friend should fix his resolution on the side least favourable to you, you ought to receive his determination without the least resentment. You know that princes, more than other men, are born slaves to prejudices, and that this tax is imposed on them, as a species of retaliation by the public. This prince in particular is in every view so eminent, that he owes some account of his conduct to Europe in general, to France, and to his family, the most illustrious in the world. It is expected, that men, in his station, shall not be actuated by private regards. It is expected, that with them friendship, affection, sympathy, shall be absorbed in ambition, and in the desire of supporting their rank in the world; and, if they fail in this duty, they will meet with blame from a great part of the public. Can you be surprised, that a person covetous of honour, should be moved by these considerations? If he neglected them, would not your grateful heart suggest to you, that he had taken an extraordinary step in your favour? And can you, with any grace, complain, that an extraordinary event has not happened, merely because you wished for it, and found it desirable?

I am fully sensible, madam, of the force of those arguments which you urged, not to justify your resentment, [from] which you declared you would ever be exempted, but to maintain the reasonableness of your expectations. I am fully sensible of the regard, the sacred regard, due to a long and sincere attachment, which, passing from love to friendship, lost nothing of its warmth, and acquired only the additional merit of reason and constancy. This regard, I own, is really honourable and virtuous; and may safely be opposed to the maxims of an imaginary honour, which, depending upon modes and prejudices, will always be regarded, by great minds, as a secondary consideration. I shall add, what your modesty would not allow you to surmise, or even, perhaps, to think, that an extraordinary step, taken in favour of extraordinary merit, will always justify itself; and will appear but an ordinary tribute. Allow me to do you this justice in your present melancholy situation. I know I am exempt from flattery: I believe I am exempt from partiality.

The zeal and fervour which move me, are the effects, not the causes of my judgment.

But, my dear friend, the consideration, which is the most interesting, the most affecting, the most alarming, is the immediate danger of your health and life, from the violent situation into which fortune has now thrown you. You continued long to live, with tolerable tranquillity, though exposed to many vexations, in a state little befitting your worth and merit; and you still comforted yourself by reflecting that you could not change it, without withdrawing from a frendship dearer to you than life itself. You still could flatter yourself, that the person, for whose sake you made this sacrifice, if he had it in his power, would, at any price, repair your honour, and fortify his connexions with you. The unexpected death of M. de Boufflers has put an end to these illusions. It has at once brought you within reach of honour and felicity: and has thrown a poison on your former state, by rendering it still less honourable than before.

You cannot say, madam, that I do not feel, and with the most pungent sensation, the cruelty of your situation. I am sensible too, that time will scarcely bring any remedy to this evil.

The loss of a friend, of a dignity, of fortune, admits of consolation, if not from reason, at least from oblivion; and these sorrows are not eternal. But while you maintain your present connexions, your hopes, still kept alive, will still enliven your natural desire of that state to which you aspire, and your disgust towards that state in which you will find yourself. I foresee that your lively passions, continually agitated, will tear in pieces your tender frame: melancholy and a broken constitution may then prove your lot, and the remedy which could now preserve your health and peace of mind, may come too late to restore them.

What advice, then, can I give you, in a situation so interesting? The measure which I recommend to you requires courage, but I dread that nothing else will be able to prevent the consequences, so justly apprehended. It is, in a word, that after employing every gentle art to prevent a rupture,

you should gradually diminish your connexion with the Prince, should be less assiduous in your visits, should make fewer and shorter journeys to his country seats, and should betake yourself to a private, and sociable, and independent life at Paris. By this change in your plan of living, you cut off at once the expectations of that dignity to which you aspire; you are no longer agitated with hopes and fears; your temper insensibly recovers its former tone; your health returns; your relish for a simple and private life gains ground every day, and you become sensible, at last, that you have made a good exchange of tranquillity for grandeur. Even the dignity of your character, in the eyes of the world, recovers its lustre, while men see the just price you set upon your liberty; and that, however the passions of youth may have seduced you, you will not now sacrifice all your time, where you are not deemed worthy of every honour.

And why should you think with reluctance on a private life at Paris? It is the situation for which I thought you best fitted, ever since I had the happiness of your acquaintance. The inexpressible and delicate graces of your character and conversation, like the soft notes of a lute, are lost amid the tumult of company, in which I commonly saw you engaged. A more select society would know to set a juster value upon your merit. Men of sense, and taste, and letters, would accustom themselves to frequent your house. Every elegant society would court your company. And though all great alterations in the habits of living may, at first, appear disagreeable, the mind is soon reconciled to its new situation, especially if more congenial and natural to it. I should not dare to mention my own resolutions on this occasion, if I did not flatter myself that your friendship gives them some small importance in your eyes. Being a foreigner, I dare less answer for my plans of life, which may lead me far from this country; but if I could dispose of my fate, nothing could be so much my choice as to live where I might cultivate your friendship. Your taste for travelling might also afford you a plausible pretence for putting this plan in execution: a journey to Italy would loosen your connexions here; and, if it were delayed some time, I could, with some

probability, expect to have the felicity of attending you thither.[1]

Hume had the happiness of Madame de Boufflers sincerely at heart; and we find him, on 24th June, 1765, thus writing to his brother:—

"I had great hopes, all the winter, of seeing the Countess in a station suitable to her merit, and of paying my respects to her as part of the royal family. Several accidents have disappointed us; and the various turns of this affair have more agitated me than almost any event in which I was ever engaged."

The following correspondence exhibits a feature in Hume's character, which to many readers will be new, and perhaps unpleasing. It shows that he was by no means exempt from the passion of anger, and that when under its influence he was liable to be harsh and unreasonable. The general notion formed of his character is, that he passed through life unmoved and immovable, a placid mass of breathing flesh, on which the ordinary impulses which rouse the human passions into life might expend themselves in vain. We have seen that very early in life he had undertaken the task of bringing his passions and propensities under the yoke, and directing all his physical and mental energies to the accomplishment of his early and never fading vision of literary renown. From many indications which petty incidents in his life afford, it would appear that the ardour of his nature, if thus regulated, was not eradicated; and one cannot, in a general survey of his course and character, reject the conclusion, that his early resolution not to enter the lists as a controversial writer, mentioned in the following letter, was suggested by a profound self-knowledge, and a

[1] Private Correspondence, p. 112, *et seq.*

consciousness of his inability to preserve his temper as a controversialist.

The person against whom all the wrath of the following letter is directed, is the respectable author of the "Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Evidence produced by the Earls Murray and Morton against Mary Queen of Scots." That, assailed as he often was by attacks so much more vehement and unscrupulous, Hume should have taken so deep umbrage at this piece of free historical criticism, is a problem not easily to be explained. It is not a little remarkable that the bitterest remark on any contemporary contained in his published works, is a note to his History, in which he has abbreviated the purport of the letter.[1]

HUME *to* LORD ELIBANK.[2]

"MY LORD, — As I am told that Dr. Robertson has wrote a few remarks, which he communicated to your lordship, as our common answer about the affair

[1] "But there is a person that has written an "Inquiry, historical and critical, into the evidence against Mary Queen of Scots;" and has attempted to refute the foregoing narrative. He quotes a single passage of the narrative, in which Mary is said simply to refuse answering; and then a single passage from Goodall, in which she boasts simply that she will answer; and he very civilly and almost directly, calls the author a liar, on account of this pretended contradiction. The whole inquiry, from beginning to end, is composed of such scandalous artifices; and, from this instance, the reader may judge of the candour, fair dealing, veracity, and good manners of the inquirer. There are, indeed, three events in our history which may be regarded as the touchstone of party men. An English Whig, who asserts the reality of the Popish plot; an Irish Catholic, who denies the massacre in 1641: and a Scotch Jacobite, who maintains the innocence of Queen Mary, must be considered as men beyond the reach of argument or reason, and must be left to their prejudices."

[2] There is no address on the MS., but circumstances show the letter to have been intended for Lord Elibank.

of Queen Mary, and has endeavoured to show you that it was contempt and not inability, which kept him from making a public reply; I thought it would not be amiss for me to imitate his example; and I did not indeed know a properer person, nor a more equal judge than your lordship, to whom I could submit the cause. For if, on the one hand, your lordship's regard to the memory of that princess might give you a bias to that side, I know, that the ancient and constant friendship, with which your lordship has always honoured me, both in public and private, would give you a strong bias on my side; and there was a good chance for your remaining neutral and impartial between these motives.

"I shall confine my apology to the account which I have given of the conference at Hampton court, as this is indeed the chief point, in which the answerer has thought proper to find fault with me.

"There are several places, in which I mention Mary's refusal to give any reply to Murray's charge, and have commonly said, that she annexed as a condition, her being admitted to Queen Elizabeth's presence; as in page 496, line 20; page 501, line 12, line 21.[1] I have not said that this condition was an unreasonable one, (the words which the answerer puts in my mouth,) but only that it was such a one as she did not expect to be granted; and that because Queen Elizabeth had formerly refused it, before any positive proofs of Mary's guilt were produced, merely from the general rumour and opinion, which were unfavourable to her. Having thus clearly expressed myself on this head, when I have occasion afterwards, in the course of the narration, to mention the matter, I say once or

[1] These references are to the first edition of the "History of the House of Tudor."

twice simply, that Mary refused to give any answer, without expressing the condition annexed by her. My reasons were, that the position was sufficiently qualified by the preceding narration; and because a refusal, grounded on a condition which the person does not expect to be gratified, and which is accordingly denied, is certainly equivalent to a simple and absolute refusal.

"That your lordship may judge of the unfairness of the answerer, he picks out this simple and unqualified expression of mine, and omits the others, which explain it to the readers of the meanest capacity; and he opposes it by a passage cited with equal unfairness from Mr. Goodall's appendix. He quotes a long passage from Goodall, p. 308, in which Queen Mary demands copies of her letters, and offers positively to give an answer without mentioning any conditions; and this detached passage he opposes to the detached passage from me, in which I assert that she absolutely refused to answer. He desires that this express contradiction between my narration and the records may be remarked. But, in the first place, the condition of being admitted to Queen Elizabeth, though not mentioned in that paper, is not relinquished, and it is even clearly implied; because Mary there refers to a former letter, which we find in Goodall, p. 283, line 2, from the bottom, page 289, line 13, and where it is positively insisted on. Secondly, we have in Goodall, page 184, Queen Mary's commission to break up the conference, if that condition be not granted. Thirdly, Queen Elizabeth understands her meaning very well, as indeed it was very plain, and offers to her copies of the letters, if she will promise to answer without any condition; see Goodall, page 311, line 3, and this offer is not accepted of. Fourthly, in the very last

paper of all, which closes the whole, the Bishop of Ross still insists on that condition; Goodall, page 390 about the middle.

"You see, therefore, my lord, the double trick practised. A mangled passage of my History is confronted with a mangled passage of Mr. Goodall's papers, and by this gross fraud a contradiction is pretended to be found between them. A single forgery would not do the business.

"I believe it will divert your lordship to observe, that when the answerer is employing these base artifices, this is the very moment he chooses to call me liar and rascal. But that trick is so frequently practised by thieves, pick-pockets, and controversial writers, (gentlemen whose morality are pretty much upon a footing,) that all the world has ceased to wonder, and wise men are tired of complaining of it.

"I do not find that even this gentleman has ventured to assert, that Queen Mary offered to answer Murray's accusation, though she should be refused access to Queen Elizabeth. Where then is the difference between us? He asserts, that she offered to answer, if admitted to that queen. I say that she refused to answer unless she was admitted, which are positive and negative propositions of the same import.

"For a proof that Queen Mary's commission was finally revoked, I beg your lordship to consult Goodall, p. 184, 311, 387, where it is plainly asserted. The last quotation is from the concluding paper of the whole collection.

"I hope your lordship, as my friend, will congratulate me on the resolution I took in the beginning of my life, that is, of my literary life, never to reply to any body. Otherwise this gentleman, I mean this author, might have insulted me on my silence. I am

sure your lordship would have disowned me for ever as a friend, if I had entered the lists with such an antagonist. Mr. Goodall is no very calm or indifferent advocate in this cause; yet he disowns him as an associate, and confesses to me and all the world, that I am here right in my facts, and am only wrong in my inferences.

"There appear to me two infallible marks of our opposite parties, and as we may say proof charges, which, if a man can stand, there is no fear that any charge will ever burst him. A Whig who believes the popish plot, and a Tory who asserts Queen Mary's innocence, are certainly fitted to go all lengths with their party. I am happy to think that such people are both equally my enemies; and still more happy, that I have no animosity at either.

"It is an old proverb, *Love me, love my dog;* but certainly it admits of many exceptions. I am sure, at least, that I have a great respect for your lordship, yet have none at all for this dog of yours. On the contrary, I declare him to be a very mangy cur; entreat your lordship to rid your hands of him as soon as possible, and think a sound beating, or even a rope too good for him."[1]

Lord Elibank's answer does not appear to have been preserved. It can scarcely be supposed that the foregoing letter, or any one written in a like spirit, is the communication which Hume characterizes in the following letter as written "in a spirit of cordiality and amity," and containing "every pathetic, every engaging sentiment and expression;"

[1] Scroll MS. R.S.E. A faint line is drawn through the concluding paragraph, and the passage may have been omitted in the letter as transmitted.

yet we afterwards find Lord Elibank sarcastically alluding to his having been so stupid as to mistake the spirit thus described, for one of a totally opposite tendency.

HUME *to* LORD ELIBANK.

"*Fontainbleau, 3d Nov.* 1764.

"MY LORD, — In reply to the letter with which your lordship has honoured me, I shall endeavour to be as clear and as concise as possible. Your lordship should never have heard of the short and slight disgust between your brother and me, had he not told Sir James Macdonald that you was in such a passion against me, on account of my conduct towards him, that you intended instantly to compose a pamphlet against me, on the subject of Queen Mary, and to publish it as a full revenge upon me. You see that he insinuates the same thing in his letter, and he says that you was *formerly my friend*. But the whole story, I have now reason to see, was without foundation, both from the tenor of your lordship's present letter, and from a letter of yours delivered to me by Mons. Calvet, and which is wrote in the usual friendly strain that had so long subsisted between us. But not doubting at that time of Mr. Murray's story, I dreaded the consequence of a pamphlet composed and published by one of your lordship's temper in a fit of rage, on a subject where you are naturally heated. I knew that it would be full of expressions of the utmost acrimony, which you yourself could not forgive, even were I disposed to do so; and I may now add, that this last letter proves you to be an excellent proficient in that style. I wrote my letter in a spirit of cordiality and amity, that I might prevent a rupture most disagreeable to me. I have no objec-

tion to the publishing any thing in opposition to my opinions. On the contrary, there is nothing I desire more than these discussions. I was far from threatening your lordship with the loss of my friendship, which I was sensible could never be of any consequence to you: I only foretold with infinite regret, that if you wrote against me in a heat, without allowing your temper to compose itself, it would be impossible for us to be any longer friends. I employed every pathetic, every engaging sentiment and expression to induce your lordship to embrace this way of thinking. I shall venture to say, that you have never in your life received a more friendly and more obliging letter. I leave your lordship to judge of the return it has met with.

"I composed my letter with great care, because I set a value on your lordship's friendship. I was so much satisfied with it myself, that I read it to a friend, who told me, that it would be impossible for your lordship to resist so many mollifying expressions, and that they would certainly bring you back to our usual state of friendship. Under what power of fascination have your eyes lain, when you could see every thing in a light so directly opposite?

"I come now to the other ground of your complaint, my indifference in the case of Mr. Murray. When I arrived in Paris, the first question he asked me was, whether Lord Bute or Mr. Stuart Mackenzie had recommended him to Lord Hertford, that he might be received in the ambassador's house like other British subjects. I asked my lord, who told me that neither of these persons had ever mentioned Mr. Murray to him; he wished they had; he desired to show all manner of civilities to Mr. Murray. But he was afraid, that a person against whom a public

proclamation had been issued, and who had openly lived so many years with the Pretender, could not be received in his house, unless he had previously received some assurances, that the matter would give no offence. I told this to Mr Murray. He was entirely satisfied. He only said that he would write again to Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, who never wrote to Lord Hertford. In this affair, then, Mr. Murray received all the favour which he either desired or expected.

"But perhaps your lordship means, that I ought to have befriended him in his law-suit with Mrs. Blake,—I suppose, by taking his part in company. But who told you that I did not? I have frequently desired people in general to suspend their judgment; for as to any particular justification of him, I was not capable of it, because I was and still am ignorant of all particulars of his story. Whence could I learn them? From himself, or from his antagonist, or from both? I assure your lordship that I was otherwise employed, and more to my satisfaction, than in unravelling an intricate story, which the Parliament of Paris could not clear up in much less than two years, and which, it is pretended, they have not cleared up at last.

"But I need say no more on this head, since your brother a few days after I wrote you sent me a letter, in which he asked pardon for his former letter, acknowledged his error, and desired a return of my friendship. His only ground of quarrel, indeed, was a small negligence in returning his visits: an offence which, operating on a man of his vanity, has engaged him to do all this mischief.

"I have said that your lordship never received a letter more friendly and obliging than my former letter: I hope you will also acknowledge that this

is wrote with sufficient temper and moderation. Adieu.

"I have the honour to be, with the greatest regard and consideration, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, and most humble servant." [1]

LORD ELIBANK *to* HUME.

Balancrief, July 9th, 1765.

DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to understand, by yours of the ———, that I have never been altogether in disgrace with you; I choose rather to pass for dull as mad, and it would have been the highest proof of the latter, if I had taken any thing ill of you, that I had not thought ill meant.

I own the compliment you say you intended me in your former letter, was too refined for my genius. I really mistook it for an intention to break with me; and as there is hardly any thing I set a greater value on than your friendship, and I was not conscious of having ever entertained a single idea inconsistent with it, I could not resign it without pain and resentment. Diffident of myself, I showed your letter to several of our common friends, who all understood it as I did. Had my affection for you been more moderate, my answer to yours would have been cool in proportion. I am still mortified to think you could suspect me of siding with my brother against you. I know the distinction between relationship and friendship. I have ever thought those connexions incompatible; and if I was dull enough to mistake the meaning of your letter, I have not more reason to blush, than you have for suspecting, that any thing my brother could say, was capable of influencing my sincere regard for a friend of thirty years' standing, or that my zeal for the reputation of any prince, dead or alive, could draw any sentiment or expression from me, inconsistent with that admiration of your talents, as an author, and merit as a man, I have constantly felt in myself, and endeavoured to excite in others. I am, dear sir, your sincerely obedient humble servant, ELIBANK.[2]

[1] Scroll, MS. R.S.E.

[2] MS. R.S.E.

In fear lest the two letters to Elliot, printed above,[1] might not have reached their destination, Hume wrote to him again on 17th November, repeating the substance of his engagement with the Abbé Choquart. The remainder of the letter follows:

HUME *to* GILBERT ELLIOT *of Minto.*

"As soon as I came from Fontainbleau, I went to the Pension Militaire, so it is called, where I had first a conversation with the Abbé. I found him exceedingly pleased with your boys: he told me that whenever his two young pupils arrived, he called together all the French gentlemen, who are to the number of thirty or thirty-two, and he made them a harangue; he then said to them, that they were all men of quality, to be educated to the honourable profession of arms; that all their wars would probably be with England; that France and that kingdom, were Rome and Carthage, whose rivality more properly than animosity never allowed long intervals of peace; that the chance of arms might make them prisoners of arms to Messrs Elliot, in which case it would be a happiness to them to meet a private friend in a public enemy; that he knew many instances of people whose lives were saved by such fortunate events, and it therefore became them, from views of prudence, and from the generosity for which the French nation was so renowned, to give the best treatment to the young strangers, whose friendship might probably endure, and be serviceable to them through life: he added, that the effect of this harangue was such, that, as soon as he presented your boys to their companions, they all flew to them and embraced them, and have ever since

[1] See pp. 240, 244.

continued to pay them all courtship and regard, and to show them every mark of preference. Every one is ambitious to acquire the friendship of the two young Englishmen, who have already formed connexions more intimate than ever I observed among his other pupils. '*Ce que j'admire,*' added he, '*dans vos jeunes amis est qu'ils ont non seulement de l'esprit, mais de l'âme. Ils sont véritablement attendris des témoinages d'amitié qu'on leur rend. Ils méritent d'être aimés, parce qu'ils savent aimer.*'

"When I came next to converse with your boys, I found all this representation exactly just: I believe they never passed fourteen days in their life so happily as they did the last. What I find strikes them much is the high titles of their companions: there is not one, says Hugh, that is not a marquis, or count, or chevalier at least. They are indeed all of them of the best families in France, a nephew of M. de Choiseul, two nephews of M. de Beninghen, &c. &c. They are frequently drawn out, and displayed after the Prussian manner. I saw them go through their exercises with the greatest exactness and best air. The Abbé remarked to me, that the marching, and wheeling, and moving under arms, is better than all the dancing schools in the world to give a noble carriage to youth. Gilbert is such a proficient, that the master is thinking already of advancing him to the first rank, if not of making him a corporal: all this is excellent for Hugh, and if Gilbert's head be a little too full with military ideas, this inconvenience will easily be corrected, as far as it ought to be corrected.

"The Abbé tells me, that in the short time they have been with him, their accent is sensibly corrected, and he is persuaded that, in three months' time, it will not be possible to distinguish them from Frenchmen.

They are never to hear mass, but to attend at the ambassador's chapel every Sunday. Such is the general account I have to give you; their preceptor will be more particular, and I shall visit them from time to time." [1]

CHAPTER XIV.

1765—1766. Æt. 54—55.

Hume's Sentiments as to the Popularity of his works — A letter to the Scottish Clergy — Correspondence with Elliot continued — Sir Robert Liston — Mallet — Hume appointed Secretary of Legation — Chargé d'Affaires at Paris — Proposal to appoint him Secretary for Ireland — Reasons of the Failure of the Project — Lord Hertford — Resumption of Communication with Rousseau — Rousseau in Paris — Notices of his History and Character — Hume's solicitude for his welfare — Return to Britain — Disposal of Rousseau — Death of Jardine.

Allusion has occasionally been made to the difficulty of satisfying Hume with any amount of literary success. His correspondence with Millar is a long grumble about the prejudices he has had to encounter, and their influence on the circulation of his works; while the bookseller, by the most glowing pictures of their popularity, is only able to elicit a partial gleam of content. The success of the History made worthy Mr. Millar very anxious that it should be continued, and Hume for a time acquiesced in the proposal. There is a letter from Millar on the 26th October, enlarging on the great and rapid sales: about 2500 complete sets of the quarto edition, and upwards of 3000 of the "History of the Stuarts," had been sold, along with

[1] Minto MSS.

near 2000 of the 8vo. edition. In continuation he says:

The Essays, 8vo, were only published in May; what has been sold of them, of all the different editions, I cannot recollect. I was asked that question at St. James's the other day, when I said, I considered your works as classics, that I never numbered the editions, as I did in books we wished to puff. This I said before many clergy. I am not a little surprised to see one of your excellent understanding and merit so anxious about the sale, when the booksellers entirely concerned never complained, but on the contrary would be ready to give you to your utmost wish any encouragement to proceed in your History; and in truth, considering the number of enemies, some particular Essays have risen from *interest*, bigotry, folly, and knavery, not less than a one hundred thousand, it is rather astonishing your works have sold so much. While *men* are *men* this is to be expected, and you are the last man I should ever thought could paid the least attention to such things.[1]

On this Hume says:

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"*Paris, 14th January*, 1765.

"DEAR SIR, — I am much obliged to you for your last letter, which is very friendly, and I shall not fail to pay the proper attention to it. The truth is, as I intend to continue my History, I could not possibly have taken a more proper step than to pay a visit to this country, and to make acquaintance here; for as France and England are so intermixed in all transactions since the Revolution, the history of one country must throw light upon the other; and I am now in a situation to have access to all the families which have papers relative to public affairs transacted in the end of the last and beginning of this century. The

[1] MS. R.S.E.

reason why I was anxious to know the sale of my History, was, that I might judge whether I could expect equal access and information in England. The rage and prejudice of parties frighten me; and above all, this rage against the Scots, which is so dishonourable, and indeed so infamous to the English nation. We hear that it increases every day without the least appearance of provocation on our part. It has frequently made me resolve never in my life to set foot on English ground. I dread, if I should undertake a more modern history, the impertinence and ill manners to which it would expose me; and I was willing to know from you whether former prejudices had so far subsided as to ensure me of a good reception."[1]

The following very characteristic paper, which appears to have been enclosed to Dr. Blair, needs no introduction.

[1] MS. R.S.E. In answer, Millar tells him that the prejudice is not against the Scots, but against Lord Bute; that matters have now, however, been all put right, for "it is generally believed that Mr. *Grenville* is a good manager of the finances, and in general means well: as a proof of it, our stocks have been creeping up daily, and it is now generally believed that 3 per cent will soon come to par if affairs continue peaceable!" One possessed of better opportunities of judging, and more capable of using them, joins in these anticipations of success with which Grenville's disastrous career as a financier opened. Elliot says, on 25th March, 1765: "To-morrow Mr. Grenville opens the budget, as it is usually called, and I believe our revenue will appear to be on a better footing than is usually believed. I hope we shall have discharged as much debt without breach of faith as you have done in a politer way. Not that I pretend to censure your method. You borrow at a high interest during time of war, and it is understood you are to take your own method in peace. Our mode of proceeding is the very reverse of this. . . . Your negotiation with regard to the French prisoners you must have heard, met all the approbation it so well deserved." (MS. R.S.E.)

"DEAR DOCTOR, — I am in debt to all my friends in letters, and shall ever be so. But what strikes me chiefly with remorse, are my great and enormous debts to the clergy. By this my neglect of my Protestant pastors, you will begin to suspect that I am turning Papist. But to acquit myself at once, allow me to write you a common letter, and to address a few words to every one of you.

DR. ROBERTSON.

"Your History has been very very well translated here, better than mine, as I am told. Its success has given me occasion to promise your acquaintance to several persons of distinction; the Duc de Nivernois, the Marquis de Puysieuls, President Hénault, Baron D'Holbach, &c. I wish you could speak French tolerably; you would find this place agreeable. The Marechal Broglio spoke of you to me with esteem the other day.

DR. CARLYLE.

"I consulted with the Chevalier Macdonald, (who, by the bye, is here in great vogue, not for his gallantries, like some others who shall be nameless, but for his parts and knowledge;) I say I consulted with the Chevalier about writing a common letter to Eglinton in favour of Wilson. He told me it would be quite useless. Eglinton would give that kirk and every thing else to the tenth cousin of the tenth cousin of a voter in the shire of Ayr, rather than to the most intimate friend he has in the world. Je baise les mains de Madame Carlyle avec tout l'empressement possible.

DR. FERGUSON.

"Who, by the bye, I believe is not a doctor, though

highly worthy from his piety and learning to be one; then Mr. Ferguson, I think I have nothing in particular to say to you, except that I am glad of the change of your class, because you desired it, and because it fitted Russell. For otherwise I should have liked better the other science. The news of your great success in teaching has reached me in Paris, and has given me pleasure; but I fear for your health from all these sudden and violent applications. Ah, that you could learn something, dear Ferguson, of the courteous, and caressing, and open manners of this country. I should not then have been to learn for the first time, (as I did lately from General Clark,) that you have not been altogether ungrateful to me, and that you bear me some good will, and that you sometimes regret my absence. Why should your method of living with me have borne so little the appearance of those sentiments?

DR. BLAIR.

"Many people who read English have got your dissertation on Fingal, which they admire extremely: a very good critic told me lately that it was incomparably the best piece of criticism in the English language; a self-evident truth to me. I met also with many admirers of Fingal; but many also doubt of its authenticity. The Chevalier Macdonald is of use to me in supporting the argument, from his personal knowledge of facts. I cannot, however, but allow that the whole is strange, passing strange.

"You seem to wish that I should give you some general accounts of this country. Shall I begin with the points in which it most differs from England, viz., the general regard paid to genius and learning; the universal and professed, though decent, gallantry to

the fair sex; or the almost universal contempt of all religion among both sexes, and among all ranks of men? Or shall I mention the points in which the French begin to concur with the English, — their love of liberty, for instance? Or shall I give you some remarkable anecdotes of the great men who, at present, adorn French literature? Perhaps you would wish me to run over all these topics successively. Alas! there is not one that would not fill several sheets of paper with curious circumstances, and I am the most lazy writer of letters in the world: however, I must say something on these heads; and, first, of the first:—

"There is a very remarkable difference between London and Paris; of which I gave warning to Helvétius, when he went over lately to England, and of which he told me, on his return, he was fully sensible. If a man have the misfortune, in the former place, to attach himself to letters, even if he succeeds, I know not with whom he is to live, nor how he is to pass his time in a suitable society. The little company there that is worth conversing with, are cold and unsociable; or are warmed only by faction and cabal; so that a man who plays no part in public affairs becomes altogether insignificant; and, if he is not rich, he becomes even contemptible. Hence that nation are relapsing fast into the deepest stupidity and ignorance. But, in Paris, a man that distinguishes himself in letters, meets immediately with regard and attention. I found, immediately on my landing here, the effects of this disposition. Lord Beauchamp told me that I must go instantly with him to the Duchess de la Valieres.[1] When I excused

[1] Probably Vallière. The Duc de Vallière was supposed to be the author of some anonymous theatrical pieces.

myself, on account of dress, he told me that he had her orders, though I were in boots. I accordingly went with him in a travelling frock, where I saw a very fine lady reclining on a sofa, who made me speeches and compliments without bounds. The style of panegyric was then taken up by a fat gentleman, whom I cast my eyes upon, and observed him to wear a star of the richest diamonds;—it was the Duke of Orleans. The Duchess told me she was engaged to sup in President Hénault's, but that she would not part with me;—I must go along with her. The good president received me with open arms; and told me, among other fine things, that, a few days before, the Dauphin said to him, &c. &c. &c. Such instances of attention I found very frequent, and even daily. You ask me, if they were not very agreeable? I answer—no; neither in expectation, possession, nor recollection. I left that fireside, where you probably sit at present, with the greatest reluctance. After I came to London, my uneasiness, as I heard more of the prepossessions of the French nation in my favour, increased; and nothing would have given me greater joy than any accident that would have broke off my engagements. When I came to Paris, I repented heartily of having entered, at my years, on such a scene; and, as I found that Lord Hertford had entertained a good opinion and good will for Andrew Stuart, I spoke to Wedderburn, in order to contrive expedients for substituting him in my place. Lord Hertford thought, for some time, that I would lose all patience and would run away from him. But the faculty of speaking French returned gradually to me. I formed many acquaintance and some friendships. All the learned seemed to conspire in showing me instances of regard. The great ladies were not wanting to a man so highly

in fashion: and, having now contracted the circle of my acquaintance, I live tolerably at my ease. I have even thoughts of settling at Paris for the rest of my life; but I am sometimes frightened with the idea that it is not a scene suited to the languor of old age. I then think of retiring to a provincial town, or returning to Edinburgh, or —— but it is not worth while to form projects about the matter. D'Alembert and I talk very seriously of taking a journey to Italy together; and, if Lord Hertford leave France soon, this journey may probably have place.

"I began this letter about two months ago; but so monstrously indolent am I that I have not had time to finish it. I believe I had better send it off as it is. Tell Robertson that La Chapelle, his translator, is very much out of humour, and with reason, for never hearing from him. I suppose some letter has miscarried. I am, &c.[1]

"*Paris, 6th April*, 1765."

Mr. Elliot had expressed to Hume a fear lest the longer residence of his sons in France might "render them too much Frenchmen," while, speaking of their tutor, Mr. Liston,[2] he says, "I own I am more apprehensive of the consequences of a Paris life upon a young man of his age than upon the boys, who are too young to enter into the full dissipation of a country, where, not to be dissipated, is hardly to have any existence." On this Hume writes:

HUME *to* GILBERT ELLIOT *of Minto.*

"*Paris, 14th April*, 1765.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have always had the pleasure

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] This gentleman is the same who afterwards distinguished himself as a diplomatist, and who was so well known by the title of Sir Robert Liston.

of conversing, from time to time, with your sons, with Mr. Liston, and with the Abbé Choquart, and never found the least reason to alter the good opinion, which I had at first conceived of that academy, and of the conduct of every one concerned: but the tenor of your last letter made me apprehend, that you had discovered some ground of suspicion; and the more so as Mr. Larpent told me, that you had spoke to his father, to desire him to request of his son, that he should keep a watchful eye over the conduct of your sons, and of Mr. Liston, and inform him of all particulars. This it is impossible for Larpent to do, and, indeed, impossible for me to do, otherwise than by conversing with the Abbé Choquart and with your sons apart. I have done this very carefully, and find Mr. Liston's conduct not only irreproachable, but laudable. The Abbé tells me, that for the first three or four months, he scarce ever stirred out of the house, but conversed with him alone, and with the other masters, till he came to such perfection in the language, as to be taken for a Languedocian, or a Frenchman of some province. Since that time the Abbé tells me, he has made a few acquaintances among his countrymen, and goes out sometimes; but he uses this liberty with great moderation; and on the whole, the Abbé praises him (and with great reason as appears to me) for his reserve, his modesty, his good sense, his sobriety, and his virtue. As to your sons, he assures me, that though he has been employed nineteen years in instructing youth, he never knew any more happily formed, and they are the favourites of the whole school. The boys themselves seem to be extremely happy in their present situation: Gilbert speaks French almost like a Parisian, and Hugh follows fast after him. This is an advantage

they have acquired, without interrupting the course of their other studies. The sociableness of their disposition has been called forth, by living among companions in a public school; and as they praise very much the civility and good humour of their fellow students, they may themselves be the more confirmed in their habits. But, pray, come hither yourself and judge of the matter.

"Two or three days ago, Lord Hertford wrote a very earnest letter to Mr. Grenville in my favour. I know well that, if you find an opportunity, you will second his application. The Saxon minister at the court, told my lord, that Mr. Wroughton was soon to leave Dresden. My lord has proposed that Bunbury be sent thither: if he refuses, it will be a proof that he is resolved to undertake no public service, but scandalously to live at home, and enjoy a large salary, which should belong to another. Surely if Mr. Grenville bore me never so little good-will, as a supposed Tory, he must allow this reasoning to be unanswerable.

"You have now with you Sir James Macdonald, who is too good for you, for I am afraid you will not know to value him. He leaves an universal regret behind him at Paris, among all who were acquainted with him, and in none more than myself. I am, dear sir, your faithful humble servant."[1]

In the following letter to Millar, we find Mallet and the Life of Marlborough, that had been promised and paid for, again the subject of speculation. Hume, though he had at one time been induced to believe that part of the work was written, seems to

[1] Minto MSS.

have on the whole indulged himself in scepticism, which, in this case at least, was well founded. The letter is dated 4th May.

"MY DEAR SIR, — As soon as I heard of poor Mallet's death,[1] my curiosity was excited to know, whether he had really proceeded any length in his work, or whether, as many people imagine, and as is somewhat my opinion, he had never wrote a line nor taken a note with regard to it. I beg you would make some inquiry upon that subject. The widow will be able to inform you. I should be glad to know whether any lights could be got from that quarter for the continuance of my work."[2]

HUME *to* GILBERT ELLIOT *of Minto.*

"*Paris, 12th May*, 1765.

"DEAR SIR,—I went, on Wednesday last, to be present at the examination of the Abbé Choquart's school, with which I was very well satisfied; especially for the part your young folks had in it. There were several people present who came to hear their children and relations; and when Gilbert was going through some demonstrations of geometry, with a very good grace, I asked some who sat next me, whether they could perceive him to be a foreigner? They all declared that they could not; and were very much surprised when I told them that he had not yet been in the country six months. Hugh retains still a little of a foreign accent, but it is wearing out gradually. Mr. Liston speaks so well as to be able to pass himself for a Gascon!

"There was also one circumstance of your young gentlemen's behaviour with which I was much pleased;

[1] Mallet died on 21st April, 1765.

[2] MS. R.S.E.

but whether you will take the praise of it to yourself, or ascribe it partly to the imitation of French manners, I cannot determine. I arrived a little before the commencement of the examination; and, walking into the garden, I took shelter, from the heat, under some trees. Your young gentlemen, as soon as they saw me, ran and brought me a chair, which they placed carefully in the most shady spot they could find. I doubt this attention would not be very common among mere English schoolboys.

"Lord Hertford has received, from George Grenville, a final answer to a very earnest, and very pressing letter he had wrote in my favour. Never was any refusal so decisive, so cold, so positive, so determined; not the least circumstance of apology, of good manners, or of regard: he even gives it as a reason why I cannot be appointed, because Sir Charles Bunbury has never yet desired to change his situation. In short, the letter is so different from all letters usually wrote on such occasions, and so different from those which Mr. Grenville was accustomed to write to Lord Hertford, that my lord concludes there is some particular reason of coldness, though he cannot conjecture what it is. But there are also, in the letter, some expressions which mark extreme animosity against me. Lord Hertford thinks, they will admit of another sense; and desires me to write to you, in order to ask whether you have ever perceived such sentiments in that gentleman. I know that I have affirmed, and, what is worse, have proved, that Queen Elizabeth's maxims of government were full as arbitrary as those of the Stuarts. I know that this proposition, though now an undoubted and acknowledged truth, is contrary to the principles of sound Whiggery. I know also, that Mr. Grenville,

as a sound Whig, bore me no good will on that account; but I did not really think that his quarrel could have gone to such an extremity.[1] You are sensible of the consequences which I apprehended, and which you did not, last summer, think so dangerous as I imagined. I have now, for the first time, explained to my lord the nature of my situation, which somewhat surprised him, being so contrary to the assurances given him by Mr. Grenville: but he told me that my interest was secure; for that he thought himself obliged to make me reparation from his private fortune, for any breach of faith which I might apprehend from the public. If this point were fixed, it would probably stop the malignity of my enemies, who will see that they can only do a small ill to Lord Hertford, instead of a great one which they might intend against me. However, my lord being desirous to know, from you, Mr. Grenville's sentiments, as far as you can discover them, I am engaged to enter into this detail, which otherwise I might have desired to avoid. I am, with great sincerity, my dear sir, your most obedient servant.[2]

HUME *to* MR. OSWALD.

"*Paris, 2d June, 1765.*

"MY DEAR SIR, — There is a gentleman here, an

[1] On account of his taxation system having caused the American Revolution, Grenville is now generally ranked with statesmen of despotic principles. He was, however, an avowed admirer of the democratic portions of the constitution; and it was in truth his ill-directed advocacy of popular rights, not an intentional departure from his avowed principles, that made his administration so disastrous. His zeal for the independent authority of Parliament, and for the curtailment of the prerogatives of the Crown, induced him to struggle for the exercise by parliament, in the colonies, of a power with which the crown could not compete,—that of taxation.

[2] Minto MSS.

Abbé, and a man of letters, who is willing to enter into a commerce, or mutual exchange with me, on every point of political and commercial knowledge.[1] He has a great deal of very exact information, with regard to every thing that concerns these subjects; has great freedom of thought and speech, and has no connexions with any minister. As a sample, he has sent me the enclosed questions, which I could not exactly answer, and is willing to answer any of a like kind, which I could propose to him. I thought I could not do better than transmit them to you; and as I know you will also have questions to ask, I shall

[1] Evidently the Abbé Morellet, who afterwards corresponded with Hume on these subjects. He was born in 1727, and died in 1819. From his great age and the cheerful social habits of his latter years, he was one of the few members of the school of the Encyclopædiasts, whom men of the present generation have been accustomed to meet in general society. Morellet possessed two distinct titles to fame. He had written some grave and valuable books on political economy and statistics; while in lighter literature, and in Madame Geoffrin's circle, he enjoyed a high reputation for playful and pungent wit. His friends likened him to Swift; but as he sought to avoid malice in his sarcasms, and to make them subservient to good principles in morals and religion, he might, in this part of his character, be more aptly compared with Sydney Smith. He had a great partiality for Scottish music; but it may be doubted if this taste was either created or fostered by his intercourse with Hume. In his very amusing Memoires, he describes a dinner with a musical party near Plymouth, in the open air. Some young ladies, with their father and mother, approached near enough to hear the music. The Abbé gallantly carried them a basket of cherries. "Je les prie en même temps de vouloir bien chanter *some Scotish song*, dont, moi Français, j'étais *very fond*. Elles se regardent un moment: et dès que nous fûmes retournés a nos places, comme si notre plus grand éloignement les eût rassurées, elles se mettent à chanter toutes les trois à l'unisson, avec des voix d'une extrême douceur, *The lass of Peatie's Mill*. Le temps, le lieu, la singularité de la rencontre ajoutèrent quelques charmes a ce petit concert." Vol. i. p. 209.

also transmit them to him, and you may depend on his answer as just and solid. I have left the margin large enough, to save you trouble. I know you are the most industrious and the most indolent man of my acquaintance; the former in business, the latter in ceremony. The present task I propose to you is of the former kind.

"You will hear that Sir Charles Bunbury is appointed Secretary for Ireland. Lord Hertford thinks it absolutely certain, that I am to succeed him; and I, too, think it very probable. My lord throws up immediately, if this demand is not complied with; yet, notwithstanding these favourable circumstances, I shall not be wonderfully surprised, in case of a disappointment. I know that I can depend on your good offices with Lord Halifax, and with every other person on whom you have influence. Lord Hertford writes this post to that noble lord. The present advantages I possess are so great, that it seems almost extravagant to doubt of success; and yet, in general, it appears to me almost incomprehensible how it should happen, that I, a philosopher, a man of letters, nowise a courtier, of the most independent spirit, who has given offence to every sect and every party, that I, I say, such as I have described myself, should obtain an employment of dignity, and a thousand a-year. This event is in general so strange, that I fancy, in the issue, it will not have place. I am, dear sir, yours sincerely."[1]

Hume had come to the conclusion, and certainly justly, that as he performed the functions of secretary of the embassy in France, he ought to possess the rank

[1] Memorials of Oswald, p. 81.

and emoluments of that office. He appears, however, to have been reluctant to take any steps personally for the accomplishment of this object; and his correspondence with his friends shows that some urgency was necessary to overcome his scruples.[1] Having, however, finally decided on his course, he appears to have pursued it with great energy and perseverance, and to have moved every influence through which he was likely to accomplish his end.

On 24th June, 1765, Hume writes to his brother

[1] Mr. Elliot, in answer to the letter printed above, (p. 189,) says, "So, my dear sir, you have at last, with no small reluctance, and after many struggles, prevailed with yourself to acquaint some of your friends that Lord Hertford means to desire that government would be graciously pleased to bestow the character and emoluments of the secretaryship upon the person who actually performs the functions of it. At your time of life, with so much independency about you, and so unlike all your former conduct, indeed I am not at all surprised that it cost you near two pages of apology and explanation before you would even intrust me with the secret. Were you less deep in the study of human nature, and somewhat more an adept in the ways of men, I am apt to think you would rather have filled your letter with excuses for not having sooner made this application."

He goes on to state, that he has been exerting himself in the matter, but that on all occasions he had found himself anticipated by Lord Hertford. He continues:

"As to *ingrata patria ne ossa quidem habebis*, don't be at all uneasy. Here I can speak more peremptorily; and notwithstanding all your errors, mistakes, and heresies in religion, morals, and government, I undertake you shall have at least Christian burial, and perhaps we may find for you a niche in Westminster Abbey besides. Your Lockes, Newtons, and Bacons had no great matter to boast of during their lives; and yet they were the most orthodox of men; they required no godfather to answer for them; while, on the other hand, did not Lord Hertford spread his sevenfold shield over all your transgressions? Pray, what pretensions have you, either in church or state; for you well know you have offended both?" — MS. R.S.E.

that he "has now been appointed secretary to the embassy, with the usual salary of £1200 a-year." He says, "The English ministry had intended not to appoint another secretary of the embassy, who they knew could not be received, but to suppress that office altogether from views of frugality." For the continuance of the office, and its bestowal on himself, he seems to have relied very much on the intervention of a foreign lady, his friend Madame de Boufflers; and, strange as it may seem to find such an influence effective in the councils of a British cabinet, he appears to have been convinced that, had the matter not been previously settled in his favour, her application would have brought it to a conclusion. Continuing his letter to his brother, he says, "Nobody can do more justice to the merit of my friend the Comtesse de Boufflers, than the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, who have indeed been essentially obliged to her in their family concerns. She wrote the duke about a fortnight ago, that the time was now come, and the only time that probably would ever come, of his showing his friendship to her, by assisting me in my applications; and she would rest on this sole circumstance all his professions of regard to her. He received her letter while in the country, but he wrote her back, that he would immediately hasten to town, and if he had any credit with the king or ministry, her solicitations should be complied with. He is not a man that ever makes vain professions, nor does he ever take a refusal. He would find the matter finished when he came to London; but it is a sensible pleasure to me, that I owe so great an obligation, to a person whom I love and esteem so sincerely as that lady." [1]

[1] MS. R.S.E.

In a letter to the Marquise de Barbantane, he gives the same account of the matter.

"Have you heard of the share which Madame de Boufflers had in this event? As soon as she heard that there was a vacancy, by means of the promotion of Sir Charles Bunbury, my predecessor, she wrote to the Duke of Bedford, entreating him, in the most earnest terms, to befriend me in my pretensions, and setting all my claims in the most favourable light. The duke answered her, that he would soon be in London; and if he had any credit or authority with the ministry, her friend should not fail of success. The duke is not a man that ever promises in vain, nor is he a man that is ever to be refused; so that, from this interest alone, I was sure to have prevailed. But happily the same post brought intelligence to the ambassador, that the affair was already finished. But do you not think, that I owe the same obligations to our friend? or will you tell me, that I seek only a pretence for indulging my inclinations?"[1]

The statement is repeated in the following letter to Elliot.

HUME *to* GILBERT ELLIOT *of Minto.*

"*Paris, 3d June*, 1765.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Not finding your young gentlemen in church last Sunday, I went to see them, when I found them both confined to the house with a light fever, which has since turned out the measles in form, but with all the most favourable symptoms. I find Mr. Liston very attentive and very careful; the young gentlemen are attended by the physician of the academy. I use the freedom to tell Lady Hertford the

[1] Private Correspondence, p. 121.

way in which they are governed; she tells me she would not act otherwise in the case of her own children; so that Mrs. Murray,[1] if you please to communicate to her this intelligence, can have no reason for anxiety. Gilbert has a greater quantity than Hugh, and greater strength to bear them.

"You know, I suppose, that I am appointed secretary to the embassy, though I have not yet received my credential letter: the present confusions in the court may perhaps retard them for some time; but Mr. Grenville has informed the ambassador that the matter is concluded, and the king has given his consent; so that in spite of Atheism and Deism, of Whiggism and Toryism, of Scoticism and Philosophy, I am now possessed of an office of credit, and of £1200 a-year: without dedication or application, from the favour alone of a person, whom I can perfectly love and respect. I find it has cost my lord a very hard pull; and when I consider the matter alone, without viewing the steps that led to it, I am sometimes inclined to be surprised how it has happened.

"Shall I tell you another circumstance that is not disagreeable to me; a certain lady, who is at present in London, hearing there was some delay, wrote in the most earnest terms to the Duke of Bedford, desiring his interest in my favour; he answered her he would soon be in London, and if he then possessed any credit or authority, she might depend upon the success of her friend. You know that he is not a man that makes vain professions, nor is he a man easy to be refused. If you guess the lady, you will conclude that it will not cost me a great effort to be grateful. The share you have also been pleased to take is not

[1] Mrs. Elliot, who as an heiress preserved the name of Murray Kynynmond.

forgot, and strengthens our ancient friendship. I am, my dear sir, yours sincerely."[1]

It is probable that this appointment was impeded by more difficulties than Hume himself could see, or his friends make him aware of. His being a Scotsman of itself made it then unpopular, and in his case there were other reasons likely to weigh with statesmen who looked in the direction of popularity. We are told that "the printers of the *London Evening Post and Gazetteer*, were called before the House of Lords, on a complaint made by the Earl of Marchmont, for printing a letter (written by Wilkes,) reflecting on the Earl of Hertford, ambassador at Paris, for employing David Hume the historian as his secretary, and representing the embassy as totally of Scotch complexion."[2]

No sooner had this appointment been completed, than Lord Hertford was recalled, and Hume was left for a time chargé d'affaires at Paris.

The ambassador had been appointed by Lord Bute, but had chiefly acted during the administration of Grenville, with whom he and his connexious were not, as Hume's correspondence has shown, on very friendly terms. In July, 1765, the Rockingham administration was formed, in connexion with which Lord Hertford became lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and his brother secretary of state with the leadership of the House of Commons. Hume had thus to perform the functions of British representative until the Duke of Richmond arrived as ambassador in October. Of the

[1] Minto MSS.

[2] Walpole, Memoirs of George III. i. 391. Walpole pretends that Conway's dismissal was partly caused by revenge against Lord Hertford for his conduct on this occasion, (ib. 402.) But from his own account of it, the resolution to dismiss Conway had been taken before Hume's appointment.

manner in which he performed the duties of his office, Lord Brougham says:

By Lord Aberdeen's kindness I have been allowed to examine the correspondence of the embassy with Marshal Conway during these four months; and it is highly creditable to the philosopher's business-like talents, and his capacity for affairs. The negotiations of which he had the sole conduct related to the important and interesting discussions of Canada; matters arising out of the cession by the peace of Paris; and to the demolition of the works at Dunkirk, also stipulated by that treaty. His despatches, some of them of great length, most of them in his own hand, are clearly and ably written. The course which he describes himself as pursuing with the very slippery and evasive ministers against whom he had to contend, particularly the Duc de Praslin, appears to have been marked by firmness and temper, as well as by quickness and sagacity. His memorials, of which two or three are given, show a perfect familiarity with diplomatic modes and habits, and they are both well written and ably reasoned. His information must have been correct; for he obtained a knowledge of the secret proceedings of the assembly of clergy, which, though convoked for the purpose of obtaining the usual *don gratuit*, chose to enter upon the discussion of all the clerical grievances; while they kept their deliberations carefully secret, and were opposed by the parliament of Paris as soon as their proceedings became known. Mr. Hume obtained a very early, though somewhat exaggerated account of these things, through two of the foreign ambassadors; and when he communicated it to the Bishop of Senlis, he was treated with contempt, as if nothing could be so wild, and as if some enemy of the church had invented the fable to discredit her. Marshal Conway appears by his despatches (which are also excellent) to have rested his hopes of these differences passing off, on the prevailing irreligious spirit in France, where "the Dauphin alone," he says, "has any care for such matters; and he has of late taken a military turn." In a short time the whole ferment was allayed by the prudent and able conduct of Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse; the *don gratuit* was voted; and the assembly was prorogued to the following May.

Mr. Hume praises Brienne very highly on this, as indeed he did on all occasions.[1]

Hume's familiar letters make us fully acquainted with the feelings he experienced at this juncture.

HUME *to his Brother.*

"*Compiègne, 14th July*, 1765.

"DEAR BROTHER, — There arrived yesterday a messenger from England with my commission under the great seal. My appointments, as I told you, are £1200 a-year. I have also £300 for my equipage, and three hundred ounces of plate for my table. This is the fair side of the picture. The misfortune is, that General Conway, the ambassador's brother, is secretary of state. The Duke of Grafton, his nephew,[2] is the other secretary. You still say, better and better. Not at all. My Lord Hertford goes for England in a few days, and leaves the burden of the embassy upon me. Still you say, where is the harm of all this? You are come to years of discretion, and can govern yourself. Wait a little, dear brother. Lord Hertford goes lord-lieutenant to Ireland, and there is an end of the ambassador, and probably of the secretary.

"It is true I can count upon Lord Hertford's friendship as much as any man's in the world. One day last spring, he came into my room, and told me that he heard of many people who endeavoured by their caresses to persuade me that I ought to remain in France. But he hoped that I would embrace no scheme of life which would ever separate him and me. He now loved me as much as ever he esteemed me, and wished we might pass our lives together. He had resolved several times to have opened his breast so far to me; but being a man of few words and no

[1] Lives of Men of Letters, &c. p. 225.

[2] He was Lady Hertford's nephew.

professions, he had still delayed it, and he now felt himself much relieved by this declaration of his desires and intentions. I know that Lord Hertford will not go to Ireland unless he be allowed to name the secretary for that kingdom. Perhaps he may think his son, Lord Beauchamp, too young for that office; in which case I may very probably expect it, and it is an office of between £3000 and £4000 a-year, and stands next in dignity to all the great offices of the state. In all cases the lord-lieutenant for Ireland has many and great things to give, of which I should certainly expect one.

"Still you say, this is all better and better: Not at all! You know the fluctuation of English politics. Perhaps, before you receive this, the whole present system is overturned. Lord Hertford, who, while he remained here, was a man of no party, is involved with his friends. All is turned topsy-turvy: and before next winter, perhaps, I am at your fireside without office or employment! Here, indeed, I allow you to say, so much the better; for I never had much ambition, I mean for power and dignities, and I am heartily cured of the little I had. I believe a fireside and a book the best things in the world for my age and disposition. I write in some hurry, therefore can only add, that if the old ministry return, I can look upon the Duke of Bedford alone as my friend, by means of the lady I mentioned to you. If the ministry stand, I have, by Lord Hertford's means, many and great friends; and the king, I have been well assured, honours me particularly with his good opinion. In all cases it is a great point for me to have obtained this commission to a place of so much trust and credit and silences all objections against me, whether they arose from religion or politics.

Direct your letters to me as *Secrétaire d'Ambassade d'Angleterre à Paris.* I hate any thing that disturbs so agreeable a settlement as I had obtained before these great events. My compliments to Mrs. Home and to Katy. Keep this letter to yourself, but write part of it to our sister." [1]

HUME *to* DR. BLAIR.

"*Compiègne, 20th July,* 1765.

"Tell Dr. Robertson that the Dauphin asked Mr. Hume several questions the other day, about him and his History. That prince seems a reasonable man, but would be the better of being *roasted* sometimes in *The Poker.*[2] If they will elect him a member, Mr. Hume will propose it to him.[3] What does the doctor say at present to these great folding doors opened to all the chimeras of ambition? Alas! they may be thrown open much wider, if possible; none of these chimeras will enter. Philosophy, with her severe brows, guards the passage; while Indolence, in affright, is ready to throw herself out at the window. Mr. Hume recommends himself to Ferguson and Jardine, and John Adams and Mrs. Adams, and to

[1] MS. R.S.E. [2] See above, p. 172.

[3] The Dauphin was then far advanced in the disease of which he died. According to the ordinary French historians, he was at the same time so completely subjected to the priestly influence of the Molinists, as to justify the supposition, that the decay of his mind kept pace with that of his body. Others give a totally different account of him, and Walpole says, "To please his family, the prince went through all the ceremonies of the church, but showed to his attendants after they were over, how vain and ridiculous he thought them. Many expressions he dropped in his last hours that spoke the freedom of his opinions; and to the Duc de Nivernois he said, he was glad to leave behind him such a book as 'Hume's Essays.'" Memoirs of George III. vol. ii. p. 242. The Dauphin died on 20th December, 1765.

all the Poker, and desires the prayers of the faithful for him on this occasion."

Hume had now actually before him the prospect of filling the high office of secretary to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Writing to his brother on 4th August, 1765, he again states that Lord Hertford, before his departure, had assured him that he would not accept of the lord-lieutenancy, unless he were allowed the naming of the secretary; and now adds, that the office is destined for himself, in conjunction with Lord Hertford's son, Lord Beauchamp; and that his own salary is to be about £2000 a-year. He continues:

"Thus you see a splendid fortune awaits me: Yet you cannot imagine with what regret I leave this country. It is like stepping out of light into darkness, to exchange Paris for Dublin. The most agreeable circumstance is the friendship and confidence of the lord-lieutenant; and if the present credit of that family continue, as it is likely to do, I shall probably have it in my power to do service to my friends—particularly to your young folks; for as to you and myself, it is long since we thought our fortunes entirely made."[1]

He was not, however, destined to fill this office; and neither he himself, nor his best friends, appear to have regretted the circumstance; the fact being that he was but slenderly endowed with either of the qualifications then indispensable to an Irish statesman,—a capacity for hard drinking, and adroitness in bold political intrigues. The exercise of an official function, among a people where one sect of Christians enjoyed all offices, emoluments, and honours, while another, following the national religion, were scarcely allowed to live, must have shocked his sense of political justice;

[1] MS. R.S.E.

while it may be questioned if he was a sufficiently bold politician to have attempted any reform of this abuse. The project of his appointment, however, was brought so near its consummation, as to elicit certain applications for ecclesiastical preferment, in order that the reputation he had achieved, in other places, for influence in this department of patronage, might not be unacknowledged in Ireland.[1]

In his letters to his friends, at this time, he describes these vicissitudes of fortune; and indulges in a feeling to which he was very prone,—an uncertainty as to his future projects, and an indolent disinclination to make up his mind how to act.

HUME *to* DR. BLAIR.

"*Paris, 23d August*, 1765.

"All the literati of my friends, who understand English, think your Dissertation one of the finest performances in our language. A gentleman, of my acquaintance, has translated it for his own satisfaction. He could not publish it without publishing "Ossian" at the same time. My scepticism extends no farther, nor ever did, than with regard to the extreme antiquity of those poems; and it is no more than scepticism.

"You may, perhaps, have heard of the rapid whirl

[1] A general officer of reputation, making such an application, on behalf of a friend, says:—

"The divine in question has a very good living, but in a quarter of the world where he has not a creature to converse with. If his excellency would enrol him among that million of the tribe of Levi, that attend at the Castle of Dublin, who are called his chaplains, it would excuse his attendance at quarters: And his general,—I mean, his bishop, would be under the necessity of permitting him to be absent whilst he had the honour to be about the commander-in-chief at head quarters."—MS. R.S.E.

of my fortune backwards and forwards of late. I had scarce received my commission, as secretary to the embassy, when I knew that that situation, the most agreeable in which I could have been placed, was not to last. Lord Hertford must go to Ireland, and resolved to carry me over as secretary to that kingdom, in conjoint commission with his son. On his arrival at London, he found the cry so loud against the promotion of Scotsmen, that he was obliged to give it up; which he did the more easily, as he knew my great reluctance to that office and scene of life. He has now got a pension of £400 a-year settled on me; and as he has prepared an apartment for me in the castle of Dublin, I shall hurry thither as soon as I leave France, and shall be afterwards free for the rest of my life.[1] I have not determined where I shall

[1] Lord Hertford, writing to Hume, on 5th August, says:—

"DEAR SIR,—You will see, in the papers, that Barré is to be my secretary; but it has no other foundation. If I had been at liberty, I should have desired to continue with him whose abilities and ease in business I have so long experienced; but the world will have it otherwise, and it must be my son. He is popular in Ireland; and I am invited, on all hands, to name him; at the same time that I am told the great danger of indulging my own inclinations, that if I named you, with the particular additional prejudice that prevails at present, against the Scotch, that I should condemn my own administration. I have, therefore, made it the condition of my acceptance of the lieutenancy, that you are immediately provided for in a manner less likely to subject you to the inconvenience of party changes. I have explained, both to the King and the ministers, how essential I thought it to my honour and ease of mind; and it is resolved. I flatter myself I shall soon be able to acquaint you, that I have been a good solicitor; and, as my private friend, I beg leave to assure you that I shall always be most happy in receiving you in Dublin, and every other part of the world, let the prejudices and follies of mankind be what they will. I hope you will consider me as your friend; and I will desire no other return for all the services I may be able to do you, than such a

pass my latter days. This place should be the most agreeable to me; but a man who came late thither, and who is not supported by family connexions, may, perhaps, find himself misplaced, even in this centre of letters and good society. I have a reluctance to think of living among the factious barbarians of London; who will hate me because I am a Scotsman, and am not a Whig, and despise me because I am a man of letters. My attachment to Edinburgh revives as I turn my face towards it."[1]

HUME *to his Brother.*

"DEAR BROTHER, — I am now to inform you of another pretty rapid change in my fortune. Lord Hertford, on his arrival in London, found great difficulty of executing his intentions in my favour. The cry is loud against the Scots; and the present ministry are unwilling to support any of our countrymen, lest they bear the reproach of being connected with Lord Bute. For this reason, Lord Hertford departed

portion of your time as you can bestow upon me, consistently with your inclination. The Duke of Richmond goes to France: I do not yet know upon what plan, having not seen him. He is a pretty figure; is easy in his behaviour; and does not want parts. I wish he may have temper, experience, and knowledge of men for that place. I have talked to my brother, as it became a wellwisher to peace, upon this occasion. You will receive, by the messenger which carries this letter to France, an official one from my brother, drawn by himself, by which you will be able to judge of his style. I need not add any thing to it. Every thing which passed, in a very long conference we had together with Guerchy, is fully stated in it; but, when you talk to the Duke of Praslin upon it, you will, if you please, take an opportunity of recommending from me, in a particular manner, the indulgence required for the holders of the Canada bills. This point may be essential to the good understanding between the two courts."—MS. R.S.E.

[1] MS. R.S.E.

from his project; which he did the more readily, as he knew I had a great reluctance to the office of secretary for Ireland; which requires a talent for speaking in public, to which I was never accustomed. I must also have kept a kind of open house, and have drunk and caroused with the Irish, a course of living to which I am as little accustomed. The Duke of Bedford, to whom I mentioned these objections, thought them very solid. I think myself, at present, much better provided for, by a pension of £400 a-year for life, which Lord Hertford has procured me. He also writes me, that an apartment is fitting up for me in the castle of Dublin. I shall go thither as soon as I can leave France; which will not be till the end of October or beginning of November, on the arrival of the Duke of Richmond. Meanwhile, I am *Chargé des affaires d'Angleterre à la cour de France*, which is the title under which you must write to me, if you favour me with a letter.

"Lord Hertford had another additional project for my advantage, in Ireland. The keeper of the black rod is a very genteel office, which yields about £900 during the session. He proposed, as I cannot be present on the opening of the parliament, to give that office to another, who would officiate, and would be content with £300. But I declined this offer; not as unjust, but as savouring of greediness and rapacity.[1]

[1] Lord Hertford writes Hume, on 16th August;—

"The usher of the black-rod, in Ireland, is in my disposal. It produces, in the course of a session, from £800 to £900, as I am informed. If you approve it, my intention is to give it to a gentleman who will be extremely satisfied to accept of £300 a-year for his trouble, at most, and the rest will be placed to your account, without interrupting the benefit of the pension."

And again, on September 5, after Hume's refusal:—

"The black rod you will give me leave to dispose of as I intended.

"Please to write all these particulars to Katty, except the last, and seal and send her the enclosed. I am charmed with the accounts I hear of Josey, from all hands. Yours sincerely.

"There was a kind of fray in London, as I am told, upon Lord Hertford's declaring his intentions in my favour. The Princess Amelia said, that she thought the affair might be easily accommodated: why may not Lord Hertford give a bishopric to Mr. Hume?"[1]

Writing an account of these transactions to Smith, in nearly the same words, on 5th November, he commences his letter with the observation, "I have been whirled about lately in a strange manner; but, besides that none of the revolutions have ever threatened me much, or been able to give me a moment's anxiety, all has ended very happily, and to my mind." He concludes thus:—

"As a new vexation to temper my good fortune, I am much in perplexity about fixing the place of my future abode for life. Paris is the most agreeable town in Europe, and suits me best; but it is a foreign country. London is the capital of my own country; but it never pleased me much. Letters are there held in no honour: Scotsmen are hated: superstition and ignorance gain ground daily. Edinburgh has many objections, and many allurements. My present mind, this forenoon, the 5th of September, is to return to France. I am much pressed here to accept

You shall, at the end of the session, refuse the emoluments I propose to reserve out of it, if you see sufficient reason. £300 for doing the duty of it should satisfy the person to whom I will give it."—MS. R.S.E.

[1] *Lit. Gazette*, 1822, p. 711. Corrected from original in MSS. R.S.E.

of offers, which would contribute to my agreeable living; but might encroach on my independence, by making me enter into engagements with princes, and great lords, and ladies. Pray give me your judgment.

"I regret much I shall not see you. I have been looking for you every day these three months. Your satisfaction in your pupil gives me equal satisfaction."[1]

He writes to Blair, on 28th December:—

"DEAR DOCTOR,—After great wavering and uncertainty, between Paris and Edinburgh, (for I never allowed London to enter into the question,) I have, at last, fixed my resolution to remain some time longer in Paris. Perhaps I may take a trip to Rome next autumn. Had I returned to Edinburgh, I was sensible that I shut myself up, in a manner, for life; and I imagine that I am, even yet, too young and healthy, and in too good spirits, to come to that determination. If you please, therefore, you may continue in my house, which I am glad pleases you. If you leave it, as you thought you would, Nairne may have it for £35, as we agreed."[2]

We have now to return to Jean Jacques Rousseau, whom we left, in 1762, seeking protection from the Earl Marischal at Neufchâtel. He finally took up his abode at Motiers Travers, a village on one of the passes of the Jura; where, now that some offensive associations connected with his character and writings have died away, the fame of his genius still lives, and has been no unprofitable commodity to the inhabitants. Here he had a wild rocky district to wander

[1] *Lit. Gazette*, 1822, p. 722. Corrected from original in MSS. R.S.E.

[2] MS. R.S.E.

over, where he was not liable to encounter those dangerous impediments which beset the sojourners in the Alps. He had, at the same time, what was more to his purpose, a zealous priesthood and an intolerant populace surrounding him. That the outward manifestations of a morality, odious to his new neighbours, might not be wanting, he sent for his celebrated mistress, Thérèse la Vasseur, with whom he continued openly to live; and that the populace, thus exasperated, might be under no mistake as to the proper person to throw stones at, he adopted the garb of an Armenian.

It is much disputed whether he was really subjected to the attacks of which he afterwards complained; and it is said, that whatever tangible evidence of them was perceptible to other eyes than his own, was the doing of Mademoiselle la Vasseur, to drive him from a neighbourhood which she disliked. It will be found, however, that his story, as reported by Hume in the letters which follow, substantially coincides with the narrative in the "Confessions." This is in some measure a testimony to the sincerity of Rousseau's own conviction, that those hostile efforts were made against him; and indeed it would be useless to question the sincerity of his belief in any thing indicative of the malevolence of his fellow-beings. Having fled from Motiers, he lived for some time on the island of St. Pierre, in the lake of Bienne; and, driven from that asylum, he seems to have hesitated between England and Prussia as a place of refuge. He left the State of Bienne at the date at which his "Confessions" terminate, 29th October, 1765. He proceeded to Strasburg, where, by wearing his Armenian dress in the country where he had been proscribed, he certainly excited a considerable sensation. He appears to

have held a sort of levée during his residence in that city, where his daily and hourly proceedings have been recorded with the precision of a court journal.[1]

It was here that he received Hume's letter, agreeing to aid him in finding an asylum in England. The negotiation between them had been brought to a conclusion by Madame de Verdelin, who had spent some time with Rousseau at Motiers, and persuaded him to take advantage of the impression which the Earl Marischal and Madame de Boufflers had made in his favour.[2]

Hume's heart was farther softened by a letter, full of miseries, which Rousseau had written to M. Clairaut. "I must own," says Hume, "I felt on this occasion an emotion of pity, mixed with indignation, to think a man of letters of such eminent merit, should be reduced, in spite of the simplicity of his manner of living, to such extreme indigence; and

[1] We are told (vie de Rousseau par Musset Pathay, i. 102,) that a certain M. Augar, having been here presented to the apostle of education, said he was bringing up his son after the model of "Emile." "So much the worse both for you and your son;" *tant pis pour vous et pour votre fils*, said Rousseau. This must have been highly satisfactory. Of all the theories to reconcile Rousseau's contradictions,—to discover on what principle he preached up parental care, and sent his own children to the foundling hospital, the best is supplied by himself in a single sentence in the Heloise: "L'on sait bien que tout homme qui pose des maximes générales, entend qu'elles obligent tout le monde, excepté lui." This is certainly more intelligible than the mystical theory of his eulogist, D'Escherny: "Il n'y a que les sots qui ne se contredisent point, parce que leur esprit borné ne voit jamais qu'un côté de l'objet."

[2] He states, in the "Confessions," that when Wallace's work on the Number of Mankind was passing through the press, Hume undertook the revision of the proof sheets, though the work was written against himself. I am not aware of any other authority for this anecdote. Rousseau said he was charmed with it, because the conduct was so much like his own!

that this unhappy state should be rendered more intolerable by sickness, by the approach of old age, and the implacable rage of persecution." He was inclined even to sympathize with Rousseau's petulant rejection of proferred kindness; conceiving "that a noble pride, even though carried to excess, merited some indulgence in a man of genius, who, borne up by a sense of his own superiority, and a love of independence, should have braved the storms of fortune and the insults of mankind." [1]

Leaving Strasburg, the wanderer proceeded to Paris, where he went about in his Armenian dress; was mobbed and stared at to his heart's content, wrote to his friends, complaining with bitter eloquence that people would allow him neither solitude nor rest, shut himself up, and went forth again to the world. Before he could have ventured to appear so publicly, in the capital where a writ had been issued for the seizure of his person, he must have received very strong assurances of protection. The arrêt of the Parliament, however, was not recalled; and his friends must have felt somewhat provoked by his pertinacious courtship of popular notice, accompanied by the pretence of a desire to avoid it, by adopting only what was simple and natural — by wearing, for instance, so simple a dress as the fur cap, caaftan, and vest of an Armenian, in the streets of Paris! Hume, who seems really to have had faith in his modesty, must still have felt it awkward that the representative of Britain should be closely allied with a person so conducting himself; and was anxious, whenever the state of public business might permit him, to see his charge safely across the Channel. It was thought, in the meantime, expedient to find for Rousseau an asylum within the

[1] Account of the Controversy between Hume and Rousseau.

privileged area of the Temple, of which his friend, the Prince of Conti, was Grand Prior. We must now allow Hume himself to describe his new companion, and their intercourse.

In continuation of the letter to Blair, of 20th December, above cited, he says:

HUME *to* DR. BLAIR.

"I must, however, be in London very soon, in order to give an account of my commission; to thank the King for his goodness to me, and to settle the celebrated Rousseau, who has rejected invitations from half of the kings and princes of Europe, in order to put himself under my protection. He has been at Paris about twelve days; and lives in an apartment prepared for him by the Prince of Conti, which, he says, gives him uneasiness, by reason of its magnificence. As he was outlawed by the Parliament, it behoved him to have the King's passport, which was at first offered him under a feigned name; but his friends refused it, because they knew that he would not submit even to that falsehood. You have heard that he was banished from Neufchâtel by preachers, who excited the mob to stone him.

"He told me that a trap was laid for him, with as much art as ever was employed against a fox or a polecat. In the night-time a great enormous stone was suspended above the door, in such a manner, that on opening it in the morning, the stone must have fallen and have crushed him to death.[1] A man passing by early, perceived it, and called in to him at

[1] "Un banc très-massif, qui étoit dans la rue à côté de ma porte et fortement attaché, fut détaché, enlevé, et posé debout contre la porte; de sorte que, si l'on ne s'en fût aperçu, le premier qui pour sortir auroit ouvert la porte d'entrée, devoit naturellement être assommé."—*Confessions*, Liv. 12.

the window to be on his guard. He also told me, that last spring, when he went about the mountains amusing himself with botany, he came to a village at some distance from his own: a woman met him, who, surprised at his Armenian dress—for he wears, and is resolved to wear that habit during life—asked him what he was, and what was his name. On hearing it she exclaimed, 'Are you that impious rascal, Rousseau? Had I known it, I should have waited for you at the end of the wood, with a pistol, in order to blow out your brains.' He added, that all the women in Switzerland were in the same disposition, because the preachers had told them that he had wrote books to prove that women had no souls. He then turned to Madame de Boufflers, who was present, and said,—Is it not strange that I, who have wrote so much to decry the morals and conduct of the Parisian ladies, should yet be beloved by them; while the Swiss women, whom I have so much extolled, would willingly cut my throat? 'We are fond of you,' replied she, 'because we know that, however you might rail, you are at bottom fond *of us* to distraction. But the Swiss women hate you, because they are conscious that they have not merit to deserve your attention.'

"On leaving Neufchâtel, he took shelter in a little island about half a league in circumference, in the midst of a lake near Berne. There lived in it only one German peasant, with his wife and sister. The council of Berne, frightened for his neighbourhood, on account of his democratic more than his religious principles, ordered him immediately to withdraw from their state. He wrote the letter of which I send you a copy, as it is very curious. The council, in answer, reiterated their orders for him to begone. He then applied to me. I have made an agreement with a

French gardener in Fulham for boarding him. We set out together in a few days.

"It is impossible to express or imagine the enthusiasm of this nation in his favour. As I am supposed to have him in my custody, all the world, especially the great ladies, tease me to be introduced to him. I have had rouleaus thrust into my hand, with earnest applications that I would prevail on him to accept of them. I am persuaded that, were I to open here a subscription with his consent, I should receive £50,000 in a fortnight. The second day after his arrival, he slipped out early in the morning to take a walk in the Luxembourg gardens. The thing was known soon after. I am strongly solicited to prevail on him to take another walk, and then to give warning to my friends. Were the public to be informed, he could not fail to have many thousand spectators. People may talk of ancient Greece as they please; but no nation was ever so fond of genius as this, and no person ever so much engaged their attention as Rousseau. Voltaire and every body else are quite eclipsed by him.

"I am sensible that my connexions with him add to my importance at present. Even his maid La Vasseur, who is very homely and very awkward, is more talked of than the Princess of Morocco or the Countess of Egmont, on account of her fidelity and attachment towards him. His very dog, who is no better than a collie, has a name and reputation in the world. As to my intercourse with him, I find him mild, and gentle, and modest, and good humoured; and he has more the behaviour of a man of the world, than any of the learned here, except M. de Buffon; who, in his figure, and air, and deportment, answers your idea of a marechal of France, rather than that

of a philosopher. M. Rousseau is of a small stature, and would rather be ugly, had he not the finest physiognomy in the world: I mean the most expressive countenance. His modesty seems not to be good manners, but ignorance of his own excellence. As he writes, and speaks, and acts, from the impulse of genius, more than from the use of his ordinary faculties, it is very likely that he forgets its force whenever it is laid asleep. I am well assured that at times he believes he has inspirations from an immediate communication with the Divinity. He falls sometimes into ecstasies, which retain him in the same posture for hours together. Does not this example solve the difficulty of Socrates' genius, and of his ecstasies? I think Rousseau in many things very much resembles Socrates. The philosopher of Geneva seems only to have more genius than he of Athens, who never wrote any thing, and less sociableness and temper. Both of them were of very amorous complexions; but a comparison in this particular, turns out much to the advantage of my friend. I call him such, for I hear, from all hands, that his judgment and affections are as strongly biassed in my favour as mine are in his. I shall much regret leaving him in England; but even if a pardon could be procured for him here, he is resolved, as he tells me, never to return; because he never will again be in the power of any man. I wish he may live unmolested in England. I dread the bigotry and barbarism which prevail there.

"When he came to Paris, he seemed resolved to stay till the 6th or 7th of next month. But at present the concourse about him gives him so much uneasiness that he expresses the utmost impatience to be gone. Many people here will have it that this solitary humour is all affectation, in order to be more

sought after; but I am sure that it is natural and unsurmountable:[1] I know that two very agreeable ladies breaking in upon him, discomposed him so much that he was not able to eat his dinner afterwards. He is short-sighted; and I have often observed, that while he was conversing with me in the utmost good-humour, (for he is naturally gay,) if he heard the door open,

[1] Hume, though habitually sceptical, was far from being suspicious; and in his kindness to his new companion, he took every thing in sincerity. C'est un des malheurs de ma vie," says Rousseau, "qu'avec un si grand désir d'être oublié, je sois contraint de parler de moi sans cesse;" but those who knew him better than Hume did at so early a period of their intercourse, do not give him credit for desiring to be either neglected or forgotten. Madame de Genlis professes to have been much vexed and perplexed by having acted on a reliance similar to Hume's. Rousseau had promised to accompany her to the Comédie Françoise, on the condition that they were to occupy a *loge grillée*. When they entered, madame flew to shut the grating; Rousseau opposed her; he was sure *she* would not like it to be closed, and he would be sufficiently hidden, by sitting behind her. In the scuffle he was recognised; madame, vexed and terrified, insisted that the grating should be closed; but he was inexorable. The commencement of a popular piece soon relieved them from notice, and when the eyes of the audience were averted from him, Rousseau grew gloomy and rude. He afterwards professed himself deeply offended at having been exhibited as a wild beast!" *Mémoires*, ii. 12.

The same lady gives a more pleasing instance of his characteristics at that time, in describing her first introduction to him. A friend told her, that her husband intended to play a trick on her: to employ the celebrated mimic Preville, the Foote of the French stage, to personate Rousseau at his table. The expected guest appeared. His dress and appearance were so unlike other people's, yet so like what would have been expected in Rousseau—his conversation was so brilliant—that it certainly must be a piece of wonderful acting. Thoroughly at her ease, she laughed, and talked, and sang the airs of the Devin du village. It was Rousseau himself! and not accustomed, in this the full blaze of his reputation, to be received with so much freedom, by a young and accomplished woman, he pronounced her to be the most lively and unaffected of her sex.

the greatest agony appeared on his countenance, from the apprehension of a visit; and his distress did not leave him, unless the person was a particular friend. His Armenian dress is not affectation.' He has had an infirmity from his infancy, which makes breeches inconvenient for him; and he told me, that when he was chased into the mountains of Switzerland, he took up this new dress, as it seemed indifferent what habit he there wore. I could fill a volume with curious anecdotes regarding him, as I live in the same society which he frequented while in Paris. But I must not exhaust your patience. My kind compliments to Ferguson, Robertson, and all the brethren. I am," &c.

"*Paris*, 28*th Dec.* 1765."

"P.S.—Be not surprised that I am going to say in my postscript, the direct contrary to what I said in my letter. There are four days of interval between my writing the one and the other; and on this subject of my future abode, I have not these four months risen and gone to bed in the same mind. When I meet with proofs of regard and affection from those I love and esteem here, I swear to myself that I shall never quit this place. An hour after, it occurs to me that I have then for ever renounced my native country and all my ancient friends, and I start with affright. I never yet left any place but with regret: judge what it is natural for me to feel on leaving Paris, and so many amiable people with whom I am intimately connected, while it is in my power to pass my life in the midst of them. Were I not indispensably obliged to go to London, I know that it would be impossible for me to leave this place. But it is very probable that being once there, and fairly escaped from the cave of Circe, I may reconcile myself again to the abode of

Ithaca. I left Edinburgh with great reluctance. To return to it, after having tripled my revenue in less than three years, can be no hardship. I must, therefore, fairly warn you to remove from my house at Whitsunday. I have taken a house at Paris; but I will have one also in Edinburgh, and shall deliberate in London which of them I shall occupy. I shall not go to Ireland. The arrival of the Duke of Richmond was late; and this engagement with M. Rousseau protracts my return so long, that it will not be worth while to go to Dublin. Lord Hertford has been so good as to excuse me. You have heard of the great fortune of Trail, who is, I believe, your acquaintance, and a very honest fellow. Nothing is so agreeable to an irresolute man, says the Cardinal de Retz, as a measure which dispenses him from taking an immediate resolution. I am exactly in the case. I hope your resigning my house will be no hardship to you."[1]

Hume, Rousseau, and M. de Luze of Geneva, a friend of the fugitive, left France early in January 1766. We have no account of their arrival, except Rousseau's statement in a letter to Malesherbes, that whenever he set foot on the land of liberty, he leaped on his illustrious friend's neck, embraced him without uttering a word, and covered his face with kisses and tears; a ceremony with which Hume would probably have dispensed, in the presence of "the barbarians who inhabit the banks of the Thames." The first notice of their sojourn in Britain, is in a bulletin by Hume to Madame de Boufflers, dated London, 19th January, 1766. He says,—

My companion is very amiable, always polite, gay often,

[1] MS. R.S.E.

commonly sociable. He does not know himself when he thinks he is made for entire solitude. I exhorted him on the road to write his memoirs. He told me, that he had already done it with an intention of publishing them.

At present, says he, it may be affirmed, that nobody knows me perfectly, any more than himself, but I shall describe myself in such plain colours, that henceforth every one may boast that he knows himself, and Jean Jacques Rousseau. I believe, that he intends seriously to draw his own picture in its true colours: but I believe, at the same time, that nobody knows himself less. For instance, even with regard to his health, a point in which few people can be mistaken, he is very fanciful. He imagines himself very infirm. He is one of the most robust men I have ever known. He passed ten hours in the night-time, above deck, during the most severe weather, when all the seamen were almost frozen to death, and he caught no harm. He says that his infirmity always increases upon a journey; yet was it almost imperceptible on the road from Paris to London.

His wearing the Armenian dress is a pure whim; which, however, he is resolved never to abandon. He has an excellent warm heart; and, in conversation, kindles often to a degree of heat which looks like inspiration. I love him much, and hope that I have some share in his affections.

I find that we shall have many ways of settling him to his satisfaction; and as he is learning the English very fast,[1] he will afterwards be able to choose for himself. There is a gentleman of the name of Townsend, a man of four or five thousand a-year, who lives very privately, within fifteen miles of London, and is a great admirer of our philosopher, as is also his wife. He has desired him to live with him, and offers to take any board he pleases. M. Rousseau was

[1] It does not appear that Rousseau made any progress in English. In a letter to Hume, from Wooton, he says, "J'ai eu hier la visite de M. le Ministre, qui, voyant que je ne lui parlois que François, n'a pas voulu me parler Anglois, de sorte que l'entrevue s'est passée à peu près sans mot dire. J'ai pris goût à l'expédient; je m'en servirai avec tous mes voisins, si j'en ai; et dussé-je apprendre l'Anglois, je ne leur parlerai que François, sur-tout si j'ai le bonheur qu'ils n'en sachent pas un mot."

much pleased with this proposal, and is inclined to accept of it. The only difficulty is, that he insists positively on his gouvernante's sitting at table,—a proposal which is not to be made to Mr. and Mrs. Townsend.

This woman forms the chief encumbrance to his settlement. M. de Luze, our compænion, says, that she passes for wicked and quarrelsome, and tattling; and is thought to be the chief cause of his quitting Neufchâtel. He himself owns her to be so dull, that she never knows in what year of the Lord she is, nor in what month of the year, nor in what day of the month or week; and that she can never learn the different value of the pieces of money in any country. Yet she governs him as absolutely as a nurse does a child. In her absence his dog has acquired that ascendant. His affection for that creature is beyond all expression or conception.

I have as yet scarce seen any body except Mr. Conway and Lady Aylesbury.[1] Both of them told me, they would visit Jean Jacques, if I thought their company would not be disagreeable. I encouraged them to show him that mark of distinction.[2] Here I must also tell you of a good action which I did; not but that it is better to conceal our good

[1] General Conway's wife.

[2] Rousseau writes to Hume: —

Le Lundi Soir.

Je vous supplie, mon très cher patron, de vouloir bien m'excuser auprès de Myladi Ailesbury et de Mr. Le Général Conway. Je suis malade, et hors d'état de me présenter, et Mademoiselle Le Vasseur, très bonne, et très estimable personne, n'est point faite pour paroître dans les grandes compagnies. Trouvez bon, mon très cher patron, que nous nous en tenions au premier arrangement et que j'attende dans l'après midi le carrosse que M. Davenport veut bien envoyer. J'arrive suant et fatigué d'une longue promenade: c'est pourquoi je ne prolonge pas ma lettre: vous m'avez si bien acquis et je suis à vous de tant de manières que cela même ne doit plus être dit. Je vous embrasse de toute la tendresse de mon cœur.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Had Lady Aylesbury requested the honour of Mademoiselle le Vasseur's company along with that of her keeper? Rousseau tells us what pleasure it gave him to see Madame la Marechale de Luxembourg embrace her in public. But if any English lady of

actions. But I consider not my seeking *your* approbation as an effect of vanity: your suffrage is to me something like the satisfaction of my own conscience. While we were at Calais, I asked him whether, in case the King of England thought proper to gratify him with a pension, he would accept of it. I told him, that the case was widely different from that of the King of Prussia; and I endeavoured to point out to him the difference, particularly in this circumstance, that a gratuity from the King of England could never in the least endanger his independence. He replied: "But would it not be using ill the King of Prussia, to whom I have since been much obliged? However, on this head (added he,) in case the offer be made me, I shall consult my father;" meaning Lord Marischal.[1] I told this story to General Conway, who seemed to embrace with zeal the notion of giving him a pension, as honourable both to the king and nation. I shall suggest the same idea to other men in power whom I may meet with, and I do not despair of succeeding.

P. S.—Since I wrote the above, I have received your obliging letter, directed to Calais. M. Rousseau says, the letter of the King of Prussia is a forgery; and he suspects it to come from M. de Voltaire.[2]

rank and character offered to extend her hospitality to such a person, there could be no stronger evidence of the general consent to suspend all social laws in favour of Rousseau.

[1] Of Lord Marischal he always spoke with respect. In the Confessions, he says, "O bon Milord! ô mon digne père! que mon cœur s'émeut encore en pensant à vous! Ah les barbares! quel coup ils m'ont porté en vous détachant de moi! Mais non, non, grand homme, vous êtes et serez toujours le même pour moi, qui suis le même toujours."

[2] Madame de Boufflers seems to have early apprehended mischief from Walpole's letter. In the letter referred to, she says, "Je voudrois savoir si une lettre du Roy de Prusse qui court Paris est vraie ou fausse. On dit qu'elle est pleine d'ironie." She then proceeds to describe the letter. Hume in answer says, "I suppose, that by this time you have learned it was Horace Walpole who wrote the Prussian letter you mentioned to me. It is a strange inclination we have to be wits, preferably to every thing else. He is a very

The project of Mr. Townsend, to my great mortification, has totally vanished, on account of Mademoiselle Le Vasseur. Send all his letters under my cover.[1]

Hume writes again on the 12th, to state that he has succeeded in obtaining the promise of a pension from the king: "You know," he says, "that our sovereign is extremely prudent and decent, and careful not to give offence. For which reason, he requires that this act of generosity may be an entire secret." He states, that this information must be kept to herself and the Prince of Conti: and she in her answer, admires Hume's generous and delicate conduct, and promises to keep the secret. In his postscript Hume announces the important fact, that Mademoiselle le Vasseur had arrived, and had found a companion to whom such a rag of celebrity was no small acquisition.

"P. S.—Since I wrote the above, I have seen General Conway, who tells me that the king has spoke to him on the same subject, and that the sum intended is a hundred pounds a-year: a mighty accession to our friend's slender revenue.

"A letter has also come to me open from Guy the bookseller, by which I learn that Mademoiselle sets out post, in company with a friend of mine, a young gentleman, very good-humoured, very agreeable—and very mad! He visited Rousseau in his mountains, who gave him a recommendation to Paoli, the King of Corsica; where this gentleman, whose name is Boswell, went last summer, in search of adventures.

worthy man; he esteems and even admires Rousseau; yet he could not forbear, for the sake of a very indifferent joke, the turning him into ridicule, and saying harsh things against him. I am a little angry with him; and I hear you are a great deal: but the matter ought to be treated only as a piece of levity." — *Private Correspondence*, p. 130.

[1] Private Correspondence, p. 125-128.

He has such a rage for literature, that I dread some event fatal to our friend's honour. You remember the story of Terentia, who was first married to Cicero, then to Sallust, and at last, in her old age, married a young nobleman, who imagined that she must possess some secret, which would convey to him eloquence and genius."[1]

Soon after, we find Hume writing as follows:—

HUME *to his Brother.*

"*London, 2d February*, 1766.

"As you know that I never left any place without regret, you may imagine that I did not leave Paris altogether willingly, after having been so long accustomed to it. I do not find this new scene near so much to my taste; and I shall be long ere I am reconciled to it. Perhaps Edinburgh may please me better; I promise myself at least some satisfaction in my nephews, of whom I hear a very good account; and it is surely more suitable to one of my years to seek a retreat in my native country, than to pass the dregs of life among the great, and among people who, though they seem to have a friendship for me, are still strangers. I accustom myself, therefore, to this idea without reluctance; and since I have crossed the seas, I find my regret for the good company I left behind me, less pungent and uneasy. . . . .

"You will have heard by this time, that I have brought over with me the famous Rousseau, the most singular man, surely, in the world. He applied to me last summer to take him under my protection in England, as he called it; but in the meanwhile, he was chased out of Switzerland, and came to Strasburg,

[1] Private Correspondence, p. 131-132.

with an intention of going to the King of Prussia, who pressed him earnestly to live with him. At Strasburg my letter reached him, making him an offer of all my services; upon which he turned short, and having obtained the King of France's passport, came and joined me at Paris. I have lived with him ever since. He is a very modest, mild, well-bred, gentle-spirited, and warm-hearted man, as ever I knew in my life. He is also to appearance very sociable. I never saw a man who seems better calculated for good company, nor who seems to take more pleasure in it. Yet is he absolutely determined to retire and board himself in a farmer's house among the mountains of Wales, for the sake of solitude. He has refused a pension from the King of Prussia, and presents from hundreds. I have been offered great sums for him, if I could have prevailed on him to accept of them. Yet, till within these three months, he was in absolute beggary. He has now about £70 a-year?[1] which he has acquired by a bargain for his works. It is incredible the enthusiasm for him in Paris, and the curiosity in London. I prevailed on him to go to the play-house in order to see Garrick, who placed him in a box opposite the king and queen. I observed their majesties to look at him more than at the players.[2] I should desire no better fortune than to have the

[1] The mark of interrogation is in the M.S.

[2] Writing to the Marquise de Barbantane, he makes the following addition to this anecdote:—

"When the hour came, he told me, that he had changed his resolution, and would not go: 'for—what shall I do with Sultan?' That is the name of his dog. 'You must leave him behind,' said I. 'But the first person,' replied he, 'who opens the door, Sultan will run into the streets in search of me, and will be lost.' 'You must then,' said I, 'lock him up in your room, and put the key in your pocket.' This was accordingly done: but as we went down stairs,

privilege of showing him to all I please. The hereditary prince paid him a visit a few days ago; and I imagine the Duke of York called on him one evening when he was abroad. I love him much, and shall separate from him with much regret."[1]

Hume writes to Dr. Blair on 11th February: —

"You have seen in the newspapers enow of particulars concerning my pupil, who has now left me and retired to Chiswick. He is impatient to get into the mountains of Wales. He is a very agreeable amiable man, but a great humorist.[2] The philosophers of Paris foretold to me that I could not conduct him to Calais without a quarrel; but I think I could live with him all my life in mutual friendship and esteem. I am very sorry that the matter is not likely to be put to a trial! I believe one great source of our concord is, that neither he nor I are disputatious, which is not the case with any of them. They are also displeased with him because they think he overabounds in religion; and it is indeed remarkable, that the philosopher of this age who has been most persecuted, is by far the most devout. I do not comprehend such philosophers as are invested with the sacerdotal character. I am, dear doctor, yours *usque ad aras*."[3]

The first attempt to find a settlement for Rousseau,

the dog howled and made a noise; his master turned back, and said he had not resolution to leave him in that condition; but I caught him in my arms and told him, that Mrs. Garrick had dismissed another company in order to make room for him; that the King and Queen were expecting to see him; and without a better reason than Sultan's impatience, it would be ridiculous to disappoint them. Partly by these reasons, and partly by force, I engaged him to proceed."—*Private Correspondence*, p. 144.

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] The word appears not to be used in its modern popular sense, but as meaning a person full of caprice.

[3] MS. R.S.E.

was with the French gardener at Fulham, already alluded to. The arrangement proposed by Hume was, that the gardener was to receive from fifty to sixty pounds a-year, as the consideration for boarding Rousseau and Mademoiselle, but that he was only to draw twenty-five pounds from Rousseau, from whom he was to keep the arrangement secret.[1] Rousseau rejected this arrangement with disgust; and various other efforts to find him a suitable home were equally

[1] In his narrative of the controversy, Hume says, "I wrote immediately to my friend Mr. John Stewart of Buckingham Street, that I had an affair to communicate to him, of so secret and delicate a nature, that I should not venture even to commit it to paper, but that he might learn the particulars of Mr. Elliot. . . . . Mr. Stewart was to look out for some honest and discreet farmer in his neighbourhood, who might be willing to lodge and board M. Rousseau and his gouvernante. . . . . It was not long before Mr. Stewart wrote me word he had found a situation, which he conceived might be agreeable," &c.

In confirmation of this narrative, there is the following letter in the MSS. R.S.E. Mr. Stewart is probably the "Jack Stewart," frequently alluded to in Hume's letters.

"My Dear Sir,—Mr. Elliot told me the affair you recommended to him. Since his arrival I have tried every farmer in our side of the country, and can find no proper place. Some have not room, some hate foreigners, some don't chuse boarders, and the major part of all are such beings as he could not live with in any comfortable manner. There is an old Frenchman who has been here since a child, and has a sort of a garden farm at Fulham. To him I proposed the thing without mentioning names, and to oblige me he will take such a boarder: but still I could wish to find a place where he would be more agreeably situated, for this man keeps only a single maid, eats very plain, and his house is as dirty as a Frenchman's in France. The farmer himself is about sixty years old, unmarried, a cheerful honest creature, of a very obliging disposition. Consider whether this will suit your purpose, or if I should try in other counties. Adieu, my worthy good sir. Believe me eternally, your devoted servant,

"J. Stewart."

unsuccessful. Hume, who, as Rousseau himself tells Madame de Boufflers, was more anxious about his welfare than he was himself, appears to have spent week after week, in the vain pursuit of a resting place for the wanderer—no sooner framing a hopeful scheme than it was contemptuously rejected. It does not appear, however, that the inquiries were conducted precisely in the sphere in which Rousseau liked to act. It is clear that he had not come to Britain to negotiate with farmers at Chiswick, or French gardeners at Fulham. He undoubtedly expected much more distinguished titles to be mixed up with his arrangements; and we find that it was not till a rich man's well kept country mansion was put at his disposal, that he deigned to be for a moment satisfied. A letter to Blair, contains a very full narrative of the subsequent proceedings.

HUME *to* DR. BLAIR.[1]

"*Lisle Street, Leicester Fields,*
25th March, 1766.

"DEAR DOCTOR,—I had asked M. Rousseau the question you propose to me: He answered, that the story of his

[1] Blair had written on 24th February,—

"I received both your letters; and am exceedingly indebted to you for the many curious and entertaining anecdotes you gave me concerning Rousseau. They bestowed upon me somewhat of the same importance which you say your connexion with Rousseau himself bestowed upon you in Paris, by having so much information to give my friends from you concerning so extraordinary a personage. Your accounts pleased me the more, that they coincided very much with the idea I had always formed of the man—amiable but whimsical. Strong sensibilities joined with an oddly arranged understanding. He is a proof of what I always thought to be a possible mixture in human nature, one being a sceptic from the turn of their mind, and yet an enthusiast from the turn of their heart; for this I take to be his real character—a man floating betwixt doubts and feelings—betwixt scepticism and enthusiasm: leaning more to the latter than the former; his understanding strangely

"Héloise" had some general and distant resemblance to reality; such as was sufficient to warm his imagination and assist his invention: but that all the chief circumstances were fictitious. I have heard in France, that he had been employed to teach music to a young lady, a boarder in a convent at Lyons; and that the master and scholar fell mutually in love with each other; but the affair was not attended with any consequences. I think this work his masterpiece; though he himself told me, that he valued most his *Contrat Social;* which is as preposterous a judgment as that of Milton, who preferred the Paradise Regained to all his other performances.

This man, the most singular of all human beings, has at last left me; and I have very little hopes of ever being able, for the future, to enjoy much of his company, though he says, that if I settle either in London or Edinburgh, he will take a journey on foot every year to visit me. Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of £5000 or £6000 a-year, in the north of England, and a man of great humanity and of a good understanding, has taken the charge of him. He has a house called Wooton, in the Peake of Derby, situated amidst mountains and rocks and streams and forests, which pleases the wild imagination and solitary humour of Rousseau; and as the master seldom inhabited it, and only kept there a plain table for some servants, he offered me to give it up to my friend. I accepted, on condition that he would take from him £30 a-year of board for himself and his gouvernante, which he was so good-natured as to agree to. Rousseau has about £80 a-year, which he has acquired by contracts with his booksellers, and by a liferent annuity of £25 a-year, which he accepted from Lord Marischal. This is the only man who has yet been able to make him accept of money.

He was desperately resolved to rush into this solitude, notwithstanding all my remonstrances; and I foresee, that he will be unhappy in that situation, as he has indeed been always in all situations. He will be entirely without occupation,

tinctured by both." He desires Hume to ask Rousseau, whether the principal scenes in his "Héloise" were not founded on real events.—MS. R.S.E.

without company, and almost without amusement of any kind. He has read very little during the course of his life, and has now totally renounced all reading: He has seen very little; and has no manner of curiosity to see or remark: He has reflected, properly speaking, and studied very little; and has not indeed much knowledge: He has only *felt*, during the whole course of his life; and in this respect, his sensibility rises to a pitch beyond what I have seen any example of: but it still gives him a more acute feeling of pain than of pleasure. He is like a man who were stript not only of his clothes, but of his skin, and turned out in that situation to combat with the rude and boisterous elements, such as perpetually disturb this lower world.' I shall give you a remarkable instance of his turn of character in this respect: It passed in my room, the evening before his departure.

He had resolved to set out with his gouvernante in a post-chaise; but Davenport, willing to cheat him and save him some money, told him that he had found a retour chaise for the place, which he might have for a trifle, and that luckily it set out the very day in which Rousseau intended to depart. His purpose was to hire a chaise, and make him believe this story. He succeeded at first, but Rousseau afterwards ruminating on the circumstances, began to entertain a suspicion of the trick. He communicated his doubts to me, complaining that he was treated like a child; that though he was poor, he chose rather to conform himself to his circumstances, than live like a beggar on alms; and that he was very unhappy in not speaking the language familiarly, so as to guard himself against these impositions. I told him that I was ignorant of the matter, and knew nothing more of it, than I was told by Mr. Davenport, but if he pleased I should make inquiry about it. "Never tell me that," replied he, "if this be really a contrivance of Davenport's, you are acquainted with it, and consenting to it; and you could not possibly have done me a greater displeasure." Upon which he sat down very sullen and silent; and all my attempts were in vain to revive the conversation, and to turn it on other subjects; he still answered me very drily and coldly. At last, after passing near an hour in this ill-humour, he rose up and took a turn about the room. But

judge of my surprise, when he sat down suddenly on my knee, threw his hands about my neck, kissed me with the greatest warmth, and bedewing all my face with tears, exclaimed, "Is it possible you can ever forgive me, my dear friend? After all the testimonies of affection I have received from you, I reward you at last with this folly and ill behaviour: but I have notwithstanding a heart worthy of your friendship; I love you, I esteem you, and not an instance of your kindness is thrown away upon me." I hope you have not so bad an opinion of me as to think I was not melted on this occasion; I assure you I kissed him and embraced him twenty times, with a plentiful effusion of tears. I think no scene of my life was ever more affecting.[1]

I now understand perfectly his aversion to company; which appears so surprising in a man well qualified for the entertainment of company, and which the greater part of the world takes for affectation. He has frequent and long fits of the spleen, from the state of his mind or body, call it which you please; and from his extreme sensibility of temper, during that disposition, company is a torment to him. When his spirits and health and good humour return, his fancy affords him so much and such agreeable occupation, that to call him off from it gives him uneasiness; and even the writing of books, he tells me, as it limits and restrains his fancy to one subject, is not an agreeable entertainment. He never will write any more; and never should have wrote at all, could he have slept a-nights. But he lies awake commonly; and to keep himself from tiring, he usually composed something, which he wrote down when he arose. He assures me, that he composes very slowly, and with great labour and difficulty.

He is naturally very modest, and even ignorant of his own superiority. His fire, which frequently rises in conversation, is gentle and temperate; he is never in the least arrogant and domineering, and is, indeed, one of the best bred men I ever knew. I shall give you such an instance of his modesty as must necessarily be sincere. When we were on the road,

[1] This anecdote is told in substantially the same manner to Madame de Boufflers, to whom its spirit would be doubtless far less incomprehensible than to Dr. Blair.—*See Private Correspondence*, p. 150.

I recommended to him the learning of English, without which, I told him, he would never enjoy entire liberty, nor be fully independent, and at his own disposal. He was sensible I was in the right, and said, that he heard there were two English translations of his "Emile, or Treatise on Education;" he would get them as soon as he arrived in London; and as he knew the subject, he would have no other trouble, than to learn or guess the words: this would save him some pains in consulting the dictionary; and as he improved, it would amuse him to compare the translations and judge which was the best. Accordingly, soon after our arrival, I procured him the books, but he returned them in a few days, saying that they could be of no use to him. "What is the matter?" replied I. "I cannot endure them," said he, "they are my own work; and ever since I delivered my books to the press, I never could open them, or read a page of them without disgust." "That is strange," said I, "I wonder the good reception they have met with from the world has not put you more in conceit with them." "Why," said he, "if I were to count suffrages, there are perhaps more against them than for them." "But," rejoined I, "it is impossible but the style, and eloquence, and ornaments must please you." "To tell the truth," said he, "I am not displeased with myself in that particular: but I still dread, that my writings are good for nothing at the bottom, and that all my theories are full of extravagance. Je crains toujours que je pèche par le fond, et que tous mes systèmes ne sont que des extravagances." You see that this is judging of himself with the utmost severity, and censuring his writings on the side where they are most exposed to criticism. No feigned modesty is ever capable of this courage. I never heard ——— reproach himself with the ———: nobody ever heard you express any remorse, for having put Ossian on the same footing with Homer!

Have I tired you, or will you have any more anecdotes of this singular personage? I think I hear you desire me to go on. He attempted once to justify to me the moral of his New Heloisa, which, he knew, was blamed, as instructing young people in the art of gratifying their passions, under the cover of virtue, and noble refined sentiments. "You

may observe," said he "that my Julia is faithful to her husband's bed, though she is seduced from her duty during her single state; but this last circumstance can be of no consequence in France, where all the young ladies are shut up in convents, and have it not in their power to transgress: it might, indeed, have a bad effect in a Protestant country." But notwithstanding this reflection, he told me, that he has wrote a continuation of his "Emilius," which may soon be published. He there attempts to show the effect of his plan of education, by representing Emilius in all the most trying situations, and still extricating himself with courage and virtue. Among the rest, he discovers that Sophia, the amiable, the virtuous, the estimable Sophia, is unfaithful to his bed, which fatal accident he bears with a manly superior spirit. "In this work," added he, "I have endeavoured to represent Sophia in such a light that she will appear equally amiable, equally virtuous, and equally estimable, as if she had no such frailty." "You take a pleasure, I see," said I, "to combat with difficulties in all your works." "Yes," said he, "I hate marvellous and supernatural *events* in novels. The only thing that can give pleasure in such performances is to place the personages in situations difficult and singular." Thus, you see, nothing remains for him but to write a book for the instruction of widows! unless perhaps he imagines that they can learn their lesson without instruction. Adieu, dear doctor; you say that you sometimes read my letters to our common friends; but you must read this only to the initiated.[1]

Almost the only other matter which appears conspicuously in Hume's correspondence during his intercourse with Rousseau, is the death of a dear friend, often mentioned in his previous letters—Dr. Jardine. He was a man of strong judgment, and much sarcastic wit; but his articles in *The Edinburgh Review* of 1755, are almost the only specimens of his ability which he has left to posterity. He was born

[1] *Literary Gazette*, 1822, p. 731, corrected from original, MS. R.S.E.

in Dumfries-shire on 3d January, 1716, and he was minister of the Tron Church parish when he died. The death was sudden; and Hume, overlooking the calamitous consequences of such events to surviving relatives, and in harmony with the opinions he had expressed on death in a still more appalling form, seems to have considered its suddenness as fortunate. He thus writes to Blair, on 5th June.

"I cannot begin my letter without lamenting most sincerely the death of our friend Dr. Jardine. I do not aggravate it by the circumstance of its being sudden, for that is very desirable. But surely we shall ever regret the loss of a very pleasant companion, and of a very friendly honest man. It makes a blank which you must all feel, and which I in particular will sensibly feel, when I come amongst you. I need not ask you whether the miscreants of the opposite party do not rejoice, for I take it for granted they do."[1]

[1] MS. R.S.E. Blair writes on 12th June:—

"Poor Jardine—I knew you would join with us in dropping very cordial tears over his memory. What pleasant hours have I passed with you and him. We have lost a most agreeable companion, as it was possible for any man to be, and a very useful man to us here, in all public affairs. I thought of you at the very first as one who would sensibly feel the blank he will make in our society, when you come again to join it. But when are you to come?" — MS. R.S.E.

CHAPTER XV.

1766—1767. Æt. 55—56.

Rousseau at Wooton—Mr. Davenport—Negotiations as to Rousseau's pension—Origin and rise of his excitement against Hume—Proper method of viewing the dispute—Incidents illustrative of Rousseau's state of mind—His charges against Hume—Smith's opinion—Opinion of the French friends—Hume's conduct in the publication of the papers—Voltaire—Rousseau's flight and wanderings—Hume's subsequent conduct to him.

THE place where Rousseau found a retreat, was the mansion of Wooton in Derbyshire, surrounded by scenery, not unlike that which he had left behind him in the Jura. It was a late addition to the extensive ancestral estates of its proprietor, Mr. Davenport of Davenport. How successful Hume had been, in finding a man of generous, warm, kindly nature, to be the protector of his exiled friend, some letters from Mr. Davenport, printed in the course of this narrative will attest.[1]

That Rousseau might be induced to live in his house, it was necessary that Mr. Davenport should agree to accept of a sum of money in the shape of board, and he good-humouredly conceded to Hume, that the amount should be fixed at £30 a-year. "If it be possible," says Hume, "for a man to live without occupation, without books, without society, and without sleep, he will not quit this wild and solitary place; where all the circumstances which he ever

[1] It might be expected, from the nature of Mr. Davenport's letters, that his descendants should be in possession of letters, either by Hume or Rousseau bearing on this curious passage of literary history. I believe I am committing no breach of private confidence in saying, that this family, to whom I am indebted for many polite attentions, lost all such documents, along with other valuable papers. They were destroyed by an attorney—who at the same time put an end to his own life.

required, seem to concur for the purpose of making him happy. But I dread the weakness and inquietude natural to every man, and, above all, to a man of his character. I should not be surprised that he had soon quitted this retreat."[1] It appears that Mr. Davenport intended, if Rousseau became attached to Wooton, to leave him a life lease of the house.[2]

Rousseau reached Wooton about the middle of March. On the 22d he wrote to his *cher Patron* Hume, informing him that his new place of residence was in every way delightful; and that its charms were enhanced by the reflection, that he owed all the happiness of his new position to his dear friend.[3] Doubtless Hume, who must now have been a little tired of the caprices which had so constantly baffled his friendly exertions, felt this acknowledgment to be very gratifying. On the 29th he received a letter, still friendly and grateful, but not quite so warm, in which Rousseau, while he complains of the inconvenience of not being understood by the servants, congratulates himself on his ignorance of the English language, as saving him from the annoyance of communication with his neighbours.[4]

[1] This letter was written in French; and the person to whom it was addressed is not known. It was published in a miscellany, of which a translation (from which the above extract is made) appeared in 1799, as "Original Letters of J. J. Rousseau, Butta Fuoco, and David Hume."

[2] Private Correspondence, p. 153. [3] Exposé Succinct.

[4] See above, p. 304. One of Rousseau's favourite amusements was, drawing a vehement picture of his misfortunes and his poverty; and after having thus laid a sort of trap, catching some benevolent person in the act of secretly attempting to aid him. Many of his letters are like those of a petty dealer, who is afraid of being imposed on, and must see that all the consignments are exact, as per invoice and account. The matter of the return chaise already alluded to, slightly tinges the good humour of the former of these

While all seemed thus serene, dark thoughts were gathering in the exile's mind: and if Hume, relieved of his troublesome duties, and probably satisfied with his own conduct, had known the nicer tests of the state of that variable and tempestuous temper, he might have calculated, by some indications, that the storm was about to burst. The letter of Horace Walpole had, for some time, been lying at the bottom of Rousseau's mind, not forgotten, though hidden from view; and it seems to have formed the nucleus round which his diseased imaginations gathered, and put themselves into shape.[1] On the 7th of April, Rousseau

letters. In the other, there are some remonstrances about a model of a bust of himself, which he will not take from the artist unless it is to be paid for. The same letter contains the following passage, which the editors of the "Exposé Succinct" did not think it necessary to print. It illustrates Rousseau's occasional attention to small matters.

"Je vous suis obligé d'avoir bien voulu solder le mémoire de M. Stuart. J'y trouve deux articles qui ne sont pas de ma connoissance. L'un de £1 14 pour du café, et l'autre de 5 sh. pour un moulin. Il est vrai que M. Stuart avoit bien voulu se charger de ces commissions, mais je ne les ai point recues ni avec mon bagage ni autrement, et n'en ai aucun avis que par son mémoire."

[1] Though it has been repeated in so many other places, it seems necessary, for the distinctness of the narrative, here to print this famous letter.

"Mon cher Jean Jacques,

"Vous avez renoncé à Genève, votre patrie. Vous vous êtes fait chasser de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits; la France vous a décrété; venez donc chez moi. J'admire vos talens; je m'amuse de vos rêveries qui (soit dit en passant) vous occupent trop et trop longtemps. Il faut à la fin être sage & heureux; vous avez fait assez parler de vous, par des singularités peu convenables à un véritable grand homme: démontrez à vos enemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le sens commun: cela les fâchera sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible: je vous veux du bien, & je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstinez à rejetter mon secours, attendez-vous que je

sent a letter to the editor of the *St. James's Chronicle*, in which it had appeared, denouncing it as a forgery concocted in Paris, and saying that it rent and afflicted his heart to say, that the impostor had his accomplices in England. That it was not then, or for many weeks before, that he first became acquainted with this *jeu*

ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persistez à vous creuser l'esprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez-les tels que vous voudrez; je suis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos souhaits; et, ce qui sûrement ne vous arrivera pas vis-à-vis de vos ennemis, je cesserai de vous persécuter, quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'être. Votre bon ami, FREDERICK."

Rousseau thought it worse than strange, that the person who wrote this letter should have been intrusted with the conveyance of a parcel to him, holding it to be clear that Walpole must necessarily be a person who could not be intrusted with his property. M. Musset Pathay, in his "Vie de Rousseau," makes a serious charge against Hume, in connexion with Walpole's conduct. Hume confessed his being present when one of the pleasantries of the letter was uttered in conversation. "Horace Walpole's letter," he says to Madame de Barbantane, "was not founded on any pleasantry of mine. The only pleasantry in that letter came from his own mouth in my company, at Lord Ossory's table, which my lord remembers very well." (*Private Correspondence*, p. 146.) On this passage, M. Musset says: "Elle prouve que l'historien Anglais s'est permis une plaisanterie contre Jean Jacques, au moment même ou, lui témoignant le plus grand intérêt, il se préparait à l'emmener en Angleterre. Ainsi, à l'époque où David donnait à Rousseau les plus grandes marques d'amitié, il contribuait d'un côté à le rendre un objet de ridicule, par un bon mot qui fit partie du persiflage d'Horace Walpole," (i. 115.) If the reader thinks he here finds a French statesman announcing the rigid doctrine of sincerity, that no man should patiently hear his friend's foibles laughed at, he will find, on examining the passage, that M. Musset has chosen to speak of Hume as the *author* of the jest. In harmony with this view he, innocently it is to be presumed, translates the above sentence in Hume's letter thus: — "La seule plaisanterie que je me sois permise relativement à la prétendue lettre du roi de Prusse, fut faite *par moi* à la table de Lord Ossory!"

d'esprit, is clear from a letter to Madame de Boufflers, of 18th January, in which he states, that Hume had just informed him of its existence.[1] He appears to have then attributed it to Voltaire. He afterwards imputed it, with great confidence, to D'Alembert; and the ultimate discovery, that it was not written by any literary rival and conspirator, but by an English gentleman partial to such wicked amusements, appears to have been the most galling circumstance connected with it.

It seems to have been believed, by some of those who knew Rousseau's character, that his brooding over Walpole's letter would have been insufficient to cause the commotions that followed, without the malicious assistance of Mademoiselle Le Vasseur.[2] This woman, who seems to have possessed all the vices to which her sex is liable, without one of its virtues, — who had just enough of intellect to assist the cunning of her depraved heart, — is said to have had an influence over the philosopher of education, of which it is certainly difficult to credit the extent. It will be seen, in the letters of Mr. Davenport, that she had a dispute with his venerable housekeeper, concerning a kettle and cinders! What was the exact nature of the dispute, is now, it may be feared, buried in eternal oblivion; and we are left to conjecture whither an influential cause in a literary quarrel, which interested all Europe, may possibly

[1] Private Correspondence, p. 133.

[2] Madame de Boufflers writes on 6th May:—

"Je ne puis croire que le violent chagrin dont parle J. J. vienne de la lettre de M. Walpole, quoique sûrement elle l'a du beaucoup affecter. Je crains bien plutôt que quelque dégoût de Melle. Le Vasseur ou quelques querelles entre eux n'en soit la cause; éclaircissez cela de grâce, et ôtez moi du l'inquiétude où vous m'avez prise." — MS. R.S.E.

have been a kettle and cinders. On the 12th of May, Rousseau wrote to General Conway, acknowledging the king's goodness in bestowing on him a pension; saying he thought himself armed against all disasters, but that a new and unimagined one had arisen, which so troubled his spirit, that he had not the necessary presence of mind to decide on the conduct he ought to adopt as to the pension. He expressed, at the same time, sorrow that he could not publicly acknowledge his obligations. This appeared to Hume and Conway to be an intimation, that the pension would not be accepted if it were to be secret.[1]

While his mind was thus blackening within, he preserved a cheerful exterior; and Mr. Davenport wrote to Hume, on 14th May, from Wooton: "I came on Friday, and had the satisfaction of finding M. Rousseau in perfect health. He seems to like the place; amuses himself with walking when the weather is fair; if raining, he plays upon the harpsichord and

[1] That Hume was, in the meantime, quite unconscious of any cause of offence against himself, is evident from his writing to Madame de Boufflers, on 16th May:

"As to the deep calamity of which he complains, it is impossible for me to imagine it. I suppose it is some trifle, aggravated by his melancholy temper and lively fancy. I shall endeavour to learn from Mr. Davenport, who is just gone to that neighbourhood. Lady Aylesbury and General Conway believe that it is Horace Walpole's letter which still torments him. That letter was put into our newspapers; which produced an answer, full of passion, and indeed of extravagance, complaining in the most tragical terms of the forgery, and lamenting that the impostor should find any abettors and partisans in England. Mr. Walpole has wrote a reply, full of vivacity and wit, but sacrifices it to his humanity, and is resolved that no copy of it shall get abroad. He assures me that he, as well as Madame du Deffand, were entirely innocent of that publication at Paris: it was a lady, a friend of yours, who gave the first copy." — *Private Correspondence*, pp. 170-171.

writes: is very sociable, and an excellent companion."[1] There is evidence, however, that he had entertained all his evil thoughts of Hume at a much earlier period. His second letter to him, in the capacity of *Cher Patron*, is dated, as we have mentioned, 29th March. On the 31st he wrote to M. D'Ivernois, saying that he found Hume allied with his most dangerous enemies, and if he were not a rascal, he himself would owe him many reparations for unjust suspicions entertained of him.[2]

Resolved to bring the matter of the pension to a conclusion, Hume wrote to Rousseau thus:—

"*Lisle Street, Leicester Fields,*
"*June* 16, 1766.

"As I have not received any answer from you, sir, I conclude that you persevere in the resolution of refusing all marks of his majesty's goodness, as long as they must remain a secret. I have, therefore, applied to General Conway to have this condition removed; and I have been so fortunate as to obtain

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] Musset Pathay, Vie de Rousseau, vol. i. p. 116. This gentleman concludes that, within the space of twenty-four hours, Rousseau must have had reason to change from the extremity of confidence in Hume, to a full conviction of his guilt. But with all his desire to vindicate Rousseau, his account of the manner in which this conclusion had been reached, does not tend to convince one that it was well founded.

"Mais, d'après l'étude du caractère de Rousseau, d'après l'observation qui prouve que, dans la solitude, l'imagination s'effarouche aisément, il est plus naturel de croire que, tout-à-coup, une multitude de circonstances s'offrirent à la fois à la mémoire de Jean Jacques, et, quoique minutieuses en elles mêmes, qu'olles devinrent, par leur nombre, et leur coïncidence, importantes et graves. Il ne fallait qu'un incident pour les rendre telles, comme une goutte suffit pour faire déborder un vase plein d'eau."

his promise, that he would speak to the king for that purpose. It will only be requisite, said he, that we know previously from M. Rousseau, whether he would accept of a pension publicly granted him, that his majesty may not be exposed to a second refusal. He gave me authority to write to you on the subject; and I beg to hear your resolution as soon as possible. If you give your consent, which I earnestly entreat you to do, I know that I can depend on the good offices of the Duke of Richmond to second General Conway's application; so that I have no doubt of success. I am, my dear sir, yours, with great sincerity."[1]

This brought on the first gust of the storm. On 23d June, Rousseau wrote his celebrated letter, beginning with the observation, that his silence, interpreted by Hume's conscience, must have convinced the latter that the whole of his horrible designs were discovered. In this letter nothing is more remarkable than the contrast between the frantic bitterness of the language, and the elaborate neatness of the penmanship, which, if handwriting conveyed a notion of character, would represent a calm, contented mind, gratifying itself by the exercise of the petty art of caligraphy. A fac-simile of the concluding paragraph is given, that the reader may have an opportunity of marking this singular contrast.

Hume, now thoroughly angry, wrote as follows:—

HUME *to* ROUSSEAU.

"*June* 26, 1766.

"As I am conscious of having ever acted towards you the most friendly part, of having always given

[1] Printed documents of the controversy—Ritchie's Life of Hume.

Je laisse un libre cours aux manoeuvres de vos amis, aux vôtres, et je vous abandonne avec peu de regret ma reputation durant ma vie, bien sur qu'un jour on nous rendra justice à tous deux. Quant aux bons offices en matière d'interêts avec lesquels vous vous masquez, je vous en remercie et vous en dispense. Je me dois de n'avoir plus de commerce avec vous, et de n'accepter pas même à mon avantage, aucune affaire dont vous soyez le médiateur. Adieu, Monsieur, je vous souhaite le plus vrai bonheur, mais comme nous ne devons plus rien avoir à nous dire, voici la dernière lettre que vous recevrez de moi.

J. J. Rousseau

you the most tender and the most active proofs of sincere affection, you may judge of my extreme surprise on perusing your epistle. Such violent accusations, confined altogether to generalities, it is as impossible to answer, as it is impossible to comprehend them. But affairs cannot, must not, remain on that footing. I shall charitably suppose that some infamous calumniator has belied me to you. But, in that case, it is your duty, and, I am persuaded, it will be your inclination, to give me an opportunity of detecting him, and of justifying myself; which can only be done by your mentioning the particulars of which I am accused. You say, that I myself know that I have been false to you; but I say it loudly, and will say it to the whole world, that I know the contrary; that I know my friendship towards you has been unbounded and uninterrupted; and that though I have given you instances of it, which have been universally remarked both in France and England, the public as yet are acquainted only with the smallest part of it. I demand, that you name to me the man who dares assert the contrary; and, above all, I demand, that he shall mention any one particular in which I have been wanting to you. You owe this to me; you owe it to yourself; you owe it to truth, and honour, and justice, and to every thing deemed sacred among men. As an innocent man—for I will not say, as your friend; I will not say, as your benefactor; but I repeat it, as an innocent man, I claim the privilege of proving my innocence, and of refuting any scandalous falsehood which may have been invented against me. Mr. Davenport, to whom I have sent a copy of your letter, and who will read this before he delivers it, will, I am confident, second my demand, and tell you that nothing can be more equitable.

Happily I have preserved the letter you wrote me after your arrival at Wooton; and you there express, in the strongest terms, in terms indeed too strong, your satisfaction in my poor endeavours to serve you. The little epistolary intercourse, which afterwards passed between us, has been all employed on my side to the most friendly purposes. Tell me, then, what has since given you offence. Tell me, of what I am accused. Tell me the man who accuses me. Even after you have fulfilled all these conditions to my satisfaction, and to that of Mr. Davenport, you will still have great difficulty to justify your employing such outrageous terms towards a man, with whom you have been so intimately connected, and who was entitled, on many accounts, to have been treated by you with more regard and decency.

"Mr. Davenport knows the whole transaction about your pension, because I thought it necessary that the person who had undertaken your settlement should be fully acquainted with your circumstances; lest he should be tempted to perform towards you concealed acts of generosity, which, if they accidentally came to your knowledge, might give you some grounds of offence. I am, sir," &c.[1]

In here exhibiting a few of the prominent features of the quarrel between Hume and Rousseau, there is no intention of entering on a defence of Hume, or a full examination of the conduct of the parties. Viewing it as a picturesque incident in literary history, the reader will probably feel an interest in such new light as may be thrown upon it on the present occasion; but, it is presumed that few who

[1] Documents of the controversy, &c.

have made themselves acquainted with the material circumstances of the dispute, as they have been already made known, will expect any thing to be said that can alter their appreciation of the conduct of the parties. Where there are personal disputes, there is no cause so hopelessly bad as to be without partisans; and when no other motive comes into action, a feeling of generosity towards one who seems to have forfeited the good opinion of his kind, calls forth a few vindicators and supporters. It was natural that Rousseau, a man of great genius, whose writings had produced a prodigious influence on his age,—one who had shown, in many instances, the outward manifestations of a kind unselfish disposition, and who had discarded, with an air of magnanimous scorn, all the grovelling ties that bind the human creature to the earth on which he crawls,—should have champions and supporters in any dispute in which he might be involved, be his conduct what it might. Thus he had a few vindicators, chiefly of the female sex, while he lived: but gradually, when feelings of personal sympathy had died away, the conduct of the disputants ceased to be weighed against each other in the same scales. People did not inquire which of them had acted more fairly and justly than the other; but, putting Rousseau's conduct out of the question as a criterion, they asked, whether that of Hume was kind and magnanimous towards the unfortunate monomaniac?[1] Although this view is plainly

[1] There is certainly one important exception to this method of viewing the matter, and that in a book otherwise of merit. One would hardly expect to meet with a work of the nineteeth century, containing a serious vindication of Rousseau, as a sane man who was in the right in this quarrel, while Hume was in the wrong. Yet some such task has been undertaken in the "Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de J. J. Rousseau," by the late M. Musset Pathay, (1821,) which may be ranked among the boldest efforts of that school

to be traced in the sentiments of those who have fugitively touched on the dispute, it is to be gathered

of biographers, whose principle is, that the hero of their tale must not be admitted to have had any vice or weakness. M. Musset's charges against Hume are much of the same mystical character with those made by Rousseau himself, and amount to this, that there was something in the whole aspect of affairs not quite satisfactory. He deals with some small matters of fact,—he is very indignant that Hume should, as he confesses, have tried to prevent Rousseau from plunging into a distant solitude; and we have already seen the effect which his zeal has had on his discrimination, in the affair of Walpole's letter. He makes one discovery, of which it would be unjust to deny him the full merit. Hume says, in his Vindication, "It is with reluctance I say it, but I am compelled to it. I now know of a certainty, that this affectation of extreme poverty and distress was a mere pretence, a petty kind of imposture, which M. Rousseau successfully employed to excite the compassion of the public: but I was then very far from suspecting any such artifice." In a letter to Madame de Boufflers, he says, "I should be glad to know how your inquiries at M. Rougemont's have turned out. It is only matter of mere curiosity: for even if the fact should prove against him, which is very improbable, I should only regard it as one weakness more, and do not make my good opinion of him to depend on a single incident." (*Private Correspondence*, p. 130.) Now Rougemont was a banker, and M. Musset infers that Hume had been making inquiries as to Rousseau's pecuniary affairs. Perhaps, when he found a man proclaiming his destitution to all Europe, and flinging back, in the faces of the givers, the assistance his importunities extracted from the compassionate, it was not a very great crime to endeavour to ascertain the truth of any rumour, that the misery was not so extreme as the sufferer painted it, and the necessity for their intervention not so great as the compassionate believed it to be. There is one letter from M. Rougement among the MSS. R.S.E. dated 5th March, 1766. If it does not contradict, it certainly does not confirm the theory of M. Musset. It is too long and commonplace to be here inserted in full. There is not a word in it about money matters; and it appears to be written in answer to some high praise of Rousseau by Hume. The banker says:

L'opinion que vous avez de M. Rousseau ne me laisse plus aucun doute: et c'est avec la plus grande satisfaction que je vois que mon enthusiasme ne m'a point aveuglée; les détails que vous

more from the general tone of their remarks, than from any direct avowal of belief, that Rousseau was a monomaniac.[1] There is a majesty in genius, that makes us reluctant thus to ally it with the debasement of the human intellect. Yet, too often, some portion of the most brilliant mind is thus eclipsed, though the brightness of what is clear prevents our seeing easily the blackened spot. In Rousseau's case, there has been, perhaps, a disinclination to admit the "plea of

me faites, me persuadent encore plus de la vérité d'une observation que vous avez faite un soir; c'est, qu'il n'est qu'un homme ordinaire quand son coeur ne sent rien." MS. R.S.E.

One might indeed infer, that Hume's inquiries were to discover whether the solitude of Wooton would be likely to be favourable to Rousseau. M. Rougemont thinks it would not. "La solitude," he says, "qui peut cesser quand on veut, peut avoir des charmes; mais je ne puis croire qu'il ne soit pas fort malheureux d' être nécessairement privé de toute société." The rest of his letter is devoted to Parisian literary gossip, with which the banker appears to have been ambitious of showing his acquaintance.

It is not when reviewing the conduct of Hume, but when recalling such observations as those made by Dr. Johnson on Rousseau, that one is tempted to sympathize with M. Musset. Of the rigid moralist's opinions, Boswell gives us the following sketch:

"One evening, at the Mitre, Johnson said sarcastically to me, 'It seems, sir, you have kept very good company abroad: Rousseau and Wilkes!' I answered, with a smile, 'My dear sir, you don't call Rousseau bad company: do you really think *him* a bad man?' Johnson. 'Sir, if you are talking jestingly of this, I don't talk with you. If you mean to be serious, I think him one of the worst of men; a rascal who ought to be hunted out of society as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him; and it is a shame that he is protected in this country. Rousseau, sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation, than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work in the plantations.'" — Boswell, vol. ii. p. 314, ed. 1835.

[1] A scientific gentleman, whose writings on medical jurisprudence are of high authority, and who had read the Hume and Rousseau controversy, observed to me, that Rousseau's case should have been treated as one of monomania.

insanity," on account of the wonderful practical sagacity that accompanied his aberrations. Though apparently surveying the world with a sick and careless eye, he occasionally penetrated into the depths of the human heart, and marked its secrets, with an accuracy that made the practised and systematic observer's survey seem but a superficial glance. He had a mind at times eminently practical,[1] and suited to estimate men's conduct and character: and thus appearing before the world, there has been much hesitation to pronounce, that the sincerity of insanity accompanied all his vile charges against a man whose heart could not have been for one moment visited by the atrocities of which he is accused.

It is clear, that whatever had been Hume's conduct in the affair, Rousseau's rage was a storm predestined to burst upon him. Its elements were in the mind of "the self-torturing sophist," not in the conduct of any other person; and whoever was the object nearest to his thoughts at the moment, as being most associated with the circumstances in which he was placed, had to stand the shock. In this view, Hume's conduct is no more to be tested by that of Rousseau, than the keeper's by that of his patient. We are thus rid of the unpleasant employment of comparing things which cannot bear comparison; and of the sickening task of enumerating instances of kindness, attachment, persevering good offices, and charitable interpretations of conduct on the one side, met by black ingratitude, contempt, and deadly injury on the other.

If we look for that over-excited propensity which may have caused this mental disease, it appears, beyond

[1] Whoever would notice the practical sagacity of Rousseau's genius, may compare the early part of "Émile," with "Combe on the Management of Infancy," and observe in how many things the theorist and the scientific inquirer coincide.

doubt, that it was vanity.[1] All Rousseau's avowed misfortunes are the calamities of celebrity. At one time he is the victim of princes and prime ministers; at another, of an assembled clergy; at another, of half the learned men of Europe. That he is neglected and forgotten is never among his ostensible complaints; though there is good reason to believe that it was at the bottom of his most conspicuous fits of fury. The English people, though they were at first somewhat curious about the remarkable stranger, did not incommode themselves about him, and obstinately abstained from following him into the wilderness. In his long letter of charges, he cannot help bitterly remarking the apathy of the public; but he states it as an accusation against Hume,[2] whom he supposes to have said, like Flavius,

> I'll about
> And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
> So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

[1] "We have had," says Burke, in his Reflections on the French Revolution, "the great professor and founder of the philosophy of vanity in England. As I had good opportunities of knowing his proceedings, almost from day to day, he left no doubt on my mind that he entertained no principle, either to influence his heart or guide his understanding, but vanity: with this vice he was possessed to a degree little short of madness.

[2] D'Alembert writes to Hume, on 4th August:

"Il y a dans la drôle de lettre de *ce joli petit homme*, comme vous l'appelliez autrefois, une phrase sacramentelle ou sacramentale, à laquelle vous n'avez peut-être pas fait autant d'attention qu'elle le mérite; c'est que *le public, qui d'abord avoit eté fort amoureux de lui, commença bientôt après à le négliger.* Voilà ce qui le fâche véritablement, et il s'en prend à qui il peut. Vous vous êtes chargé de montrer l'ours à la foire; sa loge qui d'abord etoit pleine, est bientôt restée vuide, et il vous en rend responsable. Il est d'ailleurs très certain, et je le sçais de Duclos son ami, à qui il l'a dit, ainsi qu'à bien d'autres, qu'il *ne peut pas souffrir toutes les personnes à qui il a obligation:* et sur ce pied là, vous avez bien des droits à sa haine." — MS. R.S.E.

> These growing feathers, pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
> Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
> Who else would soar above the view of men,
> And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

Had the solitudes of Wooton been peopled by multitudes anxious to catch a passing glance of the "apostle of affliction," he would doubtless have let loose his half-appeased discontent in some querulous letters about the impossibility of his finding repose and solitude; but he would not have courted such a conflict as he rushed into in the bitterness of his solitude. Although his character stands without parallel in its own vast proportions, it is not without abundance of exemplifications on a smaller scale. There are few who have not, in their journey through life, encountered one or more small Rousseaus, in men of ravenous and insatiable vanity, who, unlike the ordinary good-natured vain men, are perpetually rejecting the incense offered to their appetite, and demanding some new form of worship. In these, as in the chimney-piece models of celebrated statues, may we view the proportions of the great self-tormenter's mind; and when it is found that the peculiarity is generally accompanied with some observable amount of intellectual acquirements, which place the individual a degree above those who surround him, the resemblance is the more complete. Vanity being its source, the shape assumed by his monomania was a dread of conspiracies in all shapes; and he was as sincere a believer in their existence, as any unfortunate inhabitant of bedlam has ever been in the creations of his diseased mind.[1]

[1] During his sojourn in England, he was in dread of being kidnapped. The late Professor Walker remembered being asked by Lord Bute to accompany Rousseau on a botanizing excursion on the banks of the Thames, and that he was just explaining some-

Hume had difficulty in extracting an answer to his letter of 26th June; and probably it would not have been opened without the intervention of Mr. Davenport. It was one of Rousseau's whims for some time not to receive any letters; he said they were one of the methods by which his enemies had persecuted him. On his first arrival he was to open none but those which passed through the hands of his *Cher Patron*;[1] a convenient arrangement, as it afterwards enabled him to accuse Hume of tampering with his correspondence.

Two letters were received from Mr. Davenport, before Rousseau drew up his charge.

MR. DAVENPORT *to* HUME.

Davenport, June 30, 1766.

DEAR SIR,—The receipt of your two last gave me much uneasiness, which was augmented by some letters received yesterday from Rousseau, along with yours, directed for me at Wooton. Surely there must have been some excessive great mistakes. It appears to me a heap of confusion, of which I can make neither head nor tail. His letter to you is perfectly astonishing: never any thing was so furious; so—

thing about marine plants being acrid, when a Cockney pic-nic party of youths, dressed as sailors, landed. Rousseau instantly took to his heels! The professor being responsible for his safe restoration, followed, and, after a considerable chase, succeeded in running him down. Rousseau, seeing that there were no other pursuers, passed the matter off by the observation that marine *men* were acrid. After his return from England, an account for nine francs, which it appears he was not due, was presented against him by a tradesman. He called on all Europe to witness this conspiracy to destroy his character, and raised such an outcry as must have effectually frightened sober tradesmen from overcharging interesting solitaries.

[1] Even his trusted friend, Du Peyrou, writing to Hume on 13th February, after many eulogiums on his kindness to the unfortunate, says:—

"C'est sous votre couvert qu' M. Rousseau m'a marqué, Monsieur, que je devois lui écrire: voudriez vous donc avoir la complaisance de lui faire parvenir l'incluse à son adresse." MS. R.S.E.

I protest I don't know what to call it! I long to see him: he certainly will tell some reason or other that could induce him to write in that manner. Till I have seen him I can give no sort of answer to your queries, as he never spoke one syllable to me about any difference at all. I can't, possibly, before Saturday's post; as in this part of the country we have only three days in a week to send letters to town. You desired me to burn the duplicate after reading. That signifies nothing; for I can send you the other which I received yesterday from Wooton. Good God, he must be most excessively out of the way about this pension! In short, I have not patience to add one word more, till I hear what he can possibly have to say; and then I'll immediately acquaint you.

I can't help being troubled at seeing your uneasiness, and will with great pleasure do all in my power to assist in freeing you from it; at least I'll do my best endeavours. I am, your most obedient humble servant, R. DAVENPORT.

6th July, 1766.

DEAR SIR,—I went over to Wooton on Tuesday: had a long conference with Mr. Rousseau on the subject of your last letters; gave into his hands yours addressed to him, (which he had not read before:) showed him those I received from you; and in the most earnest manner insisted upon his giving you an open answer to all your questions, which I told him you had certainly a right to ask, and he could not have any pretence whatever to refuse. His spirits seemed vastly fluttered. However, he told me a long history of the whole affair. I said, that as my knowledge of the French language was very imperfect, I might easily misrepresent things, so begged him to write down the whole matter. Before he began his discourse, I could not help speaking a deal to him on the subject of the pension, and expressed my astonishment at his even ever having had the least thought of refusing the favours of the greatest king in the world. To my infinite surprise, he directly returned this answer, That he never had refused, or any thing like it; spoke with the greatest respect and veneration of his majesty, and with all sort of acknowledgments of gratitude to General Conway, &c.

You may well imagine my surprise increased. He then began his story: but that I entirely leave to his pen, as he has faithfully promised to perform. I am really sorry for him; he's uneasy, frets perpetually, and looks terribly. 'Tis almost impossible to conceive the oddness of his extreme sensibility; so that I conclude, when he's guilty of an error, his nerves are more in fault than his heart. Things vex him to the utmost extent of vexation, which would not even move such a dull soul as mine is. In short, I perceive his disorder is jealousy: he thinks you are fond of some *savans hommes*, whom he unfortunately calls his enemies. It will give me the greatest satisfaction to hear that you have received a satisfactory answer, and that every thing is set right again.[1]

At last came the full outpouring of the long-treasured wrath, in a letter dated the 10th of July, as long as an ordinary pamphlet, and penned with the same neat precision as its predecessor. The reader will not expect a document so well known and easily accessible to be reprinted; and an abridgment would fail to give any notion of the rabid eloquence with which the most paltry incidents are made to assume the appearance of portentous charges; until, through vehemence of expression and multitude of powerful words, they seem for the moment to acquire substantial shape. Many of the charges contained in this "indictment" have been already alluded to. The document begins with a statement of its author's candour,[2] and hatred of every kind of artifice;

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] He was a cordial hater of all uncandidness in others, whatever he might be in his own case. Morellet tells a laughable anecdote of Rousseau's presence on an occasion when some of the wicked wits of Paris were what is commonly called "trotting out" a vain poet, and making him say ridiculous things of his own genius. Rousseau, after walking restlessly about the room, burst into a rage, told the poet that he was a poor paltry idiot, and the company were only encouraging him to make game of him.

and no one can read the charges which follow, monstrously absurd as they are, without seeing that they are made in the perfect sincerity of a mind that saw all things through its own diseased medium. The following is one of the substantive charges:—

I was informed that the son of the quack Tronchin,[1] my most mortal enemy, was not only the friend of Mr. Hume, and under his protection, but that they both lodged in the same house; and when Mr. Hume found that I knew this, he imparted it in confidence to me; assuring me that the son by no means resembled the father. I lodged a few nights myself, together with my governante, in the same house; and from the kind of reception with which we were honoured by the landladies, who are his friends, I judged in what manner either Mr. Hume, or that man, who, as he said, was by no means like his father, must have spoken to them both of her and me.

All these facts put together, added to a certain appearance of things on the whole, insensibly gave me an uneasiness, which I rejected with horror.

The description of the following scene must have been, to those who knew Hume personally, irresistibly ludicrous. The picture of the phlegmatic reserve of English manners, is made perfect by contrast. It appears from Hume's letter, that the scene arose out of the dispute about the return chaise.

[1] An incident had just happened to make the name of the "quack Tronchin," peculiarly offensive. This distinguished physician had received public honours at Parma. After strenuous popular opposition, he had been permitted to practise the new precautionary remedy of inoculation on the young prince Ferdinand. The experiment had been successful; all Parma, excited by loyal joy, petitioned the Grand-duke to admit the physician to the rank of citizen. A tablet, commemorating the triumph of science, was erected in the town hall, and a medal with suitable devices was struck in honour of the operator. He was a relation of Tronchin the Procureur Général of Geneva, author of *Lettres écrites de la Campagne*, which Rousseau answered in *Lettres de la Montagne*. See him mentioned above, p. 186.

One evening, after supper, as we were sitting silent by the fireside, I caught his eyes intently fixed on me, as indeed happened very often; and that in a manner of which it is very difficult to give an idea. At that time he gave me a steadfast, piercing look, mingled with a sneer, which greatly disturbed me. To get rid of my embarrassment, I endeavoured to look full at him in my turn; but, in fixing my eyes upon his, I felt the most inexpressible terror, and was soon obliged to turn them away. The speech and physiognomy of the good David are those of an honest man; but where, great God! did this honest man borrow those eyes which he fixes on his friends?

The impression of this look remained with me, and gave me much uneasiness. My trouble increased even to a degree of fainting; and if I had not been relieved by a flood of tears, I must have been suffocated. Presently after this I was seized with the most violent remorse: I even despised myself; till at length, in a transport, which I still remember with delight, I sprang on his neck, and embraced him eagerly; while, almost choked with sobbing, and bathed in tears, I cried out, in broken accents, "No, no, David Hume cannot be treacherous; if he be not the best of men, he must be the basest." David Hume politely returned my embraces, and gently tapping me on the back, repeated several times, in a placid tone, "Why, what, my dear sir! Nay, my dear sir! Oh, my dear sir!" He said nothing more. I felt my heart yearn within me. We went to bed; and I set out the next day for the country.

There is another charge against Hume, of once muttering in his sleep the words *Je tiens J. J. Rousseau;* which he did not deny, saying, that he could not feel certain as to what he might or might not have done when asleep, though he doubted if it was his practice to dream in French.[1] The proffered hospitalities and kindnesses of Hume are a running charge throughout; wound up with the conclusion, that as he must have seen that Rousseau was estranged

[1] Morellet questions if he *could* have done so, i. 106.

from him, "If he supposed that in such circumstances I should have accepted his services, he must have supposed me to have been an infamous scoundrel. It was then in behalf of a man whom he supposed to be a scoundrel that he so warmly solicited a pension from his majesty."[1]

[1] The following jeu-d'esprit, which was printed in some of the periodicals of the day, is really a pretty accurate abridgment of Rousseau's paper. It has the appearance of having been written by a Scottish lawyer: —

Heads of an Indictment laid by J. J. Rousseau, philosopher, against D. Hume, Esq.

1. That the said David Hume, to the great scandal of philosophy, and not having the fitness of things before his eyes, did concert a plan with Mess. Tronchin, Voltaire, and D'Alembert, to ruin the said J. J. Rousseau for ever, by bringing him over to England, and there settling him to his heart's content.

2. That the said David Hume did, with a malicious and traitorous intent, procure, or cause to be procured, by himself, or somebody else, one pension of the yearly value of £100 or thereabouts, to be paid to the said J. J. Rousseau, on account of his being a philosopher, either privately or publicly, as to him the said J. J. Rousseau should seem meet.

3. That the said David Hume did, one night after he left Paris, put the said J. J. Rousseau in bodily fear, by talking in his sleep; although the said J. J. Rousseau doth not know whether the said David Hume was really asleep, or whether he shammed Abraham, or what he meant.

4. That, at another time, as the said David Hume and the said J. J. Rousseau were sitting opposite each other by the fireside in London, he, the said David Hume, did look at him, the said J. J. Rousseau, in a manner of which it is difficult to give any idea: That he, the said J. J. Rousseau, to get rid of the embarrassment he was under, endeavoured to look full at him, the said David Hume, in return, to try if he could not stare him out of countenance; but in fixing his eyes against his, the said David Hume's, he felt the most inexpressible terror, and was obliged to turn them away, insomuch that the said J. J. Rousseau doth in his heart think and believe, as much as he believes any thing, that he, the said David Hume, is a certain composition of a white-witch and a rattlesnake.

Hume's answer to this charge was as follows:

HUME *to* ROUSSEAU.

Lisle Street, Leicester Fields, July 22, 1766.

SIR,—I shall only answer one article of your long letter: it is that which regards the conversation we had the evening

5. That the said David Hume on the same evening, after politely returning the embraces of him, the said J. J. Rousseau, and gently tapping him on the back, did repeat several times, in a good-natured easy tone, the words, "Why, what, my dear sir! Nay, my dear sir! Oh, my dear sir!" From whence the said J. J. Rousseau doth conclude, as he thinks upon solid and sufficient grounds, that he the said David Hume is a traitor; albeit he, the said J. J. Rousseau, doth acknowledge, that the physiognomy of the good David is that of an honest man, all but those terrible eyes of his, which he must have borrowed; but he the said J. J. Rousseau vows to God he cannot conceive from whom or what.

6. That the said David Hume hath more inquisitiveness about him than becometh a philosopher, and did never let slip an opportunity of being alone with the governante of him the said J. J. Rousseau.

7. That the said David Hume did most atrociously and flagitiously put him, the said J. J. Rousseau, philosopher, into a passion; as knowing that then he would be guilty of a number of absurdities.

8. That the said David Hume must have published Mr. Walpole's letter in the newspapers, because, at that time, there was neither man, woman, nor child, in the island of Great Britain, but the said David Hume, the said J. J. Rousseau, and the printers of the several newspapers aforesaid.

9. That somebody in a certain magazine, and somebody else in a certain newspaper, said something against him, the said John James Rousseau, which he, the said J. J. Rousseau, is persuaded, for the reason abovementioned, could be nobody but the said David Hume.

10. That the said J. J. Rousseau knows, that he, the said David Hume, did open and peruse the letters of him, the said J. J. Rousseau, because he one day saw the said David Hume go out of the room, after his own servant, who had, at that time, a letter of the said J. J. Rousseau's in his hands; which *must* have been in order to take it from the servant, open it, and read the contents.

11. That the said David Hume did, at the instigation of the devil,

before your departure. Mr. Davenport had contrived a good-natured artifice, to make you believe that a retour chaise was ready to set out for Wooton; and I believe he caused an advertisement be put in the papers, in order the better to deceive you. His purpose only was to save you some expenses in the journey, which I thought a laudable project; though I had no hand either in contriving or conducting it. You entertained, however, a suspicion of his design, while we were sitting alone by my fireside; and you reproached me with concurring in it. I endeavoured to pacify you, and to divert the discourse; but to no purpose. You sat sullen, and was either silent, or made me very peevish answers. At last you rose up, and took a turn or two about the room, when all of a sudden, and to my great surprise, you clapped yourself on my knee, threw your arms about my neck, kissed me with seeming ardour, and bedewed my face with tears. You exclaimed, "My dear friend, can you ever pardon this folly? After all the pains you have taken to serve me, after the numberless instances of friendship you have given me, here I reward you with this ill-humour and sullenness. But your forgiveness of me will be a new instance of your friendship; and I hope you will find at bottom, that my heart is not unworthy of it."

I was very much affected, I own; and I believe a very tender scene passed between us. You added, by way of compliment no doubt, that though I had many better titles to recommend me to posterity, yet perhaps my uncommon attachment to a poor, unhappy, and persecuted man, would not be altogether overlooked.

in a most wicked and unnatural manner, send, or cause to be sent, to the lodgings of him, the said J. J. Rousseau, one dish of beef-steaks, thereby meaning to insinuate, that he, the said J. J. Rousseau, was a beggar, and came over to England to ask alms: whereas be it known to all men by these presents, that he, the said John James Rousseau, brought with him the means of subsistence, and did not come with an empty purse; as he doubts not but he can live upon his labours—with the assistance of his friends; and in short can do better without the said David Hume than with him.

12. That besides all these facts put together, the said J. J. Rousseau did not like a certain appearance of things on the whole.

This incident was somewhat remarkable; and it is impossible that either you or I could so soon have forgot it. But you have had the assurance to tell me the story twice, in a manner so different, or rather so opposite, that when I persist, as I do, in this account, it necessarily follows, that either you are, or I am, a liar. You imagine, perhaps, that because the incident passed privately without a witness, the question will lie between the credibility of your assertion and of mine. But you shall not have this advantage or disadvantage, whichever you are pleased to term it. I shall produce against you other proofs, which will put the matter beyond controversy.

First, You are not aware, that I have a letter under your hand, which is tolerably irreconcilable with your account, and confirms mine.[1]

Secondly, I told the story the next day, or the day after, to Mr. Davenport, with a view of preventing any such good-natured artifices for the future. He surely remembers it.

Thirdly, As I thought the story much to your honour, I told it to several of my friends here. I even wrote it to Madame de Boufflers at Paris. I believe no one will imagine that I was preparing beforehand an apology, in case of a rupture with you; which, of all human events, I should then have thought the most incredible, especially as we were separated, almost for ever, and I still continued to render you the most essential services.

Fourthly, The story, as I tell it, is consistent and rational: there is not common sense in your account. What! because sometimes, when absent in thought, (a circumstance common enough with men whose minds are intensely occupied,) I have a fixed look or stare, you suspect me to be a traitor, and you have the assurance to tell me of such black and ridiculous suspicions! For you do not even pretend that before you left London you had any other solid grounds of suspicion against me.

[1] "That of the 22d of March, which is full of cordiality, and proves that M. Rousseau had never, to that moment, entertained any of those black suspicions of perfidy which he publishes at present. There is only in that letter a peevish passage about the affair of his chaise."—Hume.

I shall enter into no detail with regard to your letter: you yourself well know that all the other articles of it are without foundation. I shall only add in general, that I enjoyed about a month ago an uncommon pleasure, in thinking that, in spite of many difficulties, I had, by assiduity and care, and even beyond my most sanguine expectations, provided for your repose, honour, and fortune. But that pleasure was soon imbittered, by finding that you had voluntarily and wantonly thrown away all those advantages, and was become the declared enemy of your own repose, fortune, and honour: I cannot be surprised after this that you are my enemy. Adieu, and for ever.[1]

Hume did not profess to submit to these attacks with the meekness of the dove, as a few letters to his friends will show. Of the two following letters to Blair, the one was written before, the other after the reception of Rousseau's "indictment."

HUME *to* Dr. BLAIR.

"*Lisle Street*, 1*st July*, 1766.

"You will be surprised, dear Doctor, when I desire you most earnestly never in your life to show to any mortal creature the letters I wrote you with regard to Rousseau. He is surely the blackest and most atrocious villain, beyond comparison, that now exists in the world, and I am heartily ashamed of any thing I ever wrote in his favour. I know you will pity me when I tell you that I am afraid I must publish this to the world in a pamphlet, which must contain an account of the whole transaction between us.[2] My only comfort is, that the matter will be so clear as not to leave to any mortal the smallest possibility of doubt. You know how dangerous any controversy

[1] Documents of the controversy.

[2] Such was his first impulse. He evidently, after viewing the matter more coolly, was disinclined to publish, but he was finally prevailed on to do so.

on a disputable point would be with a man of his talents. I know not where the miscreant will now retire to, in order to hide his head from this infamy. I am," &c.[1]

"*15th July*, 1766.

"DEAR DOCTOR,—I go in a few hours to Woburn; so can only give you the outline of my history. Through many difficulties I obtained a pension for Rousseau. The application was made with his own consent and knowledge. I write him, that all is happily completed, and he need only draw for the money. He answers me, that I am a rogue and a rascal; and have brought him into England merely to dishonour him. I demand the reason of this strange language; and Mr. Davenport, the gentleman with whom he lives, tells him that he must necessarily satisfy me. To-day I received a letter from him, which is perfect frenzy. It would make a good eighteen-penny pamphlet; and I fancy he intends to publish it. He there tells me, that D'Alembert, Horace Walpole, and I, had, from the first, entered into a combination to ruin him, and had ruined him. That the first suspicion of my treachery arose in him while we lay together in the same room of an inn in France. I there spoke in my sleep, and betrayed my intention of ruining him. That young Tronchin lodged in the same house with me at London; and Annie Elliot looked very coldly at him as he went by her in the passage. That I am also in a close confederacy with Lord Lyttelton, who, he hears, is his mortal enemy. That the English nation were very fond of him on his first arrival; but that Horace Walpole and I had totally alienated them from him. He owns, however, that his belief of my treachery

[1] MS. R.S.E.

went no higher than suspicion, while he was in London; but it rose to certainty after he arrived in the country; for that there were several publications in the papers against him, which could have proceeded from nobody but me, or my confederate, Horace Walpole. The rest is all of a like strain, intermixed with many lies and much malice. I own that I was very anxious about this affair, but this letter has totally relieved me. I write in a hurry, merely to satisfy your curiosity. I hope soon to see you, and am," &c.[1]

There could have been no incident better calculated than this to create a sensation in the coteries of Paris. Immediately on receiving the first angry letter, Hume sent an indignant account of the ingratitude and malevolence of Rousseau to the Baron D'Holbach, which proved a delightfully exciting morsel to a party assembled at his house; for the baron had told him, from the beginning, that he was warming a serpent in his bosom.[2] The very rapid celebrity which the story received does not seem to have been anticipated by Hume, and he says, apologetically, to Madame de Boufflers, — "I wrote, indeed, to Baron D'Holbach, without either recommending or expecting secrecy: but I thought this story, like others, would be told to eight or ten people; in a week or two, twenty or thirty more might hear it, and it would require three months before it would reach you at Pougues. I little imagined that a private story, told to a private gentleman, could run over a whole kingdom in a moment. If the King of England had declared war against the King of France, it could not have been more suddenly the subject of conversation."[3] Between the rupture and the publi-

[1] MS. R.S.E. [2] Morellet, i. 105. [3] Priv. Cor. 204.

cation of the narrative regarding it, Hume seems to have written very abundantly on the subject, to his friends in Paris. The following is one of his letters:—

HUME *to the* ABBÉ LE BLANC.

Lisle Street, Leicester Fields, 12th August, 1766.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have used the freedom to send to you, in two packets, by this post, the whole train of my correspondence with Rousseau, connected by a short narrative. I hope you will have leisure to peruse it. The story is incredible, as well as inconceivable, were it not founded on such authentic documents. Surely never was there so much wickedness and madness combined in one human creature; nor did ever any one meet with such a return for such signal services as those I performed towards him. But I am told that he used to say to Duclos, and others, that he hated all those to whom he owed any obligation. In that case I am fully entitled to his animosity.

I am really at a loss what use to make of this collection. The story, I am told, is very much the object of conversation at Paris. Though my conduct has been entirely innocent, or rather, indeed, very meritorious, it happens, no doubt, as is usual in such ruptures, that I will bear a part of the blame; from which a publication of these papers would entirely free me: yet I own I have an antipathy and reluctance to appeal to the public; and fear that such a publication would be the only blame I could incur in this affair. You know that nobody's judgment weighs farther with me than yours: think a little of the matter. If Mme. De Dupré were in town, I would desire her to give these papers a perusal, and tell me her opinions. Unhappily M. Trudaine would only understand the French part, which is by far the most considerable. What would his friend Fontenelle have done in this situation?

I am as great a lover of peace as he, and have kept myself as free from all literary quarrels; but surely neither he nor any other person was ever engaged in a controversy with a man of so much malice,—of such a profligate disposition to lies, and such great talents. It is nothing to dispute my style or my abilities as an historian or philosopher; my

books ought to answer for themselves, or they are not worth the defending;—to fifty writers who have attacked me on this head, I never made the least reply. But this is a different case; imputations are here thrown on my morals and my conduct; and, though my case is so clear as not to admit of the least controversy, yet it is only clear to those who know it; and I am uncertain how far the public in Paris are in this case. At London, a publication would be regarded as entirely superfluous.

I must desire you to send these papers to D'Alembert after you have read them: M. Turgot will get them from him. I should desire that *he* saw them before he sets out for his government.

Does not Mme. de Montigny laugh at me, that I should have sent her, but a few weeks ago, the portrait of Rousseau, done from an original in my possession, and should now send you these papers, which prove him to be one of the worst men, perhaps, that ever existed, if his frenzy be not some apology for him. I beg my compliments to M. and Mme. Fourqueux; and am, with great truth and sincerity, my dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant.[1]

To Adam Smith, who was then in Paris, he wrote the following letter, without date:—

Hume *to* Adam Smith.

"You may see in M. D'Alembert's hands, the whole narrative of my affair with Rousseau, along with the whole train of correspondence. Pray, is it not

[1] Voltaire et Rousseau par Henry Lord Brougham, App. No. IX. Lord Brougham twice honoured me with an intimation that he had obtained letters of David Hume, in Paris, which were too late for his own "Lives of Men of Letters," and were to be sent to *me*. While thankfully waiting for their arrival, I observed, on the title page of his lordship's French lives of Voltaire and Rousseau, that the book contained "Léttres entièrement inédites de *Hume*." Thinking it not impossible that the letters destined for my use, had thus, by some accident, been diverted from their destination, I have printed them in this book, according to their dates, in the fullest assurance of his lordship's cordial concurrence.

a nice problem, whether he be not an arrant villain, or an arrant madman, or both. The last is my opinion, but the villain seems to me to predominate most in his character. I shall not publish them unless forced, which you will own to be a very great degree of self-denial. My conduct in this affair would do me a great deal of honour, and his would blast him for ever, and blast his writings at the same time; for as these have been exalted much above their merit, when his personal character falls, they would of course fall below their merit. I am, however, apprehensive that in the end I shall be obliged to publish. About two or three days ago, there was an article in the *St. James's Chronicle*, copied from the *Brussels Gazette*, which pointed at this dispute. This may probably put Rousseau in a rage. He will publish something, which may oblige me for my own honour to give the narrative to the public. There will be no reason to dread a long train of disagreeable controversy. One publication begins and ends it on my side. Pray, tell me your judgment of my work, if it deserves the name. Tell D'Alembert I make him absolute master, to retrench or alter what he thinks proper, in order to suit it to the latitude of Paris.

"Were you and I together, dear Smith, we should shed tears at present for the death of poor Sir James Macdonald. We could not possibly have suffered a greater loss, than in that valuable young man. I am," &c.[1]

There is a letter by Smith on the subject, kind and honest. It must be kept in view, that it was written not only before the series of documents, mentioned in

[1] MS. R.S.E.

Hume's letter, had been sent to France, and before the French friends had recommended Hume to publish, but before the date of Rousseau's indictment. We shall, hereafter, find that Smith seems to have withdrawn his objection to the publication.

ADAM SMITH *to* HUME.

Paris, 6th July, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am thoroughly convinced that Rousseau is as great a rascal as you and as every man here believes him to be; yet let me beg of you, not to think of publishing any thing to the world, upon the very great impertinence which he has been guilty of to you. By refusing the pension which you had the goodness to solicit for him with his own consent, he may have thrown, by the baseness of his proceedings, some little ridicule upon you in the eyes of the court and the ministry. Stand this ridicule, expose his brutal letter, but without giving it out of your own hand, so that it may never be printed; and if you can, laugh at yourself, and I shall pawn my life, that before three weeks are at an end, this little affair, which at present gives you so much uneasiness, shall be understood to do you as much honour as any thing that has ever happened to you. By endeavouring to unmask before the public this hypocritical pedant, you run the risk of disturbing the tranquillity of your whole life. By letting him alone, he cannot give you a fortnight's uneasiness. To write against him is, you may depend upon it, the very thing he wishes you to do. He is in danger of falling into obscurity in England, and he hopes to make himself considerable, by provoking an illustrious adversary. He will have a great party: the Church, the Whigs, the Jacobites, the whole wise English nation, who will love to mortify a Scotchman, and to applaud a man who has refused a pension from the king. It is not unlikely, too, that they may pay him very well for having refused it, and that even he may have had in view this compensation. Your whole friends here wish you not to write —the Baron,[1] D'Alembert, Madame Riccoboni, Mademoiselle

[1] D'Holbach.

Rianecourt, M. Turgot, &c. &c. M. Turgot, a friend every way worthy of you, desired me to recommend this advice to you in a particular manner, as his most earnest entreaty and opinion. He and I are both afraid that you are surrounded with evil counsellors, and that the advice of your English literati, who are themselves accustomed to publish all their little gossiping stories in newspapers, may have too much influence upon you. Remember me to Mr. Walpole, and believe me, &c.

Smith was thus in consultation on the subject with the excellent Turgot, who gave Hume his opinion at great length. On the 27th July, before he could have heard of the long "indictment," he wrote[1] that he could trace the rage of Rousseau to two causes: first, Hume being the author of one of the sarcasms in Walpole's letter, a rumour which Turgot appears to have believed; and second, the interpreting the letter to Mr. Conway as a refusal of the pension, which it was not intended by Rousseau to be. If the latter was one of Rousseau's grievances, he did not make it a count in the indictment. Turgot was ignorant of the strength of provocation which Hume received. He says, that it is a mistake to suppose Rousseau's conduct the effect of deliberate design,—a view in which every one not in the vortex of the dispute must have coincided with him; and on the ground that no sensible person will believe that he is guilty of the charges his excited enemy may make against him, he advises Hume not to treat them seriously. He even hints that Hume should acknowledge that he misinterpreted the letter about the pension, and should endeavour to coax Rousseau back to good humour, as a public exposure would be unpleasant to both parties. On the 7th September, after having seen all the docu-

[1] MS. R.S.E.

ments, he preserved the same tone in speaking of Rousseau; recommending forbearance towards him: but at the same time he expressed an opinion that Hume might find it necessary to publish a narrative of the transaction.[1]

[1] "*A Paris, le 7 Septembre,* 1766.

"J'ai trouvé ici, monsieur, votre lettre de 5 Août, à mon retour d'un voyage que j'ai été faire en Normandie. D'Alembert, qui venoit alors de recevoir votre récit de l'Histoire de Rousseau avec les lettres que vous y avez insérées, me l'a communiqué. Je vous crois à présent si ennuyé de cette affaire que je ne sais si je dois encore vous en parler. M. De Montigni m'a cependant dit que vous désiriez de savoir ma façon de penser. Vous imaginez bien qu'elle ne peut pas être douteuse sur le fond de l'affaire, et je crois qu'excepté Rousseau, et peut-être Mlle Le Vasseur, il n'y a personne dans le monde qui s'imagine, ni qui eut jamais imaginé, que vous ayez mené Rousseau en Angleterre pour le trahir, et à qui sa longue lettre et ses démonstrations ne fassent pitié. Mais je vous avoue que j'y vois toujours plus de folie que de noirceur. J'y vois des sophismes dont une imagination se sert pour empoisonner les circonstances les plus simples et les transformer au gré de la manie qui l'occupe. Mais je ne crois point que ces extravagances soient un jeu joué, et un prétexte pour secouer le poids de la reconnoissance qu'il vous doit. Il paroît sentir lui même que personne ne le croira, et qu'il se couvre d'opprobre du moins pour le moment aux yeux du public. Il avoue qu'il sacrifie et son intérêt et même sa réputation: et il est certain que cette affaire lui fait un tort irréparable, l'isole du genre humain, et lui ôte tout appui contre les persécutions auxquelles ses opinions et encore plus ces traits de sa misanthropie l'exposeront toujours. Je persiste donc à ne le croire que fou, et je suis affligé que l'impression trop vive qu'a faite sur vous sa folie vous ait mis dans le cas de la faire éclater et de la rendre irrémédiable; car le bruit qu'à fait votre lettre au Baron, est pour Rousseau une démonstration que ces conjectures étoient fondées sur la vérité même. Il a bien mandé à Madame de Boufflers qu'il ne se plaignoit pas, et que cette lettre qui vous a donné lieu de le diffamer comme le dernier des hommes n'étoit écrite qu'à vous. L'éclat que vous avez fait, lui a fait tout le mal possible, et sa lettre ne vous en a fait aucun. . . . . Après vous avoir dit aussi franchement mon avis, vous serez surpris peut-être de me voir presque revenu à l'avis de faire imprimer. La folie de

We find that Smith was also in communication with Madame de Boufflers, who wrote to Hume at considerable length, in the knowledge of the first angry letter, but not of the "indictment." She assumes a tone much the same as that of Turgot, when he wrote in the same circumstances. She expresses many regrets that Hume should have written so condemnatory a letter to the Baron D'Holbach. He is told that those who *profess* to be his friends in France will abet him, because he is proving himself to be a mere ordinary human being, instead of continuing to show his superiority to the common frailties of humanity. He is entreated to look compassionately on a man who has overwhelmed himself with calamities, and to treat one who is capable only of injuring himself

Rousseau est telle qu'il a écrit ici différentes lettres dans lesquelles il regarde votre trahison comme si constante, et les démonstrations comme si terrassantes pour vous, qu'il vous défie de publier les pièces sans vous déshonorer, à moins que vous ne les falsifiez ; ce ne sont pas ses termes mais c'en est le sens. Si cette espèce de défi devenoit public à un certain point, et faisoit plus d'impression en Angleterre qu'il n'en peut faire en France, peut-être serez-vous obligé d'imprimer. Mais en ce cas je voudrois retrancher tout récit, toute imputation de mensonge, toutes notes excepté quelques unes nécessaires pour rétablir simplement les faits importans, comme celui de la scène qui s'est passée la veille de son départ pour Wooton. Encore voudrois-je que dans ces notes vous disiez simplement le fait, sans traiter Rousseau de menteur, sans vous abaisser à le prouver. Vous devez être cru sur ce que vous direz, et vous le serez. Je ne mettrois autre chose à la tête, si non que les discours répandus sur la querelle, &c. et l'espèce de défi que M. Rousseau vous fait d'en publier ce qui s'est passé, vous obligent à regret à publier les accusations de M. Rousseau contre vous, et que vous croyez leur publication une réponse suffisante. Voilà quel est actuellement mon penchant. Mais comme je ne vois à cela rien de pressé, je crois que vous ferez bien de vous donner tout le tems d'y réfléchir. Plus vous mettez dans cette affaire de modération et même d'indifférence, plus le tort de Rousseau deviendra évident." — MS. R.S.E.

with generous pity. While making these recommendations, she, as well as Turgot, believed that one of the sarcasms in Walpole's letter had been suggested by Hume.[1] The same tone was taken up by Lord Marischal; who, writing on the 15th August from Potsdam, seems not to have perused the "indictment." "You did all in your power," says this kind old soldier, "to serve him; his écart afflicts me on his account more than yours, who have, I am sure, nothing to reproach yourself with. It will be good and humane in you, and like Le Bon David, not to answer."[2]

D'Alembert was at first opposed to a publication, and to an exposure of the follies of the wise before "cette sotte bête appelée le public." So early, however, as the 21st of July, he communicates the solemn opinion of himself and other friends in Paris, that after the publicity which the dispute has acquired, it will be necessary for Hume to print a narrative.[3] He states that this is the opinion of all intelligent people.

[1] The original of this letter is in the MSS. R.S.É. It is printed in Priv. Cor. p. 187. [2] MS. R.S.E.

[3] "Le hasard a voulu que la plus part de vos amis, et surtout ceux à qui vous me conseillez de lire votre lettre, se soient trouvés rassemblés chez Mlle. de L'Espinasse presque au moment que je l'ai reçue; Mr. Turgot, Mr. L'Abbé Morellet, Mr. Roux, Mr. Saurin, Mr. Marmontel, Mr. Duclos. Tous unanimement, ainsi que Mlle. de L'Espinasse et moi sommes d'avis, que vous devez donner cette histoire au public, avec toutes ses circumstances. Voici ce que nous vous conseillons—je dis nous, car je parle ici au nom de tous. Vous commencerez d'abord par dire que vous savez que Rousseau travaille à ses mémoires, qu'il fera sans doute mention de sa querelle avec vous, qui a fait trop de bruit pour qu'il ne cherche pas à la tourner à son avantage, que les mémoires pourront paroître ou après votre mort ou aprés la sienne: que dans le 1er cas, comme vous l'observez vous-même, personne ne pourra vous justifier; que dans le second, votre défense seroit sans force; que vous avez donc cru devoir donner vous même toute cette histoire au public, afin que Mr. Rousseau réponde s'il le peut. Ensuite vous entrerez dans le

He says at the same time, that he had been speaking with Adam Smith on the subject, and though his name is not among those of the committee who recommended the publication, it may be presumed that he had at length admitted it to be necessary.

In connexion with the letter from D'Alembert, Hume wrote thus to Walpole:—

DEAR SIR, — When I came home last night, I found on my table a very long letter from D'Alembert, who tells me, that on receiving from me an account of my affair with Rousseau, he summoned a meeting of all my literary friends at Paris, and found them all unanimously of the same opinion with himself, and of a contrary opinion to me, with regard to my conduct. They all think I ought to give to the public a narrative of the whole. However, I persist still more closely in my first opinion, especially after receiving the last mad letter. D'Alembert tells me that it is of great importance for me to justify myself from having any hand in the letter from the King of Prussia. I am told by Crawford, that you had wrote it a fortnight before I left Paris, but did not show it to a mortal, for fear of hurting me; a delicacy of which I am very sensible. Pray recollect if it was so. Though I do not intend to publish, I am collecting all the original pieces, and I shall connect them by a concise narrative. It is necessary for me to have that letter and Rousseau's answer. Pray, assist me in this work. About what time, do you think, were they printed? I am, &c.[1]

détail, et dans le plus grand détail, mais surtout, et c'est une chose absolument essentielle et que nous vous recommendons sous—vous vous bornerez aux faits, exprimés simplement et nettement, sans aigreur, sans la moindre injure, sans même de réflexions sur le caractère de Rousseau et sur ses écrits; vous rapporterez vos lettres et les siennes; celle qu'il vous a écrite le 23 juin suffiroit seule pour le faire condamner, vous ne direz point, du moins trop souvent, que vous êtes son bienfaiteur—tout le monde le sait assez. Enfin mon cher ami, nous vous recommendons, et nous vous conjurons de mettre dans cette brochure la plus grande modération mais en même temps la plus grande clarté."—MS. R.S.E.

[1] Walpole's "Narrative."

Hume, afterwards, sent to Paris all the documents connected with Rousseau's attack, to be published or not, at the discretion of his friends; and they were published. If it be asked how he permitted so cruel a thing to be done, the answer is, that he was human, and had been deeply injured; that he had a reputation to preserve, and did not consider himself bound to sacrifice it to the peace of his assailant. Rousseau had triumphantly written, hither and thither, that Hume dared not publish the "indictment." He had said, that if he did not see David Hume exposed ere he died, he would cease to believe in Providence. He was occupied in writing his celebrated Confessions, and had significantly hinted to Hume that he would find himself pilloried there. It is possible to create an ideal image of a mind that would have calmly resisted all these impulses, and let the traducer proceed unnoticed in his frantic labours. It is probable that if he had adopted this course, Hume would in the end have been as completely absolved from the accusations of Rousseau, as he was by the publication of the accusation. Had he thus scorned to adopt the usual means of protecting his good name, his character would have appeared, to all who believed in his innocence, more magnanimous than it was. But it certainly would not have been so natural; and many of those who seemed to have expected that the metaphysician should be above the influence of ordinary human passions, appear to have forgotten, that there are few even of the men whose office it is to teach that those smitten on the one cheek should present the other, who would have shown even as much forbearance on the occasion as David Hume.

The editing of the French version of these documents was committed to Suard, the author of the

Mélanges de Littérature. In answer to a letter of 2d November,[1] announcing the publication, Hume wrote to him in the following terms, admitting, as the reader will perceive, that he had used harsh expressions, and approving of their being softened.

HUME *to* M. SUARD.

I cannot sufficiently express, my dear sir, all the acknowledgments which I owe you for the pains you have taken in translating a work, which so little merited your attention, or the attention of the public. It is done entirely to my satisfaction; and the introduction in particular is wrote with great prudence and discretion in every point, except where your partiality to me appears too strongly. I accept of it, however, very willingly as a pledge of your friendship. You and M. D'Alembert did well in softening some expressions, especially in the notes; and I shall take care to follow these corrections in the English edition. My paper, indeed, was not wrote for the public eye; and nothing but a train of unforeseen accidents could have engaged me to give it to the

[1] "Vous devez être bien étonné, Monsieur, de n'avoir encore reçu aucune lettre sur la publication de votre mémoire, et il y a en cela beaucoup de ma faute. J'avois dit à M. D'Alembert que j'aurois l'honneur de vous écrire. Il a compté sur moi. Le Baron D'Holbach a compté sur nous deux, et moi j'ai compté aussi sur eux; voilà ce qui fait qu'il n'y a rien que d'avoir plusieurs domestiques pour être mal servi."

Stating, that he has sent a copy of the collection by post, he proceeds:

"Vous avez désiré que je fusse votre traducteur, et je n'avois pas besoin de tous les sentimens qui m'attachent à vous, pour me charger de ce travail, avec plaisir. Votre cause me paroisoit celle des honnêtes gens et surtout celle des amis de la philosophie. Il y a longtems que je regardois Rousseau comme un profond et dangereux charlatan, qui avoit passé sa vie à recevoir des bienfaits de tout le monde, et à faire tout le mal qu'il avoit pu à ceux qui lui avaient fait le plus de bien. . . Vous trouverez sans doute, Monsieur, qu'on a pris bien des libertés avec votre texte: il y a beaucoup de passages altérés, et suprimés: mais il n'y a aucun changement qui n'ait été fait par M. D'Alembert ou de son consentement, et toujours pour des raisons que vous aprouverez vraisemblement."

press. I am not surprised, that those who do not consider nor weigh those circumstances, should blame this appeal to the public; but it is certain that if I had persevered in keeping silence, I should have passed for the guilty person, and those very people who blame me at present, would, with the appearance of reason, have thrown a much greater blame upon me. This whole adventure, I must regard as a misfortune in my life: and yet, even after all is past, when it is easy to correct any errors, I am not sensible that I can accuse myself of any imprudence; except in accepting of this man when he threw himself into my arms: and yet it would then have appeared cruel to refuse him. I am excusable for not expecting to meet with such a prodigy of pride and ferocity, because such a one never before existed. But after he had declared war against me in so violent a manner, it could not have been prudent in me to keep silence towards my friends, and to wait till he should find a proper time to stab my reputation. From my friends, the affair passed to the public, who interested themselves more in a private story, than it was possible to imagine; and rendered it quite necessary to lay the whole before them. Yet, after all, if any one be pleased to think, that by greater prudence I could have avoided this disagreeable extremity, I am very willing to submit. It is not surely the first imprudence I have been guilty of.[1]

Among other distinctions, the publication of the controversy brought Hume a letter from Voltaire, in which the patriarch gave the history of his own grievances against Rousseau, with all his usual sarcasm; and said, of that absorbing vanity for which he might have had more fellow feeling, that Rousseau, believing himself worthy of a statue, thought one half of the world was occupied in raising it on its pedestal, and the other in pulling it down.[2]

[1] New Monthly Magazine, (original series,) No. 72.

[2] The letter is dated Ferney, 24th Oct. 1766. Oeuvres de Voltaire, ed. 1789, lxiv. 495. Probably Hume never received this letter. It is not in the MSS. R.S.E., and Voltaire was known

This little collection, bearing the title, "Exposé succint de la contestation qui s'est élévée entre M. Hume et M. Rousseau, avec les pieces justificatives," was soon afterwards published in English, under Hume's own superintendence. He judiciously observed, that a translation would undoubtedly appear, and that it was more honest, and at the same time more conducive to his reputation, that he should himself superintend the publication.

He had intimated, that as Rousseau would probably impugn the genuineness of the letters as they appeared in print, he would deposit the originals in a public library. In this view, he addressed the following letter to the librarian of the British Museum.

"*Edinburgh*, 23*d Jan.* 1767.

"SIR,—As M. Rousseau had wrote to several of his correspondents, that I never dared to publish the letters which he had wrote me; or if I published them they would be so falsified that they would not be the same, I was obliged to say in my preface, that the originals would be consigned in the Museum. I hope you have no objection to the receiving them. I send them by my friend M. Ramsay. Be so good as to give them the corner of any drawer. I fancy few people will trouble you by desiring a sight of them. All the world seems to be satisfied concerning the foundation of that unhappy affair. Yet notwithstanding, I own, that I never in my life took a step with so much reluctance as the consenting to that publication. But as it appeared absolutely necessary to all my friends

to be in the habit of writing to people through the press. Hume, however, states, in a note to the narrative of his controversy, that he had had a letter from Voltaire about three years before. There is no trace of it among his papers.

at Paris, I could not withstand their united opinion. I have also sent the original of M. Walpole's letter to me, which enters into the collection. I am, sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant."[1]

It appears that the trustees of the British Museum, for some one or other of the inscrutable reasons which occasionally sway the counsels of such bodies, declined to receive this very curious collection of documents. Dr. Maty, writing to Hume on 22d April, 1767, says, "I longed to have some conversation with you on the subject of the papers, which were remitted to me by the hands of M^r. Ramsay, and as our trustees did not think proper to receive them, to restore them into yours. With respect to these papers, give me leave to assure you, that I had never any doubt about the merits of the cause. I have long ago fixed my opinion about R——'s character, and think madness is the only excuse that can be offered for his inconsistencies."[2]

Those original letters connected with the controversy, which were addressed to Hume, whether by Rousseau or others, are among the papers in possession of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. They bear marks of having been much handled.[3] Of the letters addressed to Rousseau, which of course were

[1] MS. R.S.E. [2] MS. R.S.E.

[3] Among those who were eager to peruse these documents, Hume says, writing to Madame de Barbantane, "The King and Queen of England expressed a strong desire to see these papers, and I was obliged to put them into their hands. They read them with avidity, and entertain the same sentiments that must strike every one. The king's opinion confirms me in the resolution not to give them to the public, unless I be forced to it by some attack on the side of my adversary, which it will therefore be wisdom in him to avoid." *Private Correspondence*, p. 210.

written in French, it is to be presumed that Hume preserved the duplicates, which afterwards enabled him to show copies of the documents on both sides. The originals, probably do not exist; for Rousseau, who held his own part in a controversy as the only important one, appears not to have kept the letters addressed to him, though he retained copies of his own.

The dispute with Rousseau very nearly produced a subsidiary discussion with Horace Walpole. He said, alluding to the advice which had been transmitted to Hume by D'Alembert, "Your set of literary friends are what a set of literary men are apt to be, exceedingly absurd. They hold a consistory to consult how to argue with a madman; and they think it very necessary for your character, to give them the pleasure of seeing Rousseau exposed; not because he has provoked you, but them. If Rousseau prints, you must; but I certainly would not, till he does."

Walpole evidently looked on this quarrel as a small dispute between small people; — something on a par with the wrangling of country gentlemen about their preserves and their swing gates.[1] Yet, when

[1] He says, in a subsequent letter,—"What are become of all the controversies since the days of Scaliger and Scioppius, of Billingsgate memory? Why, they sleep in oblivion, till some Bayle drags them out of their dust, and takes mighty pains to ascertain the date of each author's death, which is of no more consequence to the world than the day of his birth. Many a country squire quarrels with his neighbour about game and manors, yet they never print their wrangles, though as much abuse passes between them, as if they could quote all the Philippics of the learned." We have an instance of what he considered a really important dispute, when he was baffled in his attempt to get his nephew, Lord Orford, married to Miss Nicol, "the vast fortune." "Thus," he says, "had I placed him in a greater situation than even his grandfather hoped to bequeath to him, — had retrieved all the oversights of my family,—had saved Houghton, and all our glory."

he found that his own name appeared to be connected with it, he thought it right to publish "a narrative of what passed relative to the quarrel of Mr. David Hume and J. J. Rousseau, as far as Mr. Horace Walpole was concerned in it." He very distinctly absolves Hume from any connexion with the fictitious letter of the King of Prussia. The only wrong of which he had to complain was, that Hume published this exoneration, of which it seems a publication was not expected, though the letter contained the words, "You are at full liberty, dear sir, to make use of what I say in your justification, either to Rousseau or any body else;" and that, in printing the letter, the passage above cited, reflecting on the literary circle of Paris, had been, from motives of delicacy towards all parties, suppressed.[1]

The only portion of Walpole's pamphlet that appears to possess any interest, contains Hume's remarks on his friend, D'Alembert. They were intended as an answer to Walpole's spiteful sneers; but, though eulogistic, and apparently just, they by no means exhibit a violent encomiastic zeal.

"I have been forced," he says, writing to Horace Mann, "*to write a narrative* of the whole transaction; and was with difficulty kept from publishing it."—*Letters*, ii. 401.

[1] He did not lose the opportunity afforded by the publication of his pamphlet, for again expressing his contempt of men whose sole claim to notice rested on the greatness of their genius: "For Monsieur D'Alembert," he says, "I said that I was mighty indifferent about seeing him. That it was not my custom to seek authors, who are a conceited troublesome set of people." And hearing that Fréron, the same who was so sharp a thorn in Voltaire's side, had made some remarks on him, which displeased the Duchesse de Choiseul, he says, "I immediately wrote to Paris, to beg the duchess would suffer Fréron and D'Alembert, or any of the tribe, to write what they pleased, to get what money they could by abusing me."

D'Alembert is a very agreeable companion, and of irreproachable morals. By refusing great offers from the Czarina and the King of Prussia, he has shown himself above interest and vain ambition. He lives in an agreeable retreat at Paris, suitable to a man of letters. He has five pensions: one from the King of Prussia, one from the French King, one as member of the Academy of Sciences, one as member of the French Academy, and one from his own family. The whole amount of these is not six thousand livres a-year; on the half of which he lives decently, and gives the other half to poor people with whom he is connected. In a word, I scarce know a man, who, with some few exceptions, (for there must always be some exceptions,) is a better model of a *virtuous* and *philosophical* character.

You see I venture still to join these two epithets as inseparable, and almost synonymous, though you seem inclined to regard them almost as incompatible. And here I have a strong inclination to say a few words in vindication, both of myself and my friends; venturing even to comprehend you in the number. What new prepossession has seized you, to beat in so outrageous a manner your nurses of Mount Helicon, and to join the outcry of the ignorant multitude against science and literature? For my part, I can scarce acknowledge any other ground of distinction between one age and another, between one nation and another, than their different progress in learning and the arts. I do not say between one man and another, because the qualities of the heart and temper, and natural understanding, are the most essential to the personal character; but being, I suppose, almost equal among nations and ages, do not serve to throw a peculiar lustre on any. You blame France for its fond admiration of men of genius; and there may no doubt be, in particular instances, a great ridicule in these affectations; but the sentiment, in general, was equally conspicuous in ancient Greece; in Rome, during its flourishing period; in modern Italy; and even, perhaps, in England about the beginning of this century. If the case be now otherwise, it is what we are to lament and be ashamed of. Our enemies will only infer, that we are a nation which was once, at best, but half civilized; and is now relapsing fast into barbarism,

ignorance, and superstition. I beg you also to consider the great difference, in point of morals, between uncultivated and civilized ages. But I find I am launching out insensibly into an immense ocean of commonplace. I cut the matter, therefore, short, by declaring it as my opinion, that if you had been born a barbarian, and had every day cooked your dinner of horse flesh, by riding on it fifty miles between your breech and the shoulder of your horse, you had certainly been an obliging, good-natured, friendly man; but, at the same time, that reading, conversation, and travel, have detracted nothing from these virtues, and have made a considerable addition of other valuable and agreeable qualities to them. I remain, not with ancient sincerity, which was only roguery and hypocrisy, but very sincerely, dear sir, &c.

Rousseau did not resign his pension, and made it be very distinctly known that he would insist upon his claims to be paid what had been promised; but he would not owe it to the intervention of David Hume. He continued to reside for several months at Wooton, where he made some progress in his renowned "Confessions." "He is, I am sure," says Mr. Davenport, in one of his letters, "busy writing; and it should be some large affair, from the quantity of paper he bought." Like other mental patients, when long separated from his favourite excitement, his mind became attuned to less tumultuous movements; and he ceased, in some measure, to feel the want of notoriety. The visions of conspiracy and treachery gradually disappeared, and now we find him, in his letters, only saying; "Je n'ai rien à dire de M. Hume, sinon que je le trouve bien insultant pour un bon homme, et bien bruyant pour un philosophe." He had a genuine love of nature and of rural pursuits; and he appears to have varied his literary labours, by joining in some projects of Mr. Davenport for the cultivation of forest lands.

Writing to Blair, on 14th February, 1767, Hume says: —

"General Conway told me, on my arrival, that Rousseau had made an application to him, through the canal of Mr. Davenport, to have his pension granted to him. The general's answer was, that I was to be in town in a few days; and, without my consent, and even full approbation, he would take no step in that affair. You may believe that I exhorted him to do so charitable an action. I wish he may not find a difficulty with the King, who is very much prejudiced against Rousseau.[1] This step of my old friend confirms the suspicion which I always entertained, that he thought he had interest enough to obtain the pension of himself; and that he had only picked a quarrel with me in order to free himself from the humiliating burden of gratitude towards me. His motives, therefore, were much blacker than many seem to apprehend them.

"A gentleman told me that he heard, from the French ambassador, that his most Christian Majesty had given an arrêt, prohibiting, under the severest penalties, the printing, vending, or dispersing, any paper of Rousseau, or his partisans, against me. I dine with the ambassador to-day, so shall know the truth of the matter, which scarce appears credible. It is surely very honourable for me; but yet will occasion that strange man to complain, that he is oppressed with power all over the world. I am,"[2] &c.

[1] This is repeated in a letter to Robertson, of 19th March, and is followed by the statement, "The King, when applied to, said, that since the pension had once been promised, it should be granted, notwithstanding all that had passed in the interval. And thus the affair is happily finished, unless some new extravagance come across the philosopher, and urge him to reject what he has anew applied for."—*Stewart's Life of Robertson.*

[2] MS. R.S.E.

At length, on the 31st of April, 1767, Rousseau and Mademoiselle Le Vasseur suddenly disappeared from Wooton together. Hume thus describes the incident in a letter to Blair:—

"You may, perhaps, have heard that Rousseau has eloped from Mr. Davenport, without giving any warning; leaving all his baggage, except Mademoiselle, about thirty pounds in Davenport's hands, and a letter on the table, abusing him in the most violent terms, insinuating that he was in a conspiracy with me to ruin him.[1] He took the road to London, but was missing for about a fortnight. At last he emerges at Spalding in Lincolnshire, whence he writes a letter to the Chancellor, informing him that the bad usage he had met with in England, made it absolutely necessary for him to evacuate the kingdom, and desiring his lordship to send him a guard to escort him to Dover — this being the last act of hospitality he will desire of the nation. He is plainly mad, though I believe not more than he has been all his life. The pamphlet you mention was wrote by one as mad as himself, and it was believed at first to be by Tristram Shandy, but proves to be [by] one Fuseli an engraver. He is a fanatical admirer of Rousseau, but owns he was in the wrong to me. The pamphlet I sent to you was wrote by an English clergyman, whom I never saw; a man of character, and rising in the church,[2] for which reason it is more prudent in

[1] The letter is in the usual editions of Rousseau's works, dated 30th April.

[2] The pamphlets produced in England on this subject, were not nearly so numerous as those published in France. Fuseli, whose mind was well suited for such a paradoxical championship, wrote, "A defence of M. Rousseau, against the Aspersions of Mr. Hume, Monsieur Voltaire, and their associates." The other pamphlet alluded to in the letter, was, perhaps, "A letter to the Honourable

me to conceal his name. When would *you* have done so much for me." [1]

As Rousseau did not favour the world in his "Confessions," with the adventures he encountered during this flight, it is of some interest, in the absence of a personal narrative, to mark the impression produced by the incident on an onlooker, whom it seems to have filled with mingled feelings of compassion and astonishment. The following are some extracts from Mr. Davenport's letters to Hume :—

MR. DAVENPORT *to* HUME.

Davenport, 13th May, 1767.

DEAR SIR,—After all my inquiries, I can't, for the life of me, find out to what part my wild philosopher is fled. I sent after him some papers, thinking they would most certainly find him in London. No such matter: he is not to be found there. They scarce took any thing along with them, but what they carried on their backs. All the trunks, &c. are at Wooton; and this odd man has just packed up his things, and left the keys dangling at the locks of his boxes. No sort of direction for me, though he knows I am in his debt between £30 and £40; and I want, of all things, to inform him what he has to do in relation to his majesty's bounty, which I am sure he will with great satisfaction receive, because I have it so positively under his own hand. You shall have the joy of perusing his letter; but one dated about six days before must be added to it.

Horace Walpole, concerning the dispute between Mr. Hume and M. Rousseau," by the Rev. Ralph Heathcote, D.D. Hume says, in a letter to Madame de Boufflers, "Agreeably to the licence of this country, there has been a great deal of raillery on the incident, thrown out in the public papers, but all against that unhappy man. There is even a print engraved of it: M. Rousseau is represented as a Yahoo, newly caught in the woods; I am represented as a farmer, who caresses him and offers him some oats to eat, which he refuses in a rage; Voltaire and D'Alembert are whipping him up behind; and Horace Walpole making him horns of *papier mâché*. The idea is not altogether absurd."—*Private Correspondence*, p. 234.

[1] MS. R.S.E.

At present my gout is too much upon me to write copies of them. Pray, if you hear where he is, do me the pleasure to inform me. I am, &c. &c.

P.S.—I protest I pity him more and more, as I certainly conclude that his head is not quite right.

Davenport, Monday 18th.

I can't help giving you the trouble of this. Last night I received a most melancholy letter from poor Rousseau, dated Spalding in Lincolnshire. How, or on what account, he got to that place, I can't for the life of me guess; but this I learn, that he is most excessively sick of his situation, and is returning to Wooton, as soon as, I suppose, he can well get there. He has been all the time at an inn in that town. Pray, was the place you mentioned to me in that county, any where near Spalding? I own to you, I was quite moved to read his mournful epistle. I am quite confirmed in my opinion of him: this last from him, is entirely different in style, from any I ever yet received. I have in my answer, desired he would write to some friend of his in town, to authorize him to receive his majesty's bounty, as it becomes due. I have told him that his agent must apply, and show his letter to Mr. Lounds of the Treasury. Poor Rousseau writes of nothing but his misery, illness, afflictions; in a word, of his being the most unfortunate man that ever existed. Good God! most of those distresses are surely occasioned by his own unhappy temper, which I really believe is not in his power to alter! so, let him be where he will, I fear he is certain to be uneasy. His passion for Botany has, as I conjecture, almost left him. If I am right in my guess, I have no sort of doubt, but he will again take to his pen, as 'tis impossible for his imagination to remain idle. I am, &c.

Davenport, May 25, 1767.

Dear Sir, — 'Tis with the greatest satisfaction I hear, this poor unfortunate man will enjoy the pension. I am sure he lies under a thousand obligations to you, and am extremely glad he has wrote to General Conway. I hope he made use of at least some expressions of gratitude and respect to that gentleman, whose goodness of heart obtained this favour from his majesty.

I am sure you'll do your endeavour to save him from the

Bastile, or (which I more fear) the Archbishop of Paris' prison.

He wrote me a letter from Spalding, dated 11th, in which he says, I have great reason to be offended at his manner of leaving Wooton. He says, —

Je préférois la liberté, au séjour de votre maison; ce sentiment est bien excusable. Mais je préfère infiniment le séjour de votre maison à tout autre captivité, et je préférerois toute captivité à celle où je suis, qui est horrible, et qui, quoiqu'il arrive ne sauroit durer. Si vous voulez bien Monsieur me recevoir derechef chez vous, je suis prêt à m'y rendre au cas qu'on m'en laisse la liberté, et quand j'y serois après l'expérience qui j'ai faite, difficilement serois-je tenté d'en ressortir pour chercher de nouveaux malheurs. Si ma proposition vous agrée, tâchez, Monsieur de me le faire savoir par quelque voie sûre, et de faciliter mon retour d'ici chez vous.[1]

He repeats the same request of sending to him two or three times. This which he sent on the 11th, I received on the 17th. On the 18th I despatched a servant to Spalding: instead of staying for my answer, behold, on the 14th he set out for Dover, and on that morning wrote again by the post to me, in which he says, that if he had any assurance this letter of the 11th would come to me, and that I would agree to his proposals, and again receive him, he should certainly stay for an answer; but as he despaired of my receiving his, so he was determined to pass the Channel, and I should hear from him when he reached Calais, and quite sure of his liberty; that he would write from thence and make me a very singular proposition. He professes the greatest regard for me, &c. The next is dated, Dover, 18th May, where he says, that he chose to write to me from that place; that seeing the sea, and finding he was in reality a free man, and might either go or stay,—then, says he, I stopped, and intended to return to you; but by chance seeing in a public paper how my departure from Wooton was treated, caused him immediately to renounce that idea. He finishes with many compliments, but without telling me where to write to him, and I long to know how to address my letters. Before he left Wooton, he disposed of several long gowns amongst the poor people, went off in an old French dress, and got a blue coat made

for him at Spalding. Pray, can you inform me who he has authorized to receive his majesty's bounty; because I think I may pay into their hands the money I have of his in mine. I should be pleased if you could be so kind as to inform me what date his letter bore, which he wrote to the Lord Chancellor. I am, dear sir, &c.

4th July, 1767.

This week I received a letter from Rousseau, dated, Fleury under Meudon, wrote with great complaisance; he returns a thousand thanks for all the civilities he received from me at Wooton; says that he is not fixed as to the place of his future residence, but that he will inform me as soon as he has made choice of one.

The style of this is vastly different from some of the last of those which he wrote in England; no mention of captivities, no wild imaginations of any kind, but entirely calm and composed. I heartily wish he may continue so, then sure he will be somewhat happy. I am, &c.

6th July, 1767.

The good woman who is called my housekeeper was my nurse, near ninety, and more than three parts blind. Mad^lle^ and she never could agree. I have heard something of the story of the kettle and cinders,[1] but am inclinable to believe my philosopher's resolutions were determined before that fray happened. His governante has an absolute power over him, and without doubt more or less influences all his actions. You certainly guess right about the unaccountable quarrel with you, to whom he has so many and great obligations: nay, I am almost sure he very heartily repents and inwardly wants to be reconciled. He has desired to hear from me often, and promises to let me know how he goes on, as soon as ever he is the least fixed. What he was writing, is the same he mentioned to you, will be a large work, contain-

[1] Walpole, whose capacity for acquiring information on such matters was unrivalled, seems to have at least made a near approach to the discovery of this point. He says in his narration, "The chief cause of his disgust has been a long quarrel between his housekeeper and Mr. Davenport's cook-maid, who, as Rousseau affirmed, had always dressed their dinner very ill, and at last had sprinkled ashes on their victuals."

ing at least twelve volumes. I am positively certain that when I left him, he had not entirely finished one. There's nothing in it which in any shape relates to state affairs or to ministers of state.

You shall see his letter the first opportunity; but, God help him! I can't, for pity, give a copy; and 'tis so much mixed with his own poor little private concerns, that it would not be right in me to do it. . . . I am, dear sir, &c.[1]

In the following letters, Hume narrates these events to his Northern friends, having been so frequently desired to give explanations of the rumours regarding Rousseau's escapades which occasionally reached Scotland, that he found it most expedient to answer miscellaneous inquiries by general chronological narratives.

HUME *to* DR. BLAIR.

"*27th May*, 1767.

"Since you are curious to hear Rousseau's story, I shall tell you the sequel of it. A few days after his letter to the Chancellor, of which I informed you, I got a letter from Davenport, who told me that he had just received a letter from Rousseau, dated at Spalding, wherein that wild philosopher, as he calls him, appeared very penitent, and contrite, and melancholy; and expressed his purpose of returning immediately to his former retreat at Wooton. The same day, and nearly the same hour, General Conway received a long letter from him, dated at Dover, about two hundred miles distant from Spalding. This great journey he had made in two days; and had probably set out immediately after writing the letter above-

[1] MS. R.S.E.

mentioned to Davenport.[1] This letter to General Conway is the most frenzical imaginable. He there supposes that he was brought into England by a plot of mine, in order to reduce him to infamy, derision, and captivity. That General Conway, and all the most considerable personages of the nation, and the nation itself, had entered into this conspiracy. That he is at present actually a state prisoner in General Conway's hands, and has been so ever since his arrival in the kingdom. He entreats him, however, to allow him the liberty of departing; warns him that it will not be safe to assassinate him in private; as he is unhappily too well known not to have inquiries made, if he should disappear on a sudden; and promises that if his request be granted, his memoirs shall never be printed to disgrace the English ministry and the English nation.

"He owns that he has wrote such memoirs, the chief object of which was to deliver a faithful account of the treatment he has met with in England; but he promises, that the moment he sets foot on the French shore, he shall write to the friend in whose hand the manuscript is deposited, to deliver it to the General, who may destroy it if he pleases. He adds, that as it may be objected, that after recovering his liberty he may do as he pleases, he offers, as a pledge of his sincerity, to accept of his pension; after which he thinks no one will imagine he could be so infamous as to write against the king's ministers or his people. Amidst all this frenzy, he employs these terms as if a ray of reason had for a moment broke into his mind.

[1] These incidents are also narrated in a letter to Madame de Boufflers.—*Priv. Cor.* p. 241. And some of them in a French letter to a person unknown, ib. p. 220.

He says, speaking of himself in the third person, 'Non-seulement il abandonne pour toujours le projet d'écrire sa vie et ses mémoires, mais il ne lui échappera jamais, ni de bouche ni par écrit, un seul mot de plainte sur les malheurs qui lui sont arrivés en Angleterre; il ne parlera jamais de M. Hume, ou il n'en parlera qu'avec honneur, et lorsqu'il sera pressé de s'expliquer sur quelques indiscrètes plaintes, qui lui sont quelquefois échappées dans le fort de ses peines, il les rejettera sans mystère, sur son humeur aigrie et portée à la défiance, et aux ombrages par ce malheureux penchant, ouvrage de ses malheurs, et qui maintenant y met le comble.'[1]

"We hear that notwithstanding his imagined captivity, he has passed over to Calais; where he is likely to experience what real captivity is. I have, however, used my persuasion with Monsr de Guerchi to represent him to his court as a real madman, more an object of compassion than of anger. We shall no doubt see his Memoirs in a little time: which will be full of eloquence and extravagance, though perhaps as reasonable as any of his past productions; for I do not imagine he was ever much more in his senses than at present.

[1] See the letter following that of 30th April to Mr. Davenport, in the ordinary editions of Rousseau's works. The only material divergence in the passage cited above is in the last clause, and the words "quelques indiscrettes plaintes qui lui sont quelquefois echappées dans le fort de ses peines," to which the corresponding clause in Rousseau's Works, is "les plaintes indiscrettes, qui dans le fort de ses peines, lui sont quelquefois échappées." These discrepancies were probably between Rousseau's preserved copy, and the letter sent. That this letter was printed from a copy preserved by Rousseau, is shown by the editors of his Works not knowing to whom it was addressed. Hume repeats his own version of the passage in a French letter already referred to. See *Private Correspondence*, p. 222.

I think I may be entirely without anxiety concerning all his future productions."[1]

The following letters to Smith appear to have been intended as a comprehensive history of the flight of Rousseau. The reader will readily excuse the repetition of some incidents already mentioned, and may perhaps find an interest in comparing the impressions produced by the events as they were successively occurring, with this general retrospect of the whole.

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

"*London, 8th October*, 1767.

"DEAR SMITH,—I shall give you an account of the late heteroclite exploits of Rousseau, as far as I can recollect them. There is no need of any secrecy: they are most of them pretty public, and are well known to every body that had curiosity to observe the actions of that strange, undefinable existence, whom one would be apt to imagine an imaginary being, though surely not an *ens rationis*.

"I believe you know, that in spring last, Rousseau applied to General Conway to have his pension. The General answered to Mr. Davenport, who carried the application, that I was expected to town in a few days; and without my consent and approbation he would take no steps in that affair. You may believe I readily gave my consent. I also solicited the affair, through the Treasury; and the whole being finished, I wrote to Mr. Davenport, and desired him to inform his guest, that he needed only appoint any person to receive payment. Mr. Davenport answered me, that it was out of his power to execute my commission: for that his wild philosopher, as he called him, had eloped

[1] MS. R.S.E.

of a sudden, leaving a great part of his baggage behind him, some money in Davenport's hands, and a letter on the table, as odd, he says, as the one he wrote to me, and implying that Mr. Davenport was engaged with me in a treacherous conspiracy against him! He was not heard of for a fortnight, till the Chancellor received a letter from him, dated at Spalding in Lincolnshire; in which he said that he had been seduced into this country by a promise of hospitality; that he had met with the worst usage; that he was in danger of his life from the plots of his enemies; and that he applied to the Chancellor, as the first civil magistrate of the kingdom, desiring him to appoint a guard at his own (Rousseau's) expense, who might safely conduct him out of the kingdom. The Chancellor made his secretary reply to him, that he was mistaken in the nature of the country; for that the first post-boy he could apply to, was as safe a guide as the Chancellor could appoint. At the very same time that Rousseau wrote this letter to the Chancellor, he wrote to Davenport, that he had eloped from him, actuated by a very natural desire, that of recovering his liberty; but finding he must still be in captivity, he preferred that at Wooton: for his captivity at Spalding was intolerable beyond all human patience, and he was at present the most wretched being on the face of the globe: he would therefore return to Wooton, if he were assured that Davenport would receive him,

"Here I must tell you, that the parson of Spalding was about two months ago in London, and told Mr. Fitzherbert, from whom I had it, that he had passed several hours every day with Rousseau, while he was in that place; that he was cheerful, good-humoured, easy, and enjoyed himself perfectly well, without the least fear or complaint of any kind. However this

may be, our hero, without waiting for any answer, either from the Chancellor or Mr. Davenport, decamps on a sudden from Spalding, and takes the road directly to Dover; whence he writes a letter to General Conway, seven pages long, and full of the wildest extravagance in the world. He says, that he had endured a captivity in England, which it was impossible any longer to submit to. It was strange, that the greatest in the nation, and the whole nation itself, should have been seduced by one private man, to serve his vengeance against another private man: he found in every face that he was here the object of general derision and aversion, and he was therefore infinitely desirous to remove from this country. He therefore begs the General to restore him to his liberty, and allow him to leave England; he warns him of the danger there may be of cutting his throat in private; as he is unhappily a man too well known, not to have inquiries made after him, should he disappear of a sudden: he promises, on condition of his being permitted to depart the kingdom, to speak no ill of the king or country, or ministers, or even of Mr. Hume; as indeed, says he, I have perhaps no reason; my jealousy of him having probably arisen from my own suspicious temper, soured by misfortunes. He says, that he wrote a volume of Memoirs, chiefly regarding the treatment he has met with in England; he has left it in safe hands, and will order it to be burned, in case he be permitted to go beyond seas, and nothing shall remain to the dishonour of the king and his ministers.

"This letter is very well wrote, so far as regards the style and composition; and the author is so vain of it, that he has given about copies, as of a rare production. It is indeed, as General Conway says, the composition of a whimsical man, not of a madman.

But what is more remarkable, the very same post, he wrote to Davenport, that, having arrived within sight of the sea, and finding he was really at liberty to go or stay, as he pleased, he had intended voluntarily to return to him; but seeing in a newspaper an account of his departure from Wooton, and concluding his offences were too great to be forgiven, he was resolved to depart for France. Accordingly, without any farther preparation, and without waiting General Conway's answer, he took his passage in a packet boat, and went off that very evening. Thus, you see, he is a composition of whim, affectation, wickedness, vanity, and inquietude, with a very small if any ingredient of madness. He is always complaining of his health; yet I have scarce ever seen a more robust little man of his years. He was tired in England; where he was neither persecuted nor caressed, and where, he was sensible, he had exposed himself. He resolved, therefore, to leave it; and having no pretence, he is obliged to contrive all those absurdities, which he himself, extravagant as he is, gives no credit to. At least, this is the only key I can devise to his character. The ruling qualities above-mentioned, together with ingratitude, ferocity, and lying,—I need not mention eloquence and invention,—form the whole of the composition.

"When he arrived at Paris, all my friends, who were likewise all his, agreed totally to neglect him. The public, too, disgusted with his multiplied and indeed criminal extravagancies, showed no manner of concern about him. Never was such a fall from the time I took him up, about a year and a half before. I am told by D'Alembert and Horace Walpole, that, sensible of this great alteration, he endeavoured to regain his credit by acknowledging to every body his

fault with regard to me: but all in vain: he has retired to a village in the mountains of Auvergne, as M. Durand tells me, where nobody inquires after him. He will probably endeavour to recover his fame by new publications; and I expect with some curiosity the reading of his Memoirs, which will I suppose suffice to justify me in every body's eyes, and in my own, for the publication of his letters and my narrative of the case. You will see by the papers, that a new letter of his to M. D., which I imagine to be Davenport, is published. This letter was probably wrote immediately on his arrival at Paris; or perhaps is an effect of his usual inconsistence: I do not much concern myself which. Thus he has had the satisfaction, during a time, of being much talked of, for his late transactions; the thing in the world he most desires: but it has been at the expense of being consigned to perpetual neglect and oblivion. My compliments to Mr. Oswald; and also to Mrs. Smith. I am," &c.[1]

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

"*London*, 17*th October*, 1767.

"DEAR SMITH,—I sit down to correct a mistake or two in the former account which I gave you of Rousseau. I saw Davenport a few days ago, who tells me, that the letter inserted in all the newspapers, was never addressed to him. He even doubts its being genuine; both because he knows it to be opposite to all his sentiments with regard to me, to whom he desires earnestly to be reconciled, and because it is too absurd and extravagant, and seems to be contrived rather as a banter upon him. Davenport added, that Rousseau was retired to some place

[1] *Literary Gazette*, 1822, p. 649. Corrected from original MS. R.S.E.

in France, and had changed his name and his dress:[1] but wrote to him that he was the most miserable of all beings; that it was impossible for him to stay where he was; and that he would return to his old hermitage, if Davenport would accept of him. Indeed, he has some reason to be mortified with his reception in France; for Horace Walpole, who has very lately returned thence, tells me, that though Rousseau is settled at Cliché, within a league of Paris, nobody inquires after him, nobody visits him, nobody talks of him, every one has agreed to neglect and disregard him: a more sudden revolution of fortune than almost ever happened to any man — at least to any man of letters.

"I asked Mr. Davenport about those Memoirs, which Rousseau said he was writing, and whether he had ever seen them. He said, yes, he had; it was projected to be a work in twelve volumes; but he had as yet gone no farther than the first volume, which he had entirely composed at Wooton. It was charmingly wrote, and concluded with a very particular and interesting account of his first love, the object of which was a person whose first love it also was. Davenport, who is no bad judge, says, that these Memoirs will be the most taking of all his works; and, indeed, you may easily imagine what such a pen would make of such a subject as that I mentioned. Meanwhile it appears clearly, what I told you before, that he is no more mad at present, than he has been during the whole course of his life, and that he is capable of the same efforts of genius. I think I may wait in security his account of the transactions between us. But, however, this incident,

[1] He assumed the name of Renou.

which I foresaw, is some justification of me for publishing his letters, and may apologise for a step, which you, and even myself, have been inclined sometimes to blame, and always to regret."[1]

So ended Rousseau's wild sojourn, in what he termed "l'heureuse terre, où sont nés David Hume et le Maréchal d'Ecosse." When the wounds inflicted on his benefactor by ungrateful actions and uncharitable interpretations had been healed by time, and the conduct of him who had occasioned them was seen no longer through the excited medium of lacerated feelings, the hour had come for the just understanding to aid the kind heart, in estimating the character of the assailant; for finding that, deep as were the wounds he might inflict on others, there was an arrow still more deeply buried in his own bosom; that commiseration should take the place of resentment; and that the wanderer's footsteps should be accompanied by the prayer, that peace might revisit his disturbed spirit. Hume felt, perhaps, what he could not have expressed so well as one whose mind had too much in common with that which he describes,

His life was one long war with self-sought foes;
Or friends by him self-banished; for his mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
But he was frenzied,—wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which skill could never find;
But he was frenzied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

Hume was not a man given to the clamorous expression of contritions or regrets. It is in his silence

[1] MS. R.S.E.

and his subsequent acts that we find him desirous to compensate for the punishment he had inflicted on his assailant. The letters of his French friends, during the summer of 1767, show that he had earnestly exerted himself to protect Rousseau from the vengeance of the government;[1] and there is all reason to believe, that it was through this intervention that the wanderer was permitted to pursue his course in peace. On the other hand, when the dark cloud had completely passed away, the monomaniac appears to have awakened to a distressing consciousness of what he had done. He afterwards attributed his conduct in England to our foggy atmosphere, which had filled his mind with gloom and discontent; and the work at which he laboured busily with the fierce excitement of him who forges a weapon to avenge his wrongs, stopped short at the very point where his narrative of injuries was to commence.

[1] On 1st June, 1767, Turgot writes, in answer to a letter from Hume: "Je me hâte d'y répondre par ce courier, quoique je n'aie encore fait aucune démarche pour le malheureux homme auquel, il est si digne de vous de prendre encore intérêt. Le degré de folie qu'il montre aujourdhui est en vérité préférable à une folie moins exaltée, qui le laissoit chargé de tout l'odieux d'un excès d'ingratitude envers vous et M. Davenport. Une pareille ingratitude réfléchie et méditée ne peut me paroître dans la nature. . . . Je vous remercie de m'avoir choisi parmi vos amis de ce pays-ci pour m'associer à la bonne action que vous voulez faire en lui rendant service. J'y mettrai certainement tout le zèle dont je suis capable et à cause de son infortune, et à cause de l'intérêt que vous y prenez." He continues to say, that to get him a safe passage may be easy: to find him a permanent asylum in France, would be a more difficult matter. "La chose est possible hors du ressort du Parlement de Paris, mais il faut que le Roi y consente. Il n'y a que l'intérêt même que vous prenez, et la singularité de cette circonstance qui puisse peut-être adoucir le Roi sur le compte de Rousseau en faisant demander la chose en votre nom par M. de Choiseul."

CHAPTER XVI.

1766—1770. Æt. 55—59.

Hume Under Secretary of State — Church Politics — Official abilities — Conduct as to Ferguson's book — Quarrel with Oswald — Baron Mure's sons — Project of continuing the History — Ministerial convulsions — Hume's conduct to his Family — His Brother — His Nephews — Baron Hume — Blacklock — Smollett — Church Patronage — Gibbon — Robertson — Elliot — Gilbert Stuart — The Douglas Cause — Andrew Stewart — Morellet — Return to Scotland.

The quarrel with Rousseau seems to have so fully occupied the attention of Hume, during its continuance, that he scarcely alluded to any other subject in his correspondence; and thus, though the preceding chapter is devoted entirely to that event, a very slight retrospect from the point of time reached at its conclusion, will suffice for whatever else, worthy of notice in his life or correspondence, has been preserved.

In the summer of 1766, he made a short visit to Scotland. "I returned," he says, in his "own life," "to that place, not richer, but with much more money, and a much larger income, by means of Lord Hertford's friendship, than I left it; and I was desirous of trying what superfluity could produce, as I had formerly made an experiment of a competency. But, in 1767, I received, from Mr. Conway, an invitation to be under-secretary; and this invitation, both the character of the person, and my connexions with Lord Hertford, prevented me from declining."

He was thus solicited to undertake the very responsible duties of this office, by one who had good opportunities of knowing his capacity for public business; and the simple fact of the appointment is a testimony to the ability with which he had performed

the analogous functions of his office in France. He was indeed at all times a man of punctual habits, and his unwearied industry had not yet begun to slacken. He had a mind of that clear systematic order which was well fitted for the composition of official documents; and his triumphs in philosophical and historical literature never inflated him with the ambition of considering any business which he consented to undertake too insignificant to deserve his full attention. Some official documents, connected with the successive offices which he held, have been preserved, by collectors, as autographs of so celebrated a man: and they generally arrest the attention of every one who examines them, by the clearness and precision of the language, and not a little by the neatness of the handwriting.

After the resignation of the Marquis of Tweeddale, in 1746, there was no longer a principal secretary of state for Scotland; and it became usual to consult the Lord Advocate, or any other ministerial officer, locally connected with the north, as to the policy to be pursued in Scottish affairs. None of the principal members of the Grafton ministry were Scotsmen; and there can be little doubt that Hume must then have exercised a large influence in all affairs connected with his native country.[1] He held his office until the 20th

[1] In the conclusion of Hume's letter to Dr. Blair, of 27th May, 1767, cited above, there is the following paragraph: —

"Pray, how has the General Assembly passed? I have had a long letter from Mass David Dickson, complaining of your injustice. Has John Home any thoughts of coming up? Tell Robertson that the compliment, at the end of General Conway's letter to him, was of my composing, without any orders from him. He smiled when he read it, but said it was very proper, and signed it. These are not bad puffs from ministers of state, as the silly world goes." I inferred from this that the letter in question was the King's letter to the General Assembly of 1767; but I find no allusion to

of July 1768, when General Conway was superseded by Lord Weymouth.

The following letter contains a brief sketch of the general current of his official life.

HUME *to* DR. BLAIR.

"1*st April*, 1767.

"My way of life here is very uniform, and by no means disagreeable. I pass all the forenoon in the secretary's house, from ten till three, where there arrive, from time to time, messengers, that bring me

Robertson in that document, and am not aware of any letter, generally known at the period, which answers the above description. It is clear that Hume refers to some official communication from the secretary of state. The letter from Dickson is a long complaint about the conduct of some judicatories as to a forgotten church dispute. It begins with the statement; — "I am informed that His Majesty's letter to the General Assembly, of this year, is issued from the secretary's office, under your direction." As it is pretty generally believed that the policy of the Home-office, in its communications with the Church of Scotland, was directed by Hume, during the period when he was under secretary, the following extract from the King's letter to the General Assembly, in 1767, is given, that the reader may judge for himself whether the style and matter are characteristic of Hume's pen: —

"Convinced, as we are, of your prudence and firm resolution to concur in whatever may promote the happiness of our subjects, it is unnecessary for us to recommend to you to avoid contentious and unedifying debates; as well as to avoid every thing that may tend to disturb that harmony and tranquillity which is so essential in councils solely calculated for the suppression of every species of licentiousness, irreligion, and vice. And, as we have the firmest reliance on your zeal in the support of the Christian faith, as well as in the wisdom and prudence of your councils, we are thoroughly assured that they will be directed to such purposes as may best tend to enforce a conscientious observance of all those duties which the true religion, and laws of this kingdom require, and on which the felicity of every individual so essentially depends." [1]

[1] MS. R.S.E.

all the secrets of the kingdom, and, indeed, of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I am seldom hurried; but have leisure, at intervals, to take up a book, or write a private letter, or converse with any friend that may call for me; and from dinner to bed-time is all my own. If you add to this, that the person with whom I have the chief, if not only transactions, is the most reasonable, equal tempered, and gentleman-like man imaginable, and Lady Aylesbury the same, you will certainly think I have no reason to complain; and I am far from complaining. I only shall not regret when my duty is over; because, to me, the situation can lead to nothing, at least in all probability; and reading, and sauntering, and lounging, and dosing, which I call thinking, is my supreme happiness. I mean my full contentment.

"I thank you for the acquaintance you offer me of Mr. Percy; but it would be impracticable for me to cultivate his friendship, as men of letters have here no place of rendezvous; and are, indeed, sunk and forgot in the general torrent of the world. If you can therefore decline, without hardship, any letter of recommendation, it would save trouble both to him and me." [1]

In the beginning of the year 1767, Ferguson published his "Essay on the History of Civil Society," a work which speedily acquired a wide reputation through Europe. The allusions which Hume has been found making to some work of a similar character, so early as 1759,[2] probably refer to a particular portion of this book. Immediately before its publication, he recommended Ferguson's friends to prevail on him to suppress the work, as likely to be injurious to its author's literary reputation: one of the few

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] See above, p. 56.

instances, if it be not the only one, in which he discouraged a fellow-countryman, desirous of casting his lot into the competition for literary distinction. He ultimately found that his advice was erroneous, as the book soon obtained a high character. But, had his own opinion of its merits coincided with the suffrages of the public, it would not have been so honourable to his memory, as the satisfaction he expressed on the discovery that the verdict of the reading world was against him. Writing to Blair on 24th February, 1767, he says:—

"I happened yesterday to visit a person three hours after a copy of Ferguson's performance was opened, for the first time, in London. It was by Lord Mansfield. I accept this omen of its future success. He was extremely pleased with it; said it was very agreeable, and perfectly well wrote; assured me that he would not stop a moment till he had finished it; and recommended it strongly to the perusal of the Archbishop of York, who was present. I have wrote the same article of intelligence to Ferguson himself; but as he is the likeliest person in the world to suppress it, I thought it safest to put it into your hands, in order to circulate it."[1]

Again:—

"I hear good things said of Ferguson's book every day. Lord Holderness showed me a letter from the Archbishop of York, where his Grace says, that in many things it surpasses Montesquieu. My friend, Mr. Dodwell, says that it is an admirable book, elegantly wrote, and with great purity of language. Pray, tell to Ferguson and to others all these things."[2]

[1] MS. R.S.E. [2] MS. R.S.E.

Again, writing to the same correspondent, on 1st April, he says:—

"The success of the book, dear Doctor, which you mention, gives me great satisfaction, on account of my sincere friendship for the author; and so much the rather, as the success was to me unexpected. I have since begun to hope, and even to believe, that I was mistaken; and in this persuasion have several times taken it up and read chapters of it. But, to my great mortification and sorrow, I have not been able to change my sentiments. We shall see, by the duration of its fame, whether or not I am mistaken. Helvétius and Saurin both told me at Paris, that they had been consulted by Montesquieu about his 'Esprit des Loix.' They used the freedom to tell him, as their fixed opinion, that he ought to suppress the book; which they foresaw would very much injure his reputation. They said to me that, no doubt, I thought they had reason to be ashamed of their judgment. But still, added they, you may observe that the public are very much returned from their first admiration of that book; and we are persuaded that they will daily return still more.

"I hope that I shall be found a false prophet as much as these gentlemen; for though the 'Esprit des Loix,' be considerably sunk in vogue, and will probably still sink farther, it maintains a high reputation, and probably will never be totally neglected. It has considerable merit, notwithstanding the glare of its pointed wit, and notwithstanding its false refinements, and its rash and crude positions. Helvétius and Saurin assured me, that this freedom of theirs never lost them any thing of Montesquieu's friendship. I believe the like would be my case; but it is better not

to put it to a trial. On that account, as well as others, I recommend to you secrecy, towards every person except Robertson."[1]

A letter from Adam Smith, desiring that his friend, Count Sarsfield, might be introduced to Hume's circle of acquaintance, called forth the following narrative of a very amusing incident: —

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

"*London, 13th June*, 1767.

"DEAR SMITH, — The Count de Sarsfield is a good acquaintance of mine, from the time I saw him at Paris; and as he is really a man of merit, I have great pleasure whenever I meet him here. My occupations keep me from cultivating his friendship as much as I should incline. I did not introduce him to Elliot, because I knew that this gentleman's reserve and indolence would make him neglect the acquaintance; and I did not introduce him to Oswald, because I fear that he and I are broke for ever; at least he does not seem inclined to take any steps towards an accommodation with me.

"I am to tell you the strangest story you ever heard of. I was dining with him, above two months ago, where, among other company, was the Bishop of Raphoe.[2] After dinner we were disposed to be merry. I said to the company, that I had been very ill used by Lord Hertford; for that I always expected to be made a bishop by him during his lieutenancy! but he had given away two sees from me, to my great vexation and disappointment. The right reverend, without any farther provocation, burst out into the

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] John Oswald, brother of Mr. Oswald of Dunnikier, who was translated from the see of Dromore to that of Raphoe in 1763.

most furious, and indecent, and orthodox rage that ever was seen: told me that I was most impertinent; that if he did not wear a gown, I durst not, no, I durst not, have used him so; that none but a coward would treat a clergyman in that manner; that henceforth he must either abstain from his brother's house, or I must; and that this was not the first time he had heard the stupid joke from my mouth. With the utmost tranquillity and temper I asked his pardon; assured him, upon my honour, that I did not mean him the least offence: if I had imagined he could possibly have been displeased, I never should have mentioned the subject; but the joke was not in the least against him, but entirely against myself, as if I were capable of such an expectation as that of being a bishop! my regard for himself, and still more for his brother, with whom I had long been more particularly connected, would certainly restrain me from either joke or earnest, which could be offensive to him; and that, if I had ever touched on the same topic before, I had entirely forgot it, and it must have been above a twelvemonth ago. He was nowise appeased; raved on in the same style for a long time. At last I got the discourse diverted, and took my leave, seemingly with great indifference and even good humour. I was nowise surprised nor concerned about his lordship; because I had, on other occasions, observed the same orthodox zeal swell within him, and it was often difficult for him to converse with temper when I was in the company.

"But what really surprised and vexed me was, that his brother kept silence all the time. I met him in the passage when I went away, and he made me no apology. He has never since called on me; and though he sees that I never come near his house,

though formerly I used to be three or four times a-week with him, he never takes the least notice of it. I own this gives me vexation, because I have a sincere value and affection for him. It is only some satisfaction to me to find, that I am so palpably in the right as not to leave the least room for doubt or ambiguity. Dr. Pitcairne, who was in the company, says that he never saw such a scene in his lifetime. If I were sure, dear Smith, that you and I should not some day quarrel in some such manner, I should tell you that I am, yours very affectionately and sincerely."[1]

The world levies certain penalties on the enjoyment of a character for good nature and kindness, and Hume seems to have paid them to their most ample extent, in the shape of executing commissions, and performing general petty services for his friends. We have witnessed the zeal with which he attended to the education of Mr. Elliot's two sons. A teacher of languages, possessing the distinguished name of Graffigny, and professing to be in the confidence of celebrated literary people in Paris, appears to have excited the suspicion of Baron Mure, whose sons he was employed to instruct. Hume undertook to make some inquiries regarding him; and his brief reports, from time to time, have some interest from their containing a few of his opinions on education.

HUME *to* BARON MURE.

"*London*, 1*st July*, 1767.

"DEAR BARON,—I believe I told you, that D'Alembert disclaimed all sort of acquaintance with him. I have this moment received a letter from Helvétius,

[1] MS. R.S.E.

doing the same. It was in answer to one I wrote him at Lord Hertford's desire. I know not from what quarter we had heard that he had given to Lord Harcourt, or Lord Newnam, a good character of Graffigny: but it must have been a mistake; for to me he says, that he knows no such man; that his wife, who was niece to the famous Ma^me^ de Graffigny, and educated with her, never saw or heard of such a man: nor can they imagine who he may be. After this second imposture, it is certain that Lord Hertford will not put his sons to him; nor do I think it fit yours should longer remain. He is an empty, conceited fellow, full of chimeras and pretensions; and I think you are at no great loss for parting with him. The question [is,] what to do next?"

(Undated.)

"DEAR BARON, — He is indeed a conceited man, full of whimseys and affectations, reasoning always in the clouds about the most obvious things, and hunting after novelties and singularities of which his genius is incapable. What, for instance, can be more whimsical than his method of teaching Latin? He gives his boys a long list of words, which they are to get by heart, like the muster-roll of a regiment, and a great heap of grammar rules, which are to them unintelligible. After he has laid this foundation of a language, as he imagines, he begins them with the most difficult of all the Latin poets; and for this plan of education, he will give you a galimatias of reasons, clothed in the smoothest language, and delivered with the softest accent."

(Undated.)

"DEAR BARON, — In my conversation with your young folks yesterday, I endeavoured to inform myself concerning their progress in Latin. I find that they

are not taught any Latin grammar; they are only instructed in the sense of single detached words, which they learn, both in Greek and Latin, at once. Accordingly they told me water, aqua, and ὑδωρ; but though I tried them in about half a dozen more words, I could not find their learning extended so far. All this appears to me very whimsical; and I doubt a dead language can never be learned in this manner without grammar. In a living language, the continual application of the words and phrases teaches at the same time the sense of the words, and their reference to each other; but a list of words got by heart, without any connected sense, easily escapes the memory, and is but a small part of the language."[1]

There are several indications that Hume still retained the half-formed intention of continuing his History through a portion of the period succeeding the Revolution. In a brief undated letter, written to Smith in Paris, he says:—

"Some push me to continue my History. Millar offers me any price. All the Marlborough papers are offered me: and I believe nobody would venture to refuse me. But *cui bono?* Why should I forego idleness, and sauntering, and society, and expose myself again to the clamours of a stupid factious public? I am not yet tired of doing nothing; and am become too wise either to mind censure or applause. By and bye I shall be too old to undergo so much labour. Adieu."[2]

Smith's opinion is thus reported by Andrew Millar, on 22d November, 1766.

"He is of opinion, with many more of your very

[1] Copies in R.S.E. The originals are in possession of Colonel Mure.

[2] *Literary Gazette*, 1822, p. 666. Original, MS. R.S.E.

good sensible friends, that the History of this country, from the Revolution, is not to be met with in books yet printed; but from MSS. in this country, to which he is sure you will have ready access, from all accounts he hears from the great here; and therefore you should lay the ground-work here, after your perusal of the MSS. you may have access to, and doing it below will be laying the wrong foundation. I think it my duty to inform you the opinion of your most judicious friends, and I think he and Sir John Pringle may be reckoned amongst that number."[1]

Millar, indeed, seems to have scarcely ever relaxed from urging this project; and perhaps it was his perseverance, and not any self-originating desire to pursue the task, that kept the design alive in Hume's mind. He had written to his worthy publisher on 8th October, 1766:—

"I shall probably do as you advise, and sketch out the outlines of the two or three subsequent reigns, which I may finish at London, after I find that there remains no farther obstacles to this work, and that it is favoured, I do not say by every body, (for that is impossible,) but by the generality of the world."

At a later date he thus expressed his views:—

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"*London*, 17*th July*, 1767.

"DEAR SIR,—We are still in as unsettled a condition as when you left us. There will certainly be a considerable alteration in the ministry; and I do not at present reckon my principal's situation more precarious than that of any other minister. He speaks, however, like a man who is to be out of office

[1] MS. R.S.E.

in a few days. I have also taken the precaution to desire him to request of the king, in my name, the liberty, after my dismission, of inspecting all the public records, and all the papers in the Paper-office. His majesty was pleased to say, that he very willingly complied with my request, and was glad to hear of my intentions. But my chief view is to run over such papers as belong to the period which I have already wrote, in order to render that part of my History as little imperfect as possible. It would be folly to think of writing any more; and even as to correcting, were it not an amusement, to what purpose would it serve, since I shall certainly never live to see a new edition?" [1]

On the same subject, and in the same tone, he writes to his brother, on 6th October:—

"As to myself, I pass my time, as I told you, in an agreeable enough kind of business, and not too much of it. My income, also, is at present very considerable—above £1100 a-year, of which I shall not spend much above the half. Notwithstanding, I sometimes wish to be out of employment, in order to prosecute my History, to which every body urges me. When Mr. Conway was on the point of resigning, I desired him to propose to the king that I might afterwards have the liberty of inspecting all the public offices for such papers as might serve to my purpose. His majesty said, that he was glad that I had that object in my eye; and I should certainly have all the assistance in his power. He was also pleased, some time after, to send to me the Baron Behr, minister for Hanover, to tell me that he had ordered over some papers from Hanover, to be put into my hands, because he believed

[1] MS. R.S.E.

they would be of use to me. I believe I have told you that the use of the Marlborough papers had been promised me by Lord and Lady Spencer; but Marchmont, who had some pretence of authority over them, as trustee, delayed giving them up, suspecting, I suppose, the use they intended to make of them."[1]

Though it was as part of Lord Rockingham's administration that Conway became secretary of state, and his political connexions attached him to that leader, he had been prevailed on to retain office on the formation of the Grafton and Chatham cabinet, in August 1766. In the summer of 1767, that ministry seemed likely to be formidably assailed by the united efforts of the Rockingham and Bedford parties, whose meetings and resolutions at Newcastle House are matters well known in history. General Conway's resignation would have terminated Hume's tenure of office; and we find, in his correspondence, a few indications of interest in the political movements of the time; yet so calm and modified, that even the possession of office seems scarcely to have affected the stoic philosophy with which he contemplated ministerial revolutions.

He says to his friend Blair, on the 18th of June:—

"We are all again in confusion. Negotiations for a new ministry; the fatal month of July approaching; a new settlement to be made, which will be no settlement. I fancy I return, in a few weeks, to my former situation."[2]

And to Smith, on 14th July:—

"DEAR SMITH,—I send you the enclosed, with a large packet for Count Sarsfield. This is the last ministerial act which I shall probably perform; and with this exertion I finish my functions. I shall

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] MS. R.S.E.

not leave this country presently. Perhaps I may go over to France. Our resignation is a very extraordinary incident, and will probably occasion a total change of ministry. Are you busy?"[1]

His official life, however, was not so near a conclusion as he thought it was. The following letter is more full and explicit, in regard to these matters:—

London, 28th July, 1767.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Were my present situation any object of anxiety, I should have been very unhappy of late: so uncertain has my continuance appeared every moment, and so near did my ministerial functions seem to draw towards their conclusion. But as the matter was very nearly indifferent to me, I neither felt anxiety for my past danger, nor do I experience any joy from my present establishment; for we are now established, for some time at least, and all apprehensions of a change are removed to a distance. The history of our late transactions is, in short, as follows: About this time twelvemonth, when the last revolution of ministry took place, Mr. Conway staid in, though Lord Rockingham, and most of his friends, were turned out: But it was with reluctance, and only on the earnest entreaties of the king and Lord Chatham, and on their giving him a promise that several of his friends and party should still continue to hold their places. This engagement was broke last winter. Some of these gentlemen were turned out; and Mr. Conway, after protesting against this usage, declared, that though he would keep his office during the session, not to disturb the king's business, he would resign as soon as the parliament should rise. He accordingly desired the king, about six weeks ago,

[1] *Literary Gazette.* MS. R.S.E.

to provide him a successor, and was entreated only to keep the seals till a proper person should be thought of. When the matter came to be discussed, it was found very difficult. The Duke of Grafton declared, that being deprived of Lord Chatham's support, he could not continue to serve without Mr. Conway: and a total dissolution of the ministry seemed to be the effect of the incident. Negotiations were accordingly set on foot with the leaders of the opposition, and a great meeting of them was held last week, at Bedford House. It was found that they could not, by any means, agree in their demands; and they separated in mutual discontent. Every body thinks that Mr. Conway has now satisfied, to the full, the point of honour, in which he is very scrupulous, and that he will cordially resume his functions, especially as he stands so well with the king and his fellow ministers, and has brought it within the choice of his old friends to accept of the ministry, if they had thought proper. I was beginning to wish for our dissolution; but upon this turn of affairs, I resume my occupations with cheerfulness." [1]

The remainder of this letter is devoted to a matter in which we have already frequently found him taking interest — the education of his nephews. From his earliest to his latest days, his connexion with his elder brother was cordial and affectionate. On the 6th of October we find him writing, in a tone which indicates a sympathy with some domestic calamity which his brother must have suffered:—

"The time of your going to Edinburgh approaches, which makes a great change in your way of life, and will naturally make yourself, as well as all your

[1] MS. R.S.E.

friends, anxious about the issue of it. However, I cannot but think that you will there live more cheerfully, with all your children about you, than in the country, during the winter, when your boys were absent. At first only, as your spirits are not very strong at present, you may feel uneasy at the alteration, as you are at present somewhat apprehensive about it." [1]

There was apparently but one point in which the two brothers differed; and it was a subject on which Hume seems to have been at war with all his clan. The Laird of Ninewells, notwithstanding all the lustre that had now gathered round the name of *Hume*, would not adopt it in place of that of *Home*, which his father had borne. He was a simple, single-hearted man, moderate in all his views and wishes, and neither ambitious of distinction nor of wealth. He passed his life as a retired country gentleman; and while Europe was full of his brother's name, he was so averse to notoriety, that he is known to have objected to the domestic events of births, marriages, and deaths, in his family, obtaining the usual publicity through the newspapers.[2] His eldest son, Joseph, frequently mentioned in the following correspondence, succeeded him in his estate and retired habits, but not entirely in his disposition; for he indulged in many of the eccentricities and peculiarities so often exhibited by the Scottish gentry,—a characteristic they seem to derive from the circumstance, that, in the British empire, there is no person less liable to encounter an equal, and to be thwarted in his small exercise of absolute power, than a Scottish laird. It is evident from his uncle's letters, that Joseph ob-

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] An early acquaintance with this characteristic, might have saved the present writer some fruitless investigations.

tained an excellent education. He was for some time placed under the charge of poor Blacklock,—an arrangement by which Hume sought to perform a double act of beneficence.[1] Joseph died unmarried,

[1] There are two letters from Blacklock to Hume, remarkably characteristic of the timid and excitable character of the blind genius. After an exordium on the tone which he hopes their intercourse will maintain, full of nervous susceptibility; the fear of being too profuse in correspondence alternating with the dread that he may be thought cold, negligent, or ungrateful; he gives an account of the education of his pupil, Joseph, and then turns towards his own dark prospects.

"It was not indeed without some fear that I undertook the office. The vivacity of his disposition, and even the quickness of his genius, inspired me with terror that I should not be able to manage the one, or make any lasting impression upon the other. But how agreeable was my disappointment to find his temper, though lively, extremely amiable and flexible, and his apprehension, tho igh quick, yet distinct and retentive. He applies with a diligence not often found in people of his age and character. As during this winter we had a pretty numerous family, most of whom were gentlemen of parts and spirit, I have seen numberless instances in which his passions, though warm and sensible, were governed with a discretion worthy of mature age and experience, yet in such a manner as to preserve his dignity, and betray no degree of complaisance unworthy of his spirit, or inconsistent with his ingenuity. You cannot imagine but such an object must pre-engage every susceptible heart. He is really admired by all the young gentlemen of our family who know him. I love him, and Mrs. Blacklock doats on him; yet there are not, perhaps, two in the human species who have it in their power to vex me in the same degree, if at any time he should be more remiss and careless than usual. He is now reading French with Monsr Cauvin, and the Satires of Horace, and Homer's Iliad, with me.

"Mr. Alexander's account of my situation, in general, was right. I have indeed got clear of a parish where I could have never been happy, even though their malice had been less implacable than I found it. But when I left that vindictive place, my poetical vanity was not quite extinguished; and it is natural for those who have felt the oppressive hand of unprovoked injury, to expect a kinder and more human reception, where civility, politeness, and gentler

on 14th February, 1832, and was succeeded by his brother David, whose career was more public and

manners prevail. These sentiments, too sanguinely indulged, might perhaps have raised my hopes too high, and taught me to anticipate a greater degree of notice from the people of taste and learning in this place, than I have either obtained or deserved. Be that as it will, I am at present almost an absolute recluse; and when I meet with any of the virtuosi in public places, (where, indeed, I do not commonly appear,) their behaviour seems more cool and reserved than I could have thought. Not that all my self-importance can flatter me with any degree of merit in this way; but surely it was not unnatural to hope the enterprises which I attempted in the circumstances in which I was involved, might have attracted some degree of attention, and impressed some faint prepossessions in my favour, when not opposed by any vice or immorality in my character. For these reasons, as well as the private and disinterested attachment of my heart, you will naturally imagine the pleasure I feel from the prospect of your arrival in Edinburgh, and from my promised intercourse with one, who, though he might do honour to the republic of letters in any period, yet descends to honour me with the name of a FRIEND."

In the other letter, dated 2d May, 1767, he states that he has been overworking himself; and says, "My old nervous complaints have been like to return, and unhinge all our schemes; but, thank God, they are a little better again." He then details, with some minuteness, the reasons for feeling that his pecuniary prospects are precarious; and ascribes his exertions to his wish "to do something, if possible, for these approaching contingencies," which, he says, "the natural gloom" of his mind has made "not very distant." He continues:—

"You was so kind as hint your friendly intention towards a church settlement. That, I begin to think, I am unfit to encounter with again; for the ten thousand hardships and disagreeable things which I met with in my short but dear-bought experience of that kind of life, brought me a great way on in my journey down hill; so that if any one of them should again occur in another trial, I would certainly soon reach the foot of the precipice. This event is matter of no great thought to myself, but as it may concern one not undeservedly dear to me."

These letters are written with great precision, in a small, neat, regular hand; and, though duly signed, "Thos. Blacklock," it is clear that they cannot be the penmanship of their sightless author.

distinguished. He was born on 27th February, 1757,[1] and died on 27th July, 1838. He was successively sheriff of the counties of Berwick and Linlithgow. He was professor of Scots law in the university of Edinburgh, and a principal clerk of Session. He subsequently resigned these offices, on his being appointed a Baron of the Scottish Exchequer. His works are of great authority in the practical departments of the law. While he taught in the university, his students zealously collected notes of his lectures; and, as he refused to permit any version of them to be published, the well preserved collections of these notes have been considered valuable treasuries of legal wisdom. In 1790, he published "Commentaries on the law of Scotland, respecting trials for crimes;" and, in 1797, "Commentaries on the law of Scotland respecting the description and punishment of crimes," forming, in four quarto volumes, a comprehensive treatise on all the departments of the criminal law of Scotland, which has now passed through three editions. It has been justly remarked, that lawyers of the

Appended to the second, and in a bolder and more masculine looking hand, is the following: —

"Mrs. Blacklock begs leave to offer her compliments to Mr. Hume, herself; and to supplicate some easy thing, if it can be procured, (without giving Mr. Hume much trouble,) for her friend, whom she has been a good deal apprehensive for this spring, by reason of his close study. Our college has acquired a new professor for natural history. Do you think one for poetry could be added, with a moderate salary to it?" — MSS. R.S.E.

[1] The dates of the births of John Home's children, as entered in the Kirk-session Record of Chirnside, are:—Joseph, 24th June, 1752; John, 21st April, 1754; Helen, 22d August, 1755; David, 27th February, 1757; John, 29th April, 1758; Catherine, 9th November, 1760; Agnes, 7th October, 1763; Agatha, 31st December, 1764. His wife was Agnes Carre, daughter of Robert Carre of Cavers, in Roxburghshire.

present generation, can, with difficulty, appreciate the merit of this work, because, from its having converted the whole subject it embraces into a system, the chaotic mass, from which the present comparatively orderly criminal code of Scotland was constructed, has disappeared.[1]

Few literary reputations have been more unlike each other than those of the two David Humes, uncle and nephew. The former hated legal details and the jargon of technical phraseology; to the latter they were the breath of his literary life. The one, as a philosopher, saw, throughout a wide circumference of vision, the relations to each other of the most distant objects of human knowledge; the latter saw nothing beyond the bounds of the professional details before him; but these he noted with an unrivalled accuracy. The strength, clearness, and beauty of the philosopher's language have been a lasting object of admiration; the lawyer's diction was clumsy, rude, and ponderous, without being either strong or clear. On one point only did they agree — their political opinions; and yet, on this subject, they seem not always to have been in unison. From a very curious letter, which will be found a few pages farther on, it appears that Hume thought it necessary seriously to warn his nephew against republican principles. Few, who are only acquainted with the opinions of Baron Hume's later life, will be inclined to believe that this danger could ever have been serious. He was a supporter

[1] "Hume carried the torch into all the recesses of actual practice. He not only made himself familiar with all the scattered matter that had been published, though much of it had been hid in places not commonly explored; but he was the very first who went systematically to the records, and filtered these fountain heads."— *Ed. Rev.*, January 1846, p. 197.

of all those parts of the criminal law of Scotland, — in his day not a few,—which put the subject at the mercy of the crown and of the judges; and a warm admirer of his sagacity and learning, as a lawyer, cannot quit this subject without regretting that these qualities should have been brought to aid the promulgation of arbitrary principles.

The education of his nephews, occupies, as has been already stated, the remainder of the letter by Hume to his brother above cited.

"My present situation revives those reflections which have frequently occurred to me concerning the education of your sons, particularly of Josey, whose age now advances, and seems to approach towards a crisis. The question is, whether he had better continue his education in Scotland or in England. There are several advantages of a Scots education; but the question is, whether that of the language does not counterbalance them, and determine the preference to the English. He is now of an age to learn it perfectly; but if a few years elapse, he may acquire such an accent, as he will never be able to cure of. It is not yet determined what profession he shall be of: but it must always be of great advantage to speak properly: especially if it should prove, as we have reason to hope, that his good parts will open him the road of ambition. The only inconvenience is, that few Scotsmen, that have had an English education, have ever settled cordially in their own country; and they have been commonly lost ever after to their friends. However, as this consequence is not necessary, the superior recommendations of an English education ought not to be neglected. I have been making inquiries for some time, and on the whole I find Eton the best place for the education of youth.

He would there be able to form connexions with many young people of distinction; though the whole expense would scarcely exceed £70 a-year, which I fancy is little more than he costs you at present. I suggest, therefore, this idea to you that you may weigh it at leisure, and determine upon it. I know you do not like to be hurried, and therefore the more time for reflection the better. His friend and companion, young Adam, is coming up soon, but is going to Westminster school, which is a place that I find some objections to.

"I hope Mrs. Home is perfectly recovered. I am glad to hear such good news of Jock. I had a letter from Davie last week, which gave me pleasure. I am, dear brother, yours sincerely."[1]

On 13th October, in a letter of which a portion has been cited above, Hume writes further on the same subject:

"DEAR BROTHER,—I never prognosticated well of Josey's genius for the mathematics, from his great slowness in learning arithmetic: and I am not surprised to find that his progress in Euclid has not been so great as might have been expected from his quickness and his capacity in other particulars. There is indeed something very unaccountable in his turn; so childish in many cases, and yet so manly, and quick, and sensible in others. The presence of strangers, above all, seems to make him recollect himself, and he is exceedingly taking among them. His address in particular, is remarkably good, and he seems to have a turn for the world and for company. However, I do not think him by any means deficient in his talents for literature. It appeared to me that he

[1] MS. R.S.E.

always read his books with a very good taste, Latin as well as French and English; and I imagine that he will make at least a very gentlemanlike scholar. I wish therefore he had a further trial of the Greek; and if that will not do, I think with you that the Italian is an easy and genteel acquisition, which will furnish him with occupation for this winter."[1]

Hume expressed no high respect for the historical abilities of Dr. Smollett, nor could he have well expected credit for sincerity if he had done so. With the works in which the novelist let loose his native genius, it is not likely that the philosopher could have had much sympathy. But two letters addressed by him to Smollett, show that the successful and affluent man of letters was substantially kind and friendly to his less fortunate countryman.

HUME *to* TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

"*London, July* 18, 1767.

"DEAR SIR,—I have had a conversation with Lord Shelburne concerning your affairs: he told me that he had long been pre-engaged for the consulship of Nice to the Spanish ambassador, and could not possibly get free of that obligation. I then mentioned the consulship of Leghorn; but he said he was

[1] A comparison of the two brothers, Joseph and David, is thus made by their father in a letter to his brother of 21st November, 1763. He begins with David: "He still shows the same talents and temper, and an attention and keenness for what he is employed about, and might go very far in any profession if he was properly directed, and quite in a different manner from any of the rest, particularly from Josey, whose trifling superficial talents makes him never apply to any thing thoroughly, nor do I ever expect he will. He this winter is at Mr. Ferguson and Blair's classes, and the Italian, which completes his university education. I am totally at a loss what to do with him after. Law will never do with him. The army he inclines not to, though that, as he has address and behaviour, is best calculated for him."—MS. R.S.E.

already engaged for that office to a friend of Mr. Dunning, the lawyer. On the whole, I cannot flatter you with any hopes of success from that quarter; even supposing his lordship were to remain in office, which is very uncertain, considering the present state of our ministry. For of all our annual confusions, the present seems to be the most violent, and to threaten the most entire revolution, and the most important events. As Lord Chatham's state of health appears totally desperate, and as Lord Shelburne's connexion is supposed to be chiefly, if not solely, with him, many people foretell a short duration to the greatness of the last named minister. Every thing is uncertain: there is a mighty combination to overpower the king. The force of the crown is great; but is not employed with that steadiness which its friends would wish. I pretend not to foresee, much less to foretell, the consequences. I am, dear sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant," &c.[1]

It has been a matter of speculation, if not of dispute among ecclesiastical politicians, how far Hume had an influence in the dispensation of church patronage in Scotland. The following letters, having however a more immediate reference to state politics, may be held to afford some light on this question.

HUME *to* SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.[2]

"*London, 13th August*, 1767.

"DEAR SIR GILBERT,—I am told that the minister of Kirkton, in the Presbytery of Jedburgh, is either dying, or is to be removed, and that the living is in the

[1] *Scots Magazine*, 1807, p. 247.

[2] Sir Gilbert had succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, in 1766.

gift of the crown. I have spoke to General Conway desiring that, in case no unexpected difficulties occur, he may give it to my nephew's tutor; and he has agreed to it. I have since heard, that the living, though it stands in our list as a crown presentation, is alternately in the gift of Sir John Elliot of Stobs, and Cavers Douglas. I shall be much obliged to you, if, without mentioning the reason, you could make inquiries, and give me information.

"You have heard, no doubt, that all our negotiations have vanished, and that our present ministry is settled on a firmer basis than ever. Mr. Conway's delicacy of honour was satisfied, by bringing his old friends the Rockinghams to have an offer; and as it was impossible for them to concert a ministry, he has agreed to act cordially with the Duke of Grafton: the king is very happy that no changes are to have place. I do not reckon the change in Ireland for any thing, because Lord Bristol goes out at his own earnest and repeated desire. I am told that Lord Townsend openly ascribes his own promotion entirely to the friendship of Lord Bute. Charles Fitzroy lately, in a great meeting, proposed Lord Bute's health in a bumper. It will be a surprise to you certainly, if that noble lord should again come into fashion, and openly avow his share of influence, and be openly courted by all the world. I am, dear Sir Gilbert, yours sincerely.[1]

"10*th Sept.* 1767.

"DEAR SIR GILBERT,—Lord North has refused the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer; though it was earnestly pressed upon him, and though he professed an entire satisfaction with every person in the administration. He dreads the labour of the office,

[1] Minto MSS.

especially as it obliges him to take so great a part in the business of the House of Commons. It will not probably be offered to any Scotsman, for fear of popular reflections concerning the influence of the Thane. The same objection, as well as others, lie against Dyson, who has been thought of. I see the ministry in some perplexity; perhaps this incident may draw on new resignations and negotiations, and cabals. I think one defect of the present situation of our government is, that nobody desires much to have any share in the administration, except adventurers, of whom the public is naturally distrustful. The pecuniary emoluments are of no consideration to men of rank and fortune. You have often more personal regard from being in the opposition. The protection of the law is at all times sufficient for your security; and by acquiring authority you are exposed to insults, instead of gaining the power to revenge them.[1] Why, then, should a man of birth, fortune, and parts, sacrifice his fame and peace to an ungrateful public? Such is the defect that arises from the perfection of the most perfect government."[2]

The next in the chronological order of Hume's letters, reverts to the prospect of his continuing his History.

HUME *to* ANDREW MILLAR.

"19*th October*, 1767.

"DEAR SIR, — The picture which Donaldson has done for me is a drawing; and, in every body's opinion, as well as my own, is the likest that has been done for me, as well as the best likeness. Since you still

[1] This is probably in allusion to Wilkes having obtained his verdict of £1000 damages against the Secretary of State for the seizure of his papers.

[2] Minto MSS.

insist that an engraving should be made from it, we are [thus] more likely to have a good engraving made than by any other means. I shall, however, be glad to sit to Ferguson.[1] I intend to give up all my leisure time to the correction of my History, and to contrive more leisure than I have possessed since I came into public office. I had run over four volumes; but I shall give them a second perusal, and employ the same, or greater accuracy in correcting the other four. I shall read carefully all the records in the Paper Office, as far back as they go, and shall leave nothing untried that may bestow the greatest exactness upon it. For this reason, as well as many others, I would not have you precipitate this edition, which is probably the last that I may have occasion to make. I would wish to leave that work as little imperfect as possible to posterity. I am," &c.[2]

Gibbon tells us, in his amusing autobiography, that with the assistance of his friend Deyverdun, he had written in French a portion of a history of Switzerland, and that the opinions he heard expressed when a fragment of it was anonymously read before a society in London, prompted him to abandon the work, and burn the portion he had written. "I delivered," he says, "my imperfect sketches to the flames." Yet, singularly enough, he seems to have confounded the intention with the fulfilment, for they were discovered after his death, but were not thought worthy of being published by his literary executor, Lord Sheffield.[3] Gibbon had endeavoured to find for

[1] A Scottish artist, whose productions are known to collectors, but who has not been handed down to posterity by the critics and biographers.

[2] MS. R.S.E.

[3] Milman's edition of Gibbon's Life, p. 216.

his friend Deyverdun some employment in England, picturesquely observing, that his own "purse was always open, but it was often empty." They wrote in company some numbers of a periodical, now very rare, called "Mémoires Littéraires de La Grande Bretagne," and Gibbon informs us that these specimens of their labours introduced them to the notice of Hume,[1] in whose office Deyverdun held an appointment at the date of the following letter:—

GIBBON *to* HUME.

Baiton, 4th October, 1767.

SIR,—A six years' residence in Switzerland inspired me with the design of writing a general history of that brave and free people, so little known to the rest of Europe, but whom I had studied with some attention. This design was dropt almost as soon as conceived, from the almost insurmountable difficulty of procuring proper materials, as they were mostly in German, a language I am totally unacquainted with. A Swiss gentleman, and intimate friend of mine, has removed that difficulty. Mr. Deyverdun, who passed the summer with me in the country two years ago, approved very much my design, and offered to assist me by translating what was most difficult, himself, and by superintending a German translator, as to the remainder. He is now returning to London after a much shorter visit than I desired; and as he has the happiness of supporting some connexion with you, I flattered myself that you might indulge a wish, perhaps presumptuous, that I had conceived, and that you would condescend to glance your eye over the sheets of this History, which I had already drawn up in a language indeed foreign to an Englishman, but which the favourable reception of a former essay engaged me to make use of.

Give me leave, sir, to add, that I must beg you to consider this liberty as a proof of my respect; and that I shall consider your severity as a mark of your esteem. If you

[1] Deyverdun had (in a letter, MS.R.S.E.) acknowledged himself to be the author of an attack on Rousseau, which the latter attributed to Hume.

advise me to burn what I have already wrote, I shall immediately execute your sentence, with a full persuasion that it is just. Let me say, however, I have perhaps vanity enough to make so unlimited a sacrifice to no man in Europe but to Mr. Hume. I am, sir, with the greatest esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

E. GIBBON, Junior.[1]

HUME *to* GIBBON.

"*London*, 24*th October*, 1767.

"SIR,—It is but a few days since Mr. Deyverdun put your manuscript into my hands; and I have perused it with great pleasure and satisfaction. I have only one objection, derived from the language in which it is written. Why do you compose in French, and carry fagots into the wood, as Horace says, with regard to the Romans who wrote in Greek? I grant, that you have a like motive to those Romans, and adopt a language much more generally diffused than your native tongue: but have you not remarked the fate of those two ancient languages in following ages? The Latin, though then less celebrated, and confined to more narrow limits, has, in some measure, outlived the Greek, and is now more generally understood by men of letters. Let the French, therefore, triumph in the present diffusion of their tongue. Our solid and increasing establishments in America, where we need less dread the inundation of barbarians, promise a superior stability and duration to the English language.

"Your use of the French tongue has also led you into a style more poetical and figurative, and more highly coloured, than our language seems to admit of in historical productions: for such is the practice of

[1] MS. R.S.E.

French writers, particularly the more recent ones, who illuminate their pictures more than custom will permit us. On the whole, your History, in my opinion, is written with spirit and judgment; and I exhort you very earnestly to continue it. The objections that occurred to me on reading it were so frivolous, that I shall not trouble you with them, and should, I believe, have a difficulty to collect them. I am, with great esteem," &c.[1]

Some remarks communicated to Dr. Robertson, on his "History of Charles V." while that work was passing through the press, have deservedly attracted notice by their unconstrained and natural playfulness.

HUME *to* DR. ROBERTSON.

I got yesterday from Strahan about thirty sheets of your History to be sent over to Suard, and last night and this morning have run them over with great avidity. I could not deny myself the satisfaction (which I hope also will not displease you) of expressing presently my extreme approbation of them. To say only that they are very well written, is by far too faint an expression, and much inferior to the sentiments I feel. They are composed with nobleness, with dignity, with elegance, and with judgment, to which there are few equals. They even excel, and, I think, in a sensible degree, your "History of Scotland." I propose to myself great pleasure in being the only man in England, during some months, who will be in the situation of doing you justice,—after which you may certainly expect that my voice will be drowned in that of the public.

You know that you and I have always been on the footing of finding in each other's productions *something to blame, and something to commend;* and therefore you may perhaps expect also some seasoning of the former kind; but really neither my leisure nor inclination allowed me to make such remarks; and I sincerely believe you have afforded me very small materials for them. However, such particulars as

[1] Life of Gibbon.

occur to my memory, I shall mention. *Maltreat* is a Scoticism which occurs once. What the devil had you to do with that old fashioned dangling word *wherewith?* I should as soon take back *whereupon, whereunto*, and *wherewithal.* I think the only tolerable decent gentleman of the family is *wherein;* and I should not choose to be often seen in his company. But I know your affection for *wherewith* proceeds from your partiality to Dean Swift, whom I can often laugh with, whose style I can even approve, but surely can never admire. It has no harmony, no eloquence, no ornament; and not much correctness, whatever the English may imagine. Were not their literature still in a somewhat barbarous state, that author's place would not be so high among their classics. But what a fancy is this you have taken of saying always *an hand, an heart, an head?* Have you *an ear?* Do you not know that this (n) is added before vowels to prevent the cacophony, and ought never to take place before (h) when that letter is sounded? It is never pronounced in these words; why should it be wrote? Thus, I should say, *a history*, and *an historian;* and so would you too, if you had any sense. But you tell me that Swift does otherwise. To be sure there is no reply to that; and we must swallow your *hath* too upon the same authority. I will see you d——d sooner. But I will endeavour to keep my temper.

I do not like this sentence in page 149: *This step was taken in consequence of the treaty Wolsey had concluded with the Emperor at Brussels, and which had hitherto been kept secret.* Si sic omnia dixisses, I should never have been plagued with hearing your praises so often sounded, and that fools preferred your style to mine. Certainly it had been better to have said, *which* Wolsey, &c. That relative ought very seldom to be omitted; and is here particularly requisite to preserve a symmetry between the two members of the sentence. You omit the relative too often, which is a colloquial barbarism, as Mr Johnson calls it.

Your periods are sometimes, though not often, too long. Suard will be embarrassed with them, as the modish French style runs into the other extreme.[1]

[1] Stewart's Life of Robertson.

Turgot, at the instigation of some Italian friends, had applied to Hume to recommend a scholar, who would undertake to teach the English language and literature at Parma. He selected Robert Liston; but he had overlooked an objection which the enlightened promoters of the scheme in Italy appear to have considered too obvious to require preliminary explanation, that Liston was a Protestant! In returning thanks to Hume for the unavailing recommendation, Liston discovers the bent of his genius, by desiring that, if an opportunity should occur, Hume would recommend him as secretary of legation to any of the secondary embassies. The fate of the Parma scheme was thus communicated to Elliot.

HUME *to* SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

"*London, 5th July*, 1768.

"DEAR SIR GILBERT,—I beg of you to direct the enclosed to poor Liston, who will be disappointed in the scheme for Parma: they will have nothing but a Papist. Such fools! Let the Pope excommunicate them on the one hand: I will do so on the other.

"I have seen a book newly printed at Edinburgh, called 'Philosophical Essays:' it has no manner of sense in it, but is wrote with tolerable neatness of style: whence I conjecture it to be our friend, Sir David's.[1] I am obliged to him for the treatment which he destines me, to be locked up for five years in a dungeon, and then to be hanged, and my carcass

[1] The "Philosophical Essays" were not written by Sir David Dalrymple, as here hinted, but as Sir Gilbert explains, by James Balfour, who has already been mentioned, (see vol. i. p. 160, 345.) The Essays were mainly directed against Kaimes' "Essays on Morality and Natural Religion."

to be thrown out of Scotland. He supports himself, indeed, by the authority of Plato, whom I own to be truly divine. Pray, have you seen the book? Is it Sir David's? I think it has not so many attempts at humour, as that pious gentleman would employ.

"We are all very quiet here; as quiet as you are at Minto, though perhaps not so busy. No more noise of Wilkes and Liberty. Lord Mansfield said to me, that it was impossible for him to condemn him to the pillory, because the attorney-general did not demand it. Yesterday he represented to the Spanish ambassador, that moderate sentence, as a refinement in politics, which reduced the scoundrel the sooner to obscurity. It would be a strange cause, which he could not find plausible reasons to justify.

"I beg to be remembered to Lady Elliot, and to any of your family who may be at Minto. I ever am; dear Sir Gilbert, yours sincerely." [1]

Sir Gilbert Elliot *to* Hume.

Minto, 11th July, 1768.

I am sorry, my dear sir, for poor Liston's disappointment. I am told he thought himself secure. I have seen the book you mention; but you do injustice to our friend Sir David. He is not the author; but a very moral and worthy man, who, I believe, once had the honour to attend you in some of your writings before,—his name James Balfour—at least I am told so. The young feudal author, Gilbert Stewart, is just now in my neighbourhood; and, his father tells me, impatient, to a great degree, for your letter. It seems he is much your admirer. However, I hope my criticisms, on some parts of his work, may keep him from carrying his admiration, on some points, too far. Not that I mean to close with my friend, Mr. Balfour, in his candid proposition for treating you after the manner of the divine Plato. I rest

[1] Minto MSS.

entirely on you for politics, changes of ministry, foreign politics, and domestic occurrences. I have now no correspondents; and I did not think it prudent to engage with any ministerial men; as I might be led, in such a correspondence, to commit mistakes, which may be inconvenient next winter. Farming, I find, is very expensive—days' wages now at a shilling; but our fields are green, and the hedges thrive. I hope to see your brother this autumn. He is very orthodox, I am told, so far as husbandry goes. I hope to hear your love affair, and your King William, are in a good way. My wife not yet arrived. Yours," &c.[1]

Gilbert Stuart, then unknown to fame, whether good or bad, and still possessed of any small portion of modesty he had ever been endowed with, was about to publish his little work on the British constitution, the temporary celebrity of which had so prejudicial an effect on his subsequent career. We shall afterwards have an opportunity of noticing him on an occasion when he seems to have thought that the relation which Hume and he bore to each other, in 1768, of humble admirer and distinguished patron, was reversed in his favour.

HUME *to* SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

"*22d July*, 1768.

"DEAR SIR GILBERT,—I send you my letter enclosed to Mr. Stewart; which I hope is calculated to encourage a young man of merit. Without overstraining the compliment, it were better, however, for him, and for every body, to pursue, in preference to the idle trade of writing, some other lawful occupation, such as cheating like an attorney; quacking like a physician; canting and hypocrising like a parson, &c. &c. &c. It is for very little purpose to go out of the

[1] MS. R.S.E. I can find no light on the meaning of the words "love affair."

common track. Does he expect to make men wiser? a very pretty expectation truly!

"I fancy the ministry will remain; though surely their late remissness, or ignorance, or pusillanimity, ought to make them ashamed to show their faces, were it even at Newmarket. There are fine doings in America. O! how I long to see America and the East Indies revolted, totally and finally,—the revenue reduced to half,—public credit fully discredited by bankruptcy,—the third of London in ruins, and the rascally mob subdued! I think I am not too old to despair of being witness to all these blessings. I approve of your farming scheme, notwithstanding the expense; though your situation, as well for markets as means of improvement, is not advantageous. My brother's advice may be of use to you; but you are always to remember that he is of the sect of the *médecin tant pis;* had he possessed enterprise, proportioned to his industry and skill, he might have gone far in that way.[1]

"I continue my parasitical practices; that is, of dining at all the great tables that remain in London. We are likely to be plagued with this King of Denmark; though not so much as formerly with Canute the Great. I have some thoughts of paying a visit to France this autumn; that is, if I can collect enough of resolution to leave the present place of abode.

"When I wrote last, I did not know that Lady —— had eloped; that practice continues very fashionable here; and it is to be hoped will spread itself more and more every day!

[1] Mr. Homo was a very cautious farmer, and carried his dislike of novelties and innovations to the unprecedented extent of declining the higher rents he might have obtained from enterprising tenants.

"I thought Sir David had been the only Christian that could write English on the other side of the Tweed. I did not think of Balfour. It is very true he would fain, I see, be candid, and civil, as in his other book; if his zeal for the house of the Lord would permit him.

"Lord Bute certainly sets out this day se'ennight, and, it is said, is in a very bad state of health.

"Lord Chatham is a greater paradox than ever:—is seen at home by no human creature;—absolutely by none! rides twenty miles every day,—is seen on the road, and appears in perfect good health; but will now speak to no creature he meets. I am much persuaded, all is quackery;—he is not mad; that is, no madder than usual." [1]

Towards the end of the year 1768, poor Smollett, with his spirit crushed by the united calamities of a broken constitution and ruined fortunes, sought to retrieve his health, by travelling in Italy. Before commencing his journey, he wrote the following letter; in which the too apparent tone of despondency is yet insufficient to damp the kindly warmth of his feelings:—

TOBIAS SMOLLETT *to* HUME.

London, 31st August, 1768.

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps I overrate my own consequence when I presume to recommend to your acquaintance and good offices, the bearer, Captain Robert Stobo; a man whose very extraordinary services and sufferings in America, have merited, and obtained the most ample and honourable testimonials, which he will gladly submit to your perusal. I can safely say from my own knowledge, that he is not less modest and sensible in the conversation and occurrences of civil life,

[1] Minto MSS.

than enterprising and indefatigable in his military capacity. All these good qualities, united to an extensive knowledge of our American concerns, cannot fail to engage the friendship and regard of Mr. David Hume, from what quarter so ever they may come recommended.

With respect to myself, I am sorry I cannot have the pleasure of taking leave of you in person, before I go into perpetual exile. I sincerely wish you all health and happiness. In whatever part of the earth it may be my fate to reside, I shall always remember with pleasure, and recapitulate with pride, the friendly intercourse I have maintained with one of the best men, and undoubtedly the best writer of the age; if any judgment in distinguishing either character or capacity may be allowed to, dear sir, your very humble servant,

T^s^ SMOLLETT.

Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.[1]

HUME *to* TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

"*Ragley*,[2] *September* 21, 1768.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I did not see your friend, Captain Stobo, till the day before I left Cirencester, and only for a little time; but he seemed to be a man of good sense, and has surely had the most extraordinary adventures in the world. He has promised to call on me when he comes to London, and I shall always see him with pleasure.

"But what is this you tell me of your perpetual exile, and of your never returning to this country? I hope that as this idea arose from the bad state of your health, it will vanish on your recovery; which, from your past experience, you may expect from those happier climates to which you are retiring; after

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] Perhaps a false transcript for Hagley, the seat of Lord Lyttelton.

which the desire of revisiting your native country will probably return upon you, unless the superior cheapness of foreign countries prove an obstacle, and detain you there. I could wish that means had been fallen on to remove this objection; and that at least it might be equal to you to live any where, except where the consideration of your health gave the preference to one climate above another. But the indifference of ministers towards literature, which has been long, and indeed always, the case in England, gives little prospect of any alteration in this particular.

"I am sensible of your great partiality, in the good opinion you express towards me; but it gives me no less pleasure than if it were founded on the greatest truth, for I accept it as a pledge of your good will and friendship. I wish an opportunity of showing my sense of it may present itself during your absence. I assure you I should embrace it with great alacrity, and you need have no scruple, on every occasion, of having recourse to me. I am, my dear sir, with great esteem and sincerity, your most obedient, and most humble servant," &c.[1]

Of the following remarkable letter, the first paragraph, relating to the success of John Home's new play, has already been published.[2] The remainder will probably be as surprising to the reader as it is new. It is very evident that Hume exercised towards the great Chatham, Dr. Johnson's virtue of honest hatred. There was indeed little love lost between these great contemporaries; for Chatham fiercely attacked the constitutional doctrines of the History of England, and Hume looked upon the national idol as an unprin-

[1] *Scots Mag.*, 1807, p. 248. [2] In Mackenzie's Account of Home.

cipled demagogue. The words with which the observations on the Douglas cause conclude, are evidence of the contempt which, amidst all his Tory prepossessions, Hume preserved for merely hereditary rank, and indeed for all nominal and outward marks of distinction, which were not allied to intellectual superiority.

HUME *to* DR BLAIR.

"*Park Place, London, 28th March*, 1769.

"DEAR DOCTOR,—'The Fatal Discovery' succeeded, and deserved it. It has feeling, though not equal to 'Douglas,' in my opinion. The versification of it is not enough finished. Our friend escaped by lying concealed; but the success of all plays in this age is very feeble; and people now heed the theatre almost as little as the pulpit.[1] History now is the favourite reading, and our other friend[2] the favourite historian.

[1] Blair, writing on 11th March, says,—

"I long exceedingly to hear of the success of 'The Fatal Discovery,' and am much pleased with what I have already heard. I read it a twelvemonth ago, and thought highly of it. I will not pronounce it quite equal to 'Douglas,' but inferior only to it. Mr. Garrick told me, when last in London, that he approved highly of it, and sent a message to the author by me, advising him to take measures for bringing it on. I am infinitely diverted with the trick which our friend has played to John concerning it. How foolish will he look when he finds how he has been imposed on. I beseech you write me how it goes on with the public."

[2] Dr Robertson, of whom Blair says in the letter above cited:

"What an excellent performance has Robertson given us. What a treasure of curious and instructive historical information! I think it much superior to his former work. He is a little deaf at present, which I have told him is a thorn in the flesh wisely sent him, that he may not be too much lifted up with hearing the voice of applause. Your History of England, and his as an introduction to the History of Europe, form a perfect historical library. I congratulate myself on living in an age, when our own country and

Nothing can be more successful than his last production; nor more deservedly. I agree with you, it is beyond his first performance, as was indeed natural to be expected. I hope, for a certain reason, which I keep to myself, that he does not intend, in his third work, to go beyond his second, though I am damnably afraid he will, for the subject is much more interesting. Neither the character of Charles V., nor the incidents of his life, are very interesting; and, were it not for the first volume, the success of this work, though perfectly well writ, would not have been so shining.

"This madness about Wilkes excited first indignation, then apprehension; but has gone to such a height that all other sentiments with me are buried in ridicule. This exceeds the absurdity of Titus Oates and the Popish plot: and is so much more disgraceful to the nation, as the former folly, being derived from religion, flowed from a source which has from uniform prescription acquired a right to impose nonsense on all nations and all ages. But the present extravagance is peculiar to ourselves, and quite risible. However, I am afraid my mirth will soon be spoilt, and affairs become quite serious; for I am well assured that Lord Chatham will, after the holidays, creep out from his retreat and appear on the scene.

Depositis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventâ,
Volvitur ad solem et linguis micat ore trisulcis.

"I know not if I cite Virgil exactly,[1] but I am sure I apply him right. This villain is to thunder against the violation of the Bill of Rights in not allowing the

our friends have done such honour to literature. For myself I continue piddling still about my Lectures.

[1] Not very. The lines he intended to cite are:

Cum positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventâ
Volvitur, aut catulos tectis aut ova relinquens
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis.

county of Middlesex the choice of its member! Think of the impudence of that fellow,[1] and his quackery — and his cunning—and his audaciousness: and judge of the influence he will have over such a deluded multitude.

"I was struck with a very sensible indignation at the decision of the Douglas cause,[2] though I foresaw it for some time. It was abominable with regard to poor Andrew Stuart, who had conducted that cause with singular ability and integrity; and was at last exposed to reproach, which unfortunately never can be wiped off. For the cause, though not in the least intricate, is so complicated, that it never will be reviewed by the public, who are besides perfectly pleased with the sentence; being swayed by compassion and a few popular topics. To one who understands the cause as I do, nothing could appear more scandalous than the pleadings of the two law lords. Such gross misrepresentation, such impudent assertions, such groundless imputations, never came from that place. But all was good enough for their audience; who, bating their quality, are most of them little better than their brethren the Wilkites in the streets.

"I am very much obliged to you for giving me the acquaintance of your cousin, Mr. Blair,[3] who seems,

[1] It is possible that the words "that fellow," apply to Wilkes, but the context makes it more likely that they are intended for Chatham.

[2] The decision was given on 27th February, 1769.

[3] Apparently Robert Blair, afterwards Lord President of the Court of Session. Dr. Blair, in his letter of introduction, says:—

"He is one of the most accomplished and most promising young men who, for some time, have appeared at the bar; and will certainly go very high in his profession. His reputation, in that line, is already far advanced; and he has, besides this, many great virtues, both as a man and a scholar. As he is my near relation, he has been, all along, my pupil; and I have great credit in him."

indeed, to me, a very accomplished young man. The death of your brother-in-law is a great loss to you, and even to us all. I comprehend myself; for I intend to visit you soon, and for good and all. Indeed, I know not what detains me here, except that it is so much a matter of indifference where I live; and I am amused with looking on the scene, which really begins to be interesting. I had taken one of Allan Ramsay's houses;[1] but gave it up again, on the representation of some of my friends in Edinburgh, who said that a house, on the north side of a high hill, in the 56th degree of latitude, could not be healthful. But I now repent it, though I have my old house to retreat to till I get a better. I am glad you like my nephew. He is, indeed, clever, though, I am afraid, a little giddy.[2]"

Andrew Stuart, who is noticed in the preceding letter, and has frequently been referred to in Hume's correspondence, was a man of great talent. His letters to Lord Mansfield, on the Douglas cause, remarkable for their solemn asperity, belong to a species of literature, of which the English language scarcely boasts of any other instance,—a systematic and serious arraignment of the conduct of a Judge in the highest court in the realm, by the law agent of a litigant! Stuart conducted the investigations in France, on which the evidence that the children said to be born to Lady Jane Douglas were spurious, was founded; and from the strange circumstances brought forward in the evidence, we can imagine that, if Stuart had left a diary of his adventures and inquiries, few works of fiction could be more interesting. His

[1] The line of houses, near the castle of Edinburgh, called Ramsay Gardens. His friend, Mrs. Cockburn, strongly dissuaded him from living in this part of the town. [2] MS. R.S.E.

arraignment of the judge was accompanied by an act almost equally anomalous: his challenging the counsel on the other side—who was Mr. Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough—on account of the manner in which his conduct had been spoken of in the appeal case. The challenge was accepted; but neither party was wounded. From occasional allusions, in Hume's correspondence, he and Stuart appear to have been early friends; and many of the letters, which he preserved, within a few years of his death, are from Stuart, who, occasionally, appears to write in acknowledgment of pecuniary advances. Among Hume's papers, there is a letter, of which the address has not been preserved, but in which there is a note, in Baron Hume's handwriting, that it was, "respecting his friend Stuart — Andrew, I suppose." The letter has a sufficient interest in itself. It is as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR, — Nothing can be more just than the sentiment you have expressed in your letter. I am to be envied for having had it in my power to contribute to the happiness of the best man, and the most intimate friend I have ever had in the world. There is nothing else in the possession of a fortune that deserves the least envy or the least consideration. Every man is independent who thinks himself so. But every man has not been blessed with such a friend, or with the power of showing, in some small degree, the value he puts upon worth, delicacy, attachment, and ability like his. It adds to my happiness not a little, that your sentiments coincide so entirely with mine. You have known Stuart enough to value him as much as I do; and he has too much discernment not to put the same high value upon you, which you have commanded from every one of your friends."

Hume received a letter from the Abbé Morellet, dated 15th May 1769,[1] requesting him to accept of a copy of his forthcoming "Prospectus d'un Nouveau Dictionnaire de Commerce;" and to distribute some others among a list of names, including those of Adam Smith and Benjamin Franklin. The comprehensive work of which the Abbé thus developed what he considered the proper principles, was never written by him. He was too much occupied with fugitive literature, and the absorbing politics of the time, to be able seriously to pursue a project involving so much steady industry. Hume answered as follows:—

HUME *to the* ABBÉ MORELLET.

London, 10th July, 1769.

That part of your prospectus, in which you endeavour to prove that there enters nothing of human convention in the establishment of money, is certainly very curious, and very elaborately composed; and yet I cannot forbear thinking that the common opinion has some foundation. It is true, money must always be made of some materials, which have intrinsic value, otherwise it would be mutiplied without end, and would sink to nothing. But, when I take a shilling, I consider it not as a useful metal, but as something which another will take from me; and the person who shall convert it into metal is, probably, several millions of removes distant. You know that all states have made it criminal to melt their coin; and, though this is a law which cannot well be executed, it is not to be supposed that, if it could, it would entirely destroy the value of the money, according to your hypothesis. You have a base coin, called billon, in France, composed of silver and copper, which has a ready currency, though the separation of the two metals, and the reduction of them to their primitive state, would, I am told, be both expensive and troublesome. Our shillings and sixpences, which are almost our only silver coin, are so much worn by use, that they are twenty, thirty, or forty per cent. below

[1] MS. R.S.E.

their original value; yet they pass currently; which can arise only from a tacit convention. Our colonies in America, for want of specie, used to coin a paper currency; which were not bank notes, because there was no place appointed to give money in exchange: yet this paper currency passed in all payments, by convention; and might have gone on, had it not been abused by the several assemblies, who issued paper without end, and thereby discredited the currency.

You mention several kinds of money, sheep, oxen, fish, employed as measures of exchange, or as money, in different parts of the world. You have overlooked that, in our colony of Pennsylvania, the land itself, which is the chief commodity, is coined, and passes in circulation. The manner of conducting this affair is as follows: — A planter, immediately after he purchases any land, can go to a public office and receive notes to the amount of half the value of his land; which notes he employs in all payments, and they circulate through the whole colony, by convention. To prevent the public from being overwhelmed by this fictitious money, there are two means employed — first, the notes issued to any one planter, must not exceed a certain sum, whatever may be the value of his land: secondly, every planter is obliged to pay back into the public office every year one-tenth part of his notes; the whole, of course, is annihilated in ten years; after which, it is again allowed him to take out new notes to half the value of his land. An account of this curious operation would enrich your dictionary; and you may have a more particular detail of it, if you please, from Dr. Franklin, who will be in Paris about this time, and will be glad to see you. I conveyed to him your prospectus, and he expressed to me a great esteem of it.

I see that, in your prospectus, you take care not to disoblige your economists, by any declaration of your sentiments; in which I commend your prudence. But I hope that in your work you will thunder them, and crush them, and pound them, and reduce them to dust and ashes! They are, indeed, the set of men the most chimerical and most arrogant that now exist, since the annihilation of the Sorbonne. I ask your pardon for saying so, as I know you belong to that venerable body. I wonder what could engage our friend, M.

Turgot, to herd among them; I mean, among the economists; though I believe he was also a Sorbonnist.

I sent your prospectus to Dr. Tucker, but have not heard from him since. I shall myself deliver copies to Dr. Robertson and Mr. Smith, as I go to Scotland this autumn.

And now, my dear Abbé, what remains to me but to wish you success in your judicious labours? to embrace you, and through you, to embrace all our common friends, D'Alembert, Helvétius, Buffon, Baron d'Holbach, Suard, Mlle. L'Espinasse? Poor Abbé Le Bon is dead, I hear. The Abbé Galliani goes to Naples: he does well to leave Paris before I come thither; for I should certainly put him to death for all the ill he has spoken of England. But it has happened, as was foretold by his friend, Caraccioli; who said that the Abbé would remain two months in this country, would speak all himself, would not allow an Englishman to utter a syllable; and after returning would give the character of the nation during the rest of his life, as if he were perfectly well acquainted with them.

Pray make my compliments to M. Maletête. Tell him, that Prince Masserane says, that he has saved much effusion of blood to this country. It is certain that M. Maletête had a great curiosity to see a riot here, and yet was resolved to keep his person in safety. For this purpose, he hired a window; and proposed to be present at one of the mad elections of Wilkes, and to divert himself with the fray. Somebody got a hint of it, and put it into the newspapers; asking the freeholders if they were so degenerate as to make themselves a laughing stock, even to the French, their enemies, whom they despised. Prince Masserane alleges that this incident made that election so remarkably peaceable!

Are you acquainted with Crêbillon? I am ashamed to mention his name. He sent me over his last work, with a very obliging letter: but as I must write to him in French, I have never answered him. If all the English were as impertinent as I am, the Abbé Galliani would have reason to abuse us. — I am, dear Abbé, after asking your blessing, yours sincerely.[1]

[1] *New Monthly Magazine*, original series, No. 72.

"I returned to Edinburgh in 1769," says Hume in his "own Life," "very opulent, (for I possessed a revenue of £1000 a-year) healthy, and though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease, and of seeing the increase of my reputation." He had thus finally triumphed over the temptations which assailed him abroad, and resolved to spend the remainder of his days among the friends of his youth. He had received very strong solicitations from Madame de Boufflers and others, to take up his abode at Paris. In one letter she informs him that there is a house prepared for him in the Temple, and another with a large garden near the Bois de Boulogne.[1] To these pressing offers he seems not to have trusted himself with rendering a direct answer, leaving his projects undefined, until, by returning to Edinburgh, he rendered the acceptance of such invitations impracticable. Fairly re-established in his old house in James's Court, and enjoying its magnificent prospect, we find him thus writing to Smith:—

Hume *to* Adam Smith.

"*James's Court, 20th August*, 1769.

"Dear Smith, — I am glad to have come within sight of you, and to have a view of Kirkaldy from my windows: but as I wish also to be within speaking terms of you, I wish we could concert measures for that purpose. I am mortally sick at sea, and regard with horror, and a kind of hydrophobia, the great gulf[2] that lies between us. I am also tired of travelling; as much as you ought naturally to be of staying at home. I therefore propose to you to come hither, and pass some days with me in this solitude.

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] The Firth of Forth.

I want to know what you have been doing; and propose to exact a rigorous account of the method in which you have employed yourself during your retreat. I am positive you are in the wrong in many of your speculations, especially where you have the misfortune to differ from me. All these are reasons for our meeting, and I wish you would make me some reasonable proposal for that purpose. There is no habitation on the island of Inchkeith, otherwise I should challenge you to meet me on that spot, and neither of us ever to leave the place, till we were fully agreed on all points of controversy. I expect General Conway here to morrow, whom I shall attend to Roseneath, and I shall remain there a few days. On my return, I expect to find a letter from you, containing a bold acceptance of this defiance. I am, dear Smith, yours sincerely."[1]

The letters addressed to Hume at this time, show that he had made inquiries with the view of continuing the education of his nephews at one of the English universities. The following letter explains the reason why this plan was not adopted.

HUME *to* SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

"*Edinburgh, 16th October*, 1769.

"DEAR SIR GILBERT,—I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken to give me an account of your sons' expenses and management at Oxford. I found my brother undetermined, or rather averse, to the project. He thinks his son rather inclines to be dissipated and idle; and believes that a year or two at Oxford would confirm him thoroughly in that habit,

[1] *Literary Gazette*, 1822, p. 691. Collated with original MS. R.S.E.

without any other advantage than the acquiring of a little better pronunciation; for this reason he seems rather inclined to try him a year in the Law College here, before he makes him so much his own master.

"I have been settled here two months, and am here body and soul, without casting the least thought of regret to London, or even to Paris. I think it improbable that I shall ever in my life cross the Tweed, except perhaps a jaunt to the north of England, for health or amusement. I live still, and must for a twelvemonth, in my old house in James's Court, which is very cheerful, and even elegant, but too small to display my great talent for cookery, the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life! I have just now lying on the table before me, a receipt for making *soupe à la reine*, copied with my own hand: for beef and cabbage, (a charming dish,) and old mutton, and old claret, nobody excels me. I make also sheep-head broth, in a manner that Mr. Keith speaks of it for eight days after; and the Duc de Nivernois would bind himself apprentice to my lass to learn it. I have already sent a challenge to David Moncreif: you will see that in a twelvemonth he will take to the writing of history, the field I have deserted; for as to the giving of dinners, he can now have no further pretensions. I should have made a very bad use of my abode in Paris, if I could not get the better of a mere provincial like him. All my friends encourage me in this ambition; as thinking it will redound very much to my honour.

"I am delighted to see the daily and hourly progress of madness, and folly, and wickedness in England. The consummation of these qualities are the true ingredients for making a fine narrative in history, especially if followed by some signal and ruinous convul-

sion, — as I hope will soon be the case with that pernicious people! He must be a very bad cook indeed, who cannot make a palatable dish from the whole. You see in my reflexions and allusions, I shall mix my old and new professions together. I am, dear Sir Gilbert, your most obedient humble servant," &c.[1]

HUME *to* SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

"*Edinburgh, 5th February*, 1770.

"DEAR SIR GILBERT,—I do not know whether you be good for any thing, or at all worth the applying to; I rather suspect not: but in case you are, I make you the following application in favour of Christopher Tate, probationer, who was tutor to my nephews. You know I resigned my pretensions on the presentation of Humbie to your nephew's tutor; but under promise, that you would assist me in a like case. This kirk is a king's presentation; it is within your county, and I very earnestly desire success in this application, and trust much to your friendship in it.

"The last unexpected incident strikes us mute with astonishment; either the Duke of Grafton is much to blame for leaving us so abruptly in so very critical a time, or a greater than he, if he got any just cause for it. I carry my view to very dismal consequences, especially as I suspect the last to be the case. I fancy we shall have curious scenes, worthy the pen of the greatest historian. I am tired and disgusted with conjecture. My compliments to Lady Elliot. Believe me to be very sincerely, your affectionate humble servant," &c.[2]

To Smith, whose "Wealth of Nations" was now

[1] Minto MSS.

[2] Minto MSS.

supposed to be nearly ready for the press, we find the following letter:—

"*6th February*, 1770.

"What is the meaning of this, dear Smith, which we hear, that you are not to be here above a day or two, on your passage to London? How can you so much as entertain a thought of publishing a book full of reason, sense, and learning, to those wicked abandoned madmen?

"I suppose you have not yet got over your astonishment at this most astonishing resignation. For my part, I knew not at first whether to throw the blame on the Duke or the King; but I now find it is entirely and completely the Duke's own; and I think him dishonoured for ever."

This refers to the Duke of Grafton's resignation, of which he proceeds to quote an account from "a very good hand," prophesying tranquillity and the restoration of confidence.

"So far my friend—whose prophecy I hope will be fulfilled; though, for my part, I am rather inclined to give myself up to despair. Nothing but a rebellion and bloodshed will open the eyes of that deluded people; though, were they alone concerned, I think it is no matter what becomes of them."[1]

In the following letter, we have a farther, and a very strong instance of Hume's dislike of the English as a people. We find him again busy in sifting his History of all remains of popular principles; and there is a tone throughout the letter, as if it were satisfactory to him to be able to overturn the objects of popular idolatry, which a people he so heartily disliked had endeavoured to set up, in the alleged antiquity of their constitution.

[1] MS. R.S.E.

HUME *to* SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

"*Edinburgh*, 21*st February*, 1770.

"DEAR SIR GILBERT,—I am glad of your victories; though I look upon them all as temporary and imperfect, like the fallacious recoveries of a hectic person, who is hastening to his dissolution. Our government has become a chimera, and is too perfect, in point of liberty, for so rude a beast as an Englishman; who is a man, a bad animal too, corrupted by above a century of licentiousness. The misfortune is, that this liberty can scarcely be retrenched without danger of being entirely lost; at least the fatal effects of licentiousness must first be made palpable, by some extreme mischief resulting from it. I may wish that the catastrophe should rather fall on our posterity; but it hastens on with such large strides, as leave little room for this hope.

"I am running over again the last edition of my History, in order to correct it still further. I either soften or expunge many villanous, seditious Whig strokes, which had crept into it. I wish that my indignation at the present madness, encouraged by lies, calumnies, imposture, and every infamous act usual among popular leaders, may not throw me into the opposite extreme. I am, however, sensible that the first editions were too full of those foolish English prejudices, which all nations and all ages disavow.

"The present firm conduct of the king, and his manly resentment, afford some glimpse of hope. We, at a distance, are not acquainted with these matters; and few even at London; but there still appears something mysterious in the Duke of Grafton's resignation. I hope it proceeded only from his discontents with Bedford House.

"But I detain you too long. I shall only conclude, that, though I reckon myself among the *sepoliti*, I cannot forbear expressing my hearty good wishes to your cause and you. I am, very sincerely, dear Sir Gilbert, your obliged humble servant." [1]

"*Edinburgh, 5th April*, 1770.

"I am sorry to inform you, that all we statesmen in this town condemn loudly the conduct of you statesmen in London, especially in allowing those insolent rascals, the mayor and sheriffs, to escape with impunity. We were much disappointed not to find them impeached, and a bill of pains and penalties passed upon them. The tumults which might have ensued in London, we thought rather an advantage; as it would give government an opportunity of chastising that abominable rabble. But you have thought otherwise; and it is pretended that these lenient maxims are succeeding; that faction abates, the tide turns, and the heroes of opposition are in despair. I am heartily glad of it: but this is a new experiment to reconcile such extreme license with government; and if, in a case where popular complaints had not the smallest shadow of pretence, the king and parliament have prevailed, after a long struggle, and with much difficulty, what must it be, where there is some plausible appearance, and perhaps some real ground of complaint, such as it is natural to expect in all governments? However, I repeat it, I am glad of the present appearance of tranquillity; and, indeed, distant dangers are not to be too anxiously provided against. I am," &c.

Hume seems to have now commenced the building

[1] Minto MSS.

of the house, in the New Town of Edinburgh, in which he died. It was the commencement of the street leading southward from St. Andrew's Square, now called St. David Street.[1]

HUME *to* BARON MURE.

"*Edinburgh, 2d October*, 1770.

"DEAR BARON,—I am sorry that I should correspond so ill to your very obliging letter, by telling you, that I cannot propose to see you till you come to town next winter. I am engaged in the building a house, which is the second great operation of human life: for the taking a wife is the first, which I hope will come in time; and by being present, I have already prevented two capital mistakes, which the mason was falling into; and I shall be apprehensive of his falling into more, were I to be at a distance. I must therefore renounce the hopes of seeing you at your own house this autumn, which, I assure [you,] I do with much regret. My compliments to Mrs. Mure and the young ladies. Please tell Miss Kitty, that my coat is much admired, even before I tell that it is her livery. For her sake I shall be careful that it never meet with any such accident, as the last. I am, dear Baron, yours very sincerely.[2]

"P.S.—Mr. Moore's verses are really very elegant."

[1] When the house was built, and inhabited by Hume, but while yet the street, of which it was the commencement, had no name, a witty young lady, daughter of Baron Ord, chalked on the wall, the words "ST. DAVID STREET." The allusion was very obvious. Hume's "lass," judging that it was not meant in honour or reverence, ran into the house much excited, to tell her master how he was made game of. "Never mind, lassie," he said; "many a better man has been made a saint of before."

[2] MS. R.S.E.]

CHAPTER XVII.

1771—1776. ÆT. 60—65.

Hume's social character — His conversation — His disposition — Traditional anecdotes regarding him — Correspondence — Letter about the Pretender — Gilbert Stuart's quarrel with Dr. Henry — Commercial State of Scotland — Letter to his nephew on Republicanism — Smith's "Wealth of Nations" — Hume's illness — His Will — Smith appointed Literary Executor — Strahan substituted — His journey to England with Home — Prospects of Death — Communications with his Friends and Relations — His Death — General view of his influence on Thought and Action.

IT is to the period from the year 1770 to his death, when he lived among his early friends in Edinburgh, that we ought to refer such traditional accounts of Hume's private life and social habits, as are not expressly connected with any known event in his history. He was, it is true, a distinguished man when he left his native city, in 1763. He had then, indeed, performed all the services which entitled him to immortality. But his foreign celebrity, and his official honours, had since added many ostensible glories to his name, and introduced him to a wider sphere of public notice than the substantial fruits of his genius and industry would have of themselves secured. When we remember that this was the most celebrated period of his life, and was the only one of which persons who are still, or who have lately been alive, could have any recollection, we naturally refer to it those traditional notices and incidents which have no distinct place.

The impression of Hume's character, acquired by one who has sought it in the tenor of his works, and the history of his literary career, is quite different from that which we derive from those who knew him, and were connected with the social circle in which he

lived. The former is solitary, self-relying, and unimpressible even to sternness; the latter is good, easy, simple, social, and amenable to the sway of gentle impulses. These two representations are not without a harmony of principle. In all serious matters, in his projects of literary ambition, in the philosophy he taught mankind, in all that was to connect him with posterity and the intellectual destiny of the human race, he was resolute and uncompromising. But the exhibition of his strength was reserved for the arena of his triumphs; and in domestic and social intercourse he put aside his helmet, with its nodding plumes; feeling, that the intellectual exhibitions suited for *that* sphere, should spring from whatever Nature had bestowed on him of sweet, and peaceful, and kind,—whatever was fitted to drive rancour or angry emulation from the bosom, and to render life delightful. Hence, to appear in the social circle as an intellectual gladiator, does not appear to have been his wish; he was content if he gave himself and others pleasure.

This view of his character is confirmed by Mackenzie, who, when a young man, enjoyed the high distinction of mingling in that group, of which he was the principal figure.

But the most illustrious of that circle was David Hume, who had a sincere affection for his poetical namesake, — an affection which was never abated during the life of that celebrated man. The unfortunate nature of his opinions with regard to the theoretical principles of moral and religious truth, never influenced his regard for men who held very opposite sentiments on those subjects; subjects which he never, like some vain and shallow sceptics, introduced into social discourse: On the contrary, when at any time the conversation tended that way, he was desirous rather of avoiding any serious discussion on matters which he wished to confine to the graver and less dangerous consideration of cool philo-

sophy. He had, it might be said, in the language which the Grecian historian applies to an illustrious Roman, two minds; one which indulged in the metaphysical scepticism which his genius could invent, but which it could not always disentangle; another, simple, natural, and playful, which made his conversation delightful to his friends, and even frequently conciliated men whose principles of belief his philosophical doubts, if they had not power to shake, had grieved and offended. During the latter period of his life, I was frequently in his company amidst persons of genuine piety, and I never heard him venture a remark at which such men, or ladies, still more susceptible than men, could take offence.[1]

The late Lord Chief Commissioner Adam was another of the young men who were so fortunate as to be admitted to this circle. In a curious little collection of notices of eminent persons, called "The Gift of a Grandfather," privately printed at his own press at Blair-Adam, he says of Hume:

He was an intimate friend and acquaintance: and in all the intercourse of life, and in all he said, and wrote, and did, when not employed in his unnecessary metaphysical scepticism (well named, by a friend of mine, intellectual rope-dancing,) was innocent, playful, and moral, and most natural in his conversation: equally pleasing and instructive to the young and old of both sexes. . . . . .

His simple unaffected nature, and kindly disposition, exalted him as much as the singular powers of his mind, and his talents for expressing in writing what he contemplated—so well described by Gibbon, as careless inimitable beauties of style; which, when he read, he laid down the book in despair that he should ever be able to imitate them.

I have before shown that he never introduced, in conversation, his abstruse or sceptical speculations; that all his sentiments were moral and natural and pleasing, and even playful in the extreme. This is evinced by his letters, which are perfect in their kind. He could bring himself down, without

[1] Account of Home, p. 20.

effort, to the most familiar playfulness with young persons, and particularly delighted in the conversation of youthful females.

Mr. Hume was one of our constant visiters, making, as was the custom of those days, tea-time the hour of calling. In the summer he would often stroll to my father's beautiful villa of North Merchiston. On one occasion—I was then a boy of thirteen—he, missing my mother, made his tea-drinking good with two or three young ladies of eighteen or nineteen, (his acquaintances,) who were my mother's guests. I recollect perfectly how agreeably he talked to them; and my recollection has been rendered permanent by an occurrence which caused some mirth and no mischief.

When the philosopher was amusing himself in conversation with the young ladies, the chair began to give way under him, and gradually brought him to the floor.

The damsels were both alarmed and amused, when Mr. Hume, recovering himself, and getting upon his legs, said in his broad Scotch tone, but in English words, (for he never used Scotch,) "Young ladies, you must tell Mr. Adam to keep stronger chairs for heavy philosophers."

This simple story is a good specimen of the man. He was above all affectation. I was a companion of his eldest nephew, and saw much of him when I was very young. As I grew up he used to invite me to dinner, and I took great delight in his conversation. I continued in and about Edinburgh long enough to be able to relish it, and perhaps to join in it. On one particular occasion I met him at tea at Professor Ferguson's; it was at the period of my attending Dr. Blair's class on rhetoric and belles lettres: their conversation became very interesting to me, as it bore upon subjects which had an affinity to what I was in the habit of hearing prelected upon. They discussed particularly the Henriade of Voltaire; they were not displeased with any want of brilliancy in the versification, but they condemned the choice of the subject. Mr. Hume said, "He should never choose for an epic poem history, the truth of which is well known; for no fiction can come up to the interest of the actual story and incidents of the singular life of Henry IV.;" and Professor Ferguson added, "What epic poet could improve upon the chivalrous

life of Chevalier Bayard, or on the event of his extraordinary romantic death?"

"I always lived," says James Boswell, in a passage where he has to record some of his great patron's expressions of contempt and dislike, "on good terms with Mr. Hume, though I have frankly told him I was not clear that it was right of me to keep company with him; 'but,' said I, 'how much better are you than your books!' He was cheerful, obliging, and instructive. He was charitable to the poor;[1] and many an agreeable hour have I passed with him."

The testimony which Adam Smith bore to his character and disposition, in the letter which accompanies his autobiography, though so well known, must not here be omitted.

His temper seemed to be more happily balanced, if I may be allowed such an expression, than that perhaps of any other man I have ever known. Even in the lowest state of his fortune, his great and necessary frugality never hindered him from exercising, upon proper occasions, acts both of charity and generosity. It was a frugality founded, not upon avarice, but upon the love of independency. The extreme gentleness of his nature never weakened either the firmness of his mind, or the steadiness of his resolutions. His constant pleasantry was the genuine effusion of good nature and good humour; tempered with delicacy and modesty, and without even the slightest tincture of malignity, so frequently the disagreeable source of what is called wit in other men. It never was the meaning of his raillery to mortify; and, therefore, far from offending, it seldom failed to please and delight, even those who were the objects of it. To his friends, who were frequently the objects of it, there was not, perhaps, any one of all his great and amiable

[1] It has been said that, having once given a guinea by mistake to a beggar, the man, who was a respectable member of his trade, returned and explained the mistake. He was permitted to keep the coin, the philosopher observing, "Oh, Honesty—how poor a dwelling-place hast thou found!"

qualities which contributed more to endear his conversation. And that gaiety of temper, so agreeable in society, but which is so often accompanied with frivolous and superficial qualities, was, in him, certainly attended with the most severe application, the most extensive learning, the greatest depth of thought, and a capacity in every respect the most comprehensive. Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his lifetime, and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as, perhaps, the nature of human frailty will permit.

Of any description of his character, his own account of it must form a material feature. The mere circumstance that a man should have thus written about himself, is a noticeable element in his mental history. He says, in his "own life:"

To conclude, historically, with my own character. I am, or rather was, (for that is the style I must now use in speaking of myself, which emboldens me the more to speak my sentiments,)—I was, I say, a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humour, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my temper, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the studious and literary; and as I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them. In a word, though most men, any wise eminent, have found reason to complain of calumny, I never was touched, or even attacked by her baleful tooth: and though I wantonly exposed myself to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they seemed to be disarmed, in my behalf, of their wonted fury. My friends never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct: not but that the zealots, we may well suppose, would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I cannot say there is no vanity in making this

funeral oration of myself, but I hope it is not a misplaced one; and this is a matter of fact which is easily cleared and ascertained.

We have here a generous testimony to the tolerant spirit of his age: And yet his history and correspondence show, that he did not always feel himself safe from the influence of political or polemical resentment. He seemed, however, to take a pride in contrasting his own personal reception, by the world, with that of his writings; the one being all courtesy, the other all prejudice and dislike. A late eminent judge remembered meeting him at dinner with Black, Smith, and others, a few months before his death. Smith was speaking of the ingratitude, perversity, and intolerance of human nature. Hume said he differed with him. There was he, who had written on history, on politics, and on morals — some said on divinity; yet, in discussing these exciting topics, he had not made a single enemy; unless, indeed, all the Whigs, and all the Tories, and all the Christians! As, in his playful conversation among his intimate friends, he was inclined to indulge in practical humour, he made the general unpopularity of his opinions a common theme of amusement; picturesquely exaggerating the more offensive features, and exhibiting them as bugbears to frighten the well-meaning. Asking his friend, Clephane, to look for lodgings for him in London, he represents the person who is to inhabit them as "a sober, discreet, virtuous, frugal, regular, quiet, good-natured man — of a bad character." This "bad character," he seems to have occasionally used as a method of gently alarming innocent females. A lady, of strictly evangelical principles, walking home from church, through a crowded part of Edinburgh, was rather surprised by the zealous attention with which he proffered his arm. After they had

passed through the crowd, he gave his reason for being so obsequious — it was, that she might be congratulated, by her friends, on having been seen walking on Sunday with "Hume the Deist." Mackenzie relates the following incident, which shows that he was not, however, always proof against the effect of jocular attacks on his principles by others.

In the same *bonhommie*, Hr. Hume bore with perfect good nature the pleasantries which humorous deductions from his theoretical scepticisms sometimes produced. Once, I have been told, he was in a small degree ruffled by a witticism of Mr. John Home's, who, though always pleasant, and often lively, seldom produced what might be termed or repeated as wit. The clerk of an eminent banker in Edinburgh, a young man of irreproachable conduct, and much in the confidence of his master, eloped with a considerable sum with which he had been intrusted. The circumstance was mentioned at a dinner where the two Humes, the historian and the poet, and several of their usual friendly circle, were present. David Hume spoke of it as a kind of moral problem, and wondered what could induce a man of such character and habits as this clerk was said to possess, thus to incur, for an inconsiderable sum, the guilt and the infamy of such a transaction. "I can easily account for it," said his friend, John Home, "from the nature of his studies, and the kind of books which he was in the habit of reading." "What were they?" said the philosopher. "Boston's Fourfold State," rejoined the poet, "and Hume's Essays." David was more hurt by the joke than was usual with him; probably from the singular conjunction of the two works, which formed, according to his friend's account, the library of the unfortunate young man.[1]

As appropriate to his popularity among women and young people, the following anecdotes from the pen of one who has gained no little celebrity by her genius, cannot fail to give interest. They are contained in a

[1] Account of John Home, p. 20-21.

letter by Lady Anne Lindsay, authoress of the song *Auld Robin Gray*, when she was a young lady living in her grandmother's house in Edinburgh, to her sister Margaret:—

Dinners go on as usual, which, being monopolized by the divines, wits, and writers of the present day, are not unjustly called the Dinners of the Eaterati, by Lord Kellie, who laughs at his own pun till his face is purple.

Our friend, David Hume, along with his friend, Principal Robertson, continue to maintain their ground at these convivial meetings. To see the lion and the lamb lying down together, the deist and the doctor, is extraordinary; it makes one hope that some day Hume will say to him, "Thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian." He is a constant morning visiter of ours. My mother jested him lately on a circumstance which had a good deal of character in it.

When we were very young girls, too young to remember the scene, there happened to be a good many clever people at Balcarres at Christmas; and as a gambol of the season, they agreed to write each his own character, to give them to Hume, and make him show them to my father, as extracts he had taken from the pope's library at Rome.[1]

He did. My father said, "I don't know who the rest of your fine fellows and charming princesses are, Hume; but if you had not told me where you got *this* character, I should have said it was that of my wife."

"I was pleased," said my mother, "with my lord's answer, it showed that at least I had been an honest woman."

"Hume's character of himself," said she, "was well drawn and full of candour; he spoke of himself as he ought;" but added, what surprised us all, that, "plain as his manners were, and apparently careless of attention, vanity was his predominant weakness. That vanity led him to publish his Essays, which he grieved over; not that he had changed his opinions, but that he thought he had injured society by disseminating them."

"Do you remember the sequel of that affair?" said Hume.

"Yes, I do," replied my mother, laughing: "you told me

[1] See, on this amusement of character drawing, vol. i. p. 226.

that, although I thought your character a sincere one, it was not so; there was a particular feature omitted that we were still ignorant of, and that you would add it; like a fool I gave you the manuscript, and you thrust it into the fire, adding, "Oh, what an idiot I had nearly proved myself to be, to leave such a document in the hands of a parcel of women!"

"Villain!" said my mother, laughing, and shaking her head at him.

"Do you remember all this, my little woman?" said Hume to me.

"I was too young," said I, "to think of it at the time."

"How's this? have not you and I grown up together?"

I looked surprised.

"Yes," added he, "you have grown tall, and I have grown broad."[1]

It may give us some farther idea of the refined simplicity that made his conversation agreeable to intellectual and right thinking women, to observe the manner in which he was addressed in the following very lively letter from Lady Elliot Murray, the wife of his friend, Sir Gilbert.

Minto, 12th October, 1772.

I am resolved to take the reins of government into my own hands. I don't know what has made me such a humble subservient animal hitherto. I will dictate from this time forth. I will give the law, and insist on an implicit obedience to my superior wisdom; for am I not wiser than the wisest? did I not foretell what has come to pass, that Mons. De Guigne would not reach Edinburgh before the middle of this week? and did I not prove my judgment surpassing that best of historians, who is a mere pedler in understanding to me? Had he taken my advice, he need not have jumbled himself seventy long miles over mountains and plains in one day, and left a family who were happy in his company, and exchanged the cheering blaze of a good coal fire, for the dreary glimpses of a clouded moon. But, however, he had the pleasure of gratifying a sense which few people are much troubled with, a delicacy and

[1] Lives of the Lindsays. By Lord Lindsay. Vol. ii. p. 183.

ardour in politeness; and as that is pretty near akin to benevolence, I believe the indulgence of it may be a full recompense for the trouble. But that last principle will lead you back the road you went; for you left three ladies mourning for your departure, and the good man of the house has been in a vexation ever since, and can only be contented by a renewal of your kind intentions towards us, of passing some quiet days under our roof. Sir Gilbert came home from Jedburgh, and had seen your brother there, who told him he would find you here when he came back.

Enter Sir Gilbert. Where is Mr. Hume?—Answer: He is gone. When did he come?—About one o'clock. And when did he go away?—About five. What! have you quarrelled?—Yes. He and I had some little difference about his *byeuks*, and I tried to persuade him to burn them all, and write the other way; for, as I said, I was sure he would be a shining light, and equal the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," or Mr. Ebenezer Erskine, if he would only take the right side; and he flew in a passion and went away in a huff! How could you think he would be persuaded by you? Pooh! though I am but a simple woman, before it be long he may be convinced I can see farther into a millstone than he can do; and if he had taken my advice, he might have rested his bones here this night in quiet, in place of rumbling along in the dark in a post chaise; and so in other matters too, I might perhaps do him a service if he would be ruled by me. My dear, how can you be so wild? And, my dear, where is the harm in telling one's mind, when you think you can do good by it, to a good worthy creature that is only a little mistaken or so? Good by it, what a chimera! but come, there is some other reason than this for his going away? None that I know; except a fine flim-flam letter that he received from the French Ambassador, saying, he expected to have the exquisite joy of beholding him at Edinburgh tomorrow. Ah, now I understand it. But when does he come back? Why he either comes back with Mons. De Guigne, or after he has done the last duties to him at Edinburgh. So you see, if you do not come, you will have brought me in for the lesser excommunication; for you will have been the cause of my deceiving my husband, and telling him a lie: although, for

that matter, neither you nor I *lukelly* have any thing to fear now-a-days, for either the greater or lesser excommunication: For, as you justly observe, line 12, first page of your letter, how are things changed! Old prejudices are done away, but behold new ones arise; and the last errors, I am afraid are worse than the first: but, for my own part, I would willingly have stood before the kirk-session, to have shown any respect and regard to Monsr. L'Ambassador, who is a man we all esteem in this house, and from whom we have always received every possible civility, of which we retain a grateful sense. But we perceive he is travelling in his public capacity, and unless Sir Gilbert had had it in his power to go to town to wait of him, and give him welcome from us to our house, should it suit his conveniency to rest here upon his road to England, we think any other invitation would appear improper and abrupt; and as it so happens he cannot possibly accomplish this at present, for we are to have company with us most part of this week; and after that we go to our visits, which will take us most of next week; and then we shall be chez nous till our journey southwards, when we will require from you to restore us your good society, else we shall verily believe your flying visit was all a hum, and we won't be *Humed* so!

Bless me, I thought I was writing to my poor good Harry. How does he do, sanctified soul? I have really hopes of you, now that he and you are come hand to fist at a conversation; as he tells me you are very often with him, and he really thinks you are a saint in your nature; and I say that is a great pity, for tho' I cannot deny the fact, I deplore it for the consequences of it; but give my best wishes to him, and tell him I long to hear of better prospects for him. I am really confounded when I think what a parcel of nonsense I have wrote you: But learn to prefer the truth and sincerity of a Scots wife, to the pernicious flattery of Les Dames Françaises, of which you have had enough in your days; and so it is fit you should be made to hear on the other side of the head. And so wishing you all health and happiness, and clearness of understanding, I remain, sir, your well wisher, friend, and obedient servant,

Ag. Elliot Murray.

P.S. I don't think the quiet Euthanasia of England will happen in the year 1773, the mayoralty of J. W. Esq.

Hume had been for many years very corpulent. In a letter to Sir Harry Erskine, in 1756, he complains of this tendency to obesity. He occasionally alludes to his partiality for plain food, and to his being, to use his own sufficiently distinct expression, "a glutton, not an epicure."[1] We have found him telling Sir Gilbert Elliot, that for beef and cabbage, which he calls "a charming dish," and old mutton, no one could excel him; and that the Duc de Nivernois would become apprentice to his "lass," to learn how she made sheeps'-head broth. The zest with which he returned to the simple food of his native country, after the diplomatic feasts of Paris, seems to have been characteristic of all his habits. Burke is said to have affirmed, that, "in manners he was an easy unaffected man, previous to going to Paris as secretary to Lord Hertford; but that the adulation and caresses of the female wits of that capital had been too powerful even for a philosopher, and the result was, he returned a literary coxcomb." But the saying is not

[1] Among the traditional anecdotes of his habits, one is, that going to sup with Mrs. Cockburn, and not arriving until after the choice of the good things had been consumed, when some effort was made to cater for him, he said, "Trouble yourself very little about what you have, or how it appears; you know I am no epicure, but only a glutton." Mr. Chambers says, (Scottish Jests, p. 171,) that he took down this anecdote from one who was present.

These literary parties at Mrs. Cockburn's, appear to have been frequent and agreeable. A gentleman still living, was present at many of them when a youth, and particularly recollects one occasion when a tipsy relative of that lady chose to lock the door of the room where the walking habiliments of the guests were preserved. A general borrowing of articles of clothing from surrounding neighbours took place, and those which fell to Hume's lot, happened to produce a peculiarly ludicrous effect.

in harmony with the characteristics noted by others; and it is not quite clear that it was ever uttered by Burke.[1] All who speak as having been familiarly acquainted with him, concur in describing his manners as kind, simple, and polite. He had, as no one who has read his correspondence can fail to see, a good heart, ever ready to do benevolent acts where occasions for their performance came under his notice; and his exterior appearance and manner corresponded with this part of his character. One occasionally meets with venerable persons who remember having been dandled on Hume's knee, and the number of these reminiscences indicates that he was fond of children.[2]

The broad Scottish pronunciation, in which, by all accounts, he indulged, was a rather singular habit in one who desired to throw off all marks of provincialism. Yet we are told that in this rude Doric garb he clothed a very pure English colloquial style. We must take this statement with allowances: He never probably in his most finished writings completely divested his style of Scotticisms; and the English he spoke must have been pure only in comparison with the language of his fellow countrymen. But it may be remarked, that provincial broadness of pronunciation in Scotland is far from being incompatible with a very pure and unprovincial style of language. It has often been observed, that in those parts of the country where the speech of the uneducated is most peculiar, English, when spoken at all, is found in

[1] It is given without reference to authority, in Prior's Life of Burke, vol. i. p. 98.

[2] In one instance, a vivid recollection was preserved of the difficulty, from his fatness, of getting sufficient room on his knee, and the necessity of keeping fast hold of the corner of his laced waistcoat.

greatest purity. Thus, an inhabitant of the border districts makes his southern tones, though hardly distinguishable from those of his English neighbours, the vehicle of intense Scotticisms; while beyond the Grampians, the deep broad Teutonic pronunciation sometimes gives voice to uncontaminated English, as established by literary and colloquial rules.

Hume had very clearly two kinds of conversation, one for strangers and the world at large, the other for his chosen friends with whom he was at ease, and who could understand the good humour of that jocularity which a contemporary pronounced to have something in it perfectly infantine. His friend John Home was somewhat renowned for a warlike and romantic pomp in his ideas, like those which pervade his own tragic personations. In Hume's conversation we may believe that there was nothing either heroic or enthusiastic. A good humoured sly application of the fugitive subjects of discussion, to the peculiarities of the guests; an occasional vigorous and apt remark; a fantastic wit sometimes let loose to wander where it pleased, and choose whatever it thought fit for its object,—seem to have constituted the charm of his society. Yet the tone of his thoughts sometimes rose to enthusiasm. Thus the son of his valued friend Ferguson, remembers his father saying, that, one clear and beautiful night, when they were walking home together, Hume suddenly stopped, looked up to the starry sky, and said, more after the manner of "Hervey's Meditations" than the "Treatise of Human Nature," "Oh, Adam, can any one contemplate the wonders of that firmament, and not believe that there is a God!"

In a late collection of casual reminiscences, there is the following notice of his social habits.

"Major M——, with whom I dined yesterday, said that he had frequently met David Hume at their military mess in Scotland, and in other parties; that he was very polite and pleasant, though thoughtful in company, generally reclining his head upon his hand, as if in study; from which he would suddenly recover, however, with some indifferent question;[1] extremely inquisitive, but quite easy to himself and all around him. One is glad to catch personal notices, however slight, of memorable men and of speculative philosophers. I know no one so memorable as Hume. He seems to have so far outstripped the spirit of the times in his original and profound researches, that the world is in no condition at present to do justice to his merits."[2]

Those who know him solely by his philosophical reputation, will perhaps believe him to have been

Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens.

But this does not seem to have been the case, at

[1] He seems, from this and other notices, to have been occasionally absent in his habits; but there is no such collection of practical illustrations of this failing, as we possess in the case of Smith and others. I only remember having heard of one trifling instance, of which I had an account from an eye-witness. Hume had been dining with Dr. Jardine, and there had been much conversation about "internal light." In descending the stair leading from the Doctor's "flat," when he left the party, Hume failed to observe that after so many flights which reached the street door, there was, according to a not uncommon practice, another flight of stairs leading to the cellars. He continued his descent, accordingly, till the very end, where some time afterwards he was found in extreme darkness and perplexity, wondering how it was that he could find no outlet. The circumstance bore rather curiously on some opinions he had been maintaining, and Jardine said, shaking his head, "Oh David! where is your internal light?"

[2] Diary of a Lover of Literature. — *Gentleman's Magazine*, N.S. i. 142

least in his outward conduct. We find him, in writing home from France, casually mentioning his not having seen Elliot's sons "in church;" and on another occasion making a like allusion, indicative of his having been a pretty regular attendant at the ambassador's chapel. He is said to have been fond of Dr. Robertson's preaching, and not averse to that of his colleague and opponent, John Erskine. A lady, distinguished in literature, remembers that in a conversation with a respectable tradesman's wife, who had been a servant to Hume, she said that her master one day asked her very seriously, why she was never seen in church, where he had provided seats for all his household. At that time there were very few of the humbler classes in Edinburgh, who did not belong to the Church of Scotland. The woman's defence was, that she belonged to a dissenting congregation; and it was admitted to be quite satisfactory.

Social in his habits, and living the life of a wealthy bachelor, it was natural that Hume should connect himself with the societies, whether of a literary or convivial character, which brought the good company of Edinburgh together. He appears to have been a pretty active member of the Philosophical Society. In a letter, of which part has already been printed, and which would probably in strict chronological order belong to an earlier period, we find him with mild dignity enforcing the tolerance and philosophical equanimity, that ought to reign wherever men of different sentiments meet each other in intellectual discussion.

"*Tuesday Forenoon.*

"Sir, — I am so great a lover of peace, that I am resolved to drop this matter altogether, and not to insert a syllable in the Preface, which can have a

reference to your Essay. The truth is, I could take no revenge but such a one as would have been a great deal too cruel, and much exceeding the offence: for, though most authors think, that a contemptuous manner of treating their writings is but slightly revenged by hurting the personal character and the honour of their antagonists, I am very far from that opinion. Besides, I am as certain as I can be of any thing, (and I am not such a sceptic as you may perhaps imagine,) that your inserting such remarkable alterations in the printed copy, proceeded entirely from precipitancy and passion, not from any formed intention of deceiving the Society. I would not take advantage of such an incident to throw a slur on a man of merit, whom I esteem, though I might have reason to complain of him.

"When I am abused by such a fellow as Warburton, whom I neither know nor care for, I can laugh at him. But if Dr. Stewart approaches any way towards the same style of writing, I own it vexes me; because I conclude, that some unguarded circumstance of my conduct, though contrary to my intention, had given occasion to it.

"As to your situation with regard to Lord Kames, I am not so good a judge. I only think that you had so much the better of the argument, that you ought, upon that account, to have been more reserved in your expressions. All raillery ought to be avoided in philosophical argument, both because it is unphilosophical, and because it cannot but be offensive, let it be ever so gentle. What, then, must we think with regard to so many insinuations of irreligion, to which Lord Kames's paper gave not the least occasion? This spirit of the inquisitor is, in you, the effect of passion, and what a *cool* moment

would easily correct. But where it predominates in the character, what ravages has it committed on reason, virtue, truth, liberty, and every thing that is valuable among mankind! I shall now speak a word as to the justness of your censure with regard to myself after these remarks on the manner of it. I have no scruple of confessing my mistakes. You see I have owned that I think Lord Kames is mistaken in his argument; and I would sooner give up my *own* cause than my *friend's*, if I thought that imputation of any consequence to a man's character. . . . .[1]

"As I am resolved to drop this matter entirely from the Preface, so I hope to persuade Lord Kames to be entirely silent with regard to it in our meeting. But in case I should not prevail, or if any body else start the subject, I think it better that some of your friends should be there, and be prepared to mollify the matter. If I durst pretend to advise, I should think it better you yourself were absent, unless you bring a greater spirit of composition than you express in your letter. I am persuaded that whatever a person of Mr. Monro's authority proposes will be agreed to: though I must beg leave to differ from his judgment in proposing to alter two pages. That chiefly removes the offence given to me; but what regards Lord Kames is so interwoven with the whole discourse, that there is not now any possibility of altering it. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant," &c.

"P. S.—I hope you are very zealous in promoting the sale of Blacklock's Poems. I will never be reconciled to you unless you dispose of at least a score of them; and make your friends Sir John Maxwell and Lord Buchan pay a guinea a piece for their copy."[2]

[1] The passage here omitted will be found above, vol. i. p. 97.

[2] MS. R.S.E. In citing this letter above, vol. i. p. 98, it is stated

The Poker Club, occasionally mentioned in these pages, seems to have had no other direct and specific object but the consumption of claret. The duty laid on that national wine, by "the English statesman," so pathetically commemorated by John Home, was a heavy blow and great discouragement to the club; but it rallied, and returned to its old esteemed beverage; and, indeed, it is a somewhat curious circumstance, that the national taste, created by the early intercourse with France and the consequent cheapness of French wines, still lingers in Scotland, where claret is much more generally consumed than in England. The club met in Fortune's tavern every Friday. It was the practice, at each meeting, to name two to be, what were called, "attendant members;" an arrangement, probably, designed to form a nucleus round which those whose attendance was uncertain, but who might drop in occasionally in the course of the evening, could form themselves; and to prevent any general desertion of the club, or, what might be, perhaps, more calamitous, the accident of any individual finding himself, for the night, its sole and solitary representative. We find Hume duly taking his turn in these attendances, and keeping the minutes according to rotation. On the 20th January, 1775, there is this emphatic entry, in his handwriting, "As Mr. Nairne was one of the attendant members, and neglected his duty, the club sent him the bill."

that on one MS. there is noted a supposition that it was addressed to Dr. Traill — on another that it was addressed to Gilbert Stuart. I now think it must have been addressed to Dr. John Stewart, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and that it related to his "Remarks on the Laws of Motion and the Inertion of Matter," published in "Essays and Observations physical and literary, read before a Society in Edinburgh."

The last meeting of the club, attended by Hume, appears to have been that of 8th December, 1775.[1]

It does not appear to be necessary that traditional anecdotes, such as the few we possess of Hume, must either be authenticated, or excluded from such a work as the present. It seems to entitle them to a place, that they were current among those who knew his character and habits. They thus afford all that is expected from such sources — passing fancy sketches, recognised as likenesses. Like several others that have appeared in these pages, as mere traditions, the following anecdote, which is eminently natural and curious, has no farther authentication than the general belief, in Edinburgh, that it "was like the man."

About the commencement of his last illness, a female member of the respectable Berean congregation, in Leith, presented herself at his door, with the information that she had been intrusted with a message to him from on High; and, becoming very urgent, succeeded in obtaining admission. "This is a very important matter, madam," said the philosopher, "we must take it with deliberation; — perhaps you had better get a little temporal refreshment before you begin. 'Lassie, bring this good lady a glass of wine.'" While she was preparing for the attack, Hume entered, good-humouredly, into conversation with her; and, discovering that her husband was a chandler, announced that he stood very much in want, at that time, of some temporal lights, and intrusted his guest with a very large order. This unexpected stroke of business at once absorbed all the good woman's thoughts; and, forgetting her important mission, she immediately

[1] Minute-book of The Poker Club, in possession of Sir Adam Ferguson.

trotted home to acquaint her husband with the good news.

There is an anecdote, which has appeared in numerous collections of such literary scraps, which represents him as having slipped into the boggy ground at the base of the castle rock, and called to a woman to help him out. In his unwieldy and infirm state, during his latter years, the accident is not improbable. The anecdote proceeds to say, that the female called on had great doubts of the propriety of helping "Hume, the Deist," out of that slough of despond into which it had pleased Providence to cast him. "But, my good woman, does not your religion as a Christian, teach you to do good, even to your enemies?" "That may be," said she, "but ye shallna get out o' that, till ye become a Christian yersell: and repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Belief," a feat which is said to have been very rapidly performed, much to the worthy catechist's astonishment.

Some of his witticisms have a tone of sarcastic severity, which he does not appear to have been disposed to suppress, even when women were the victims, if it was called forth by affectation or folly. To a celebrated "fine woman" of his day, who said she was often pestered to tell her age, and desired his opinion what answer she should give: he is reported to have said, "Madam, say you are not yet come to years of discretion." To the same lady, who, when crossing one of the ferries of the Firth of Forth, during a fresh breeze, was making a loud outcry about danger, he remarked, with much coolness, that they would probably soon be food for fishes; "and who," said the frightened belle, probably a little confused by the horrors of their position, "who will they begin with?" The answer she received was, "Why, madam, those

of them that are gluttons will begin with me; those that are epicures with your ladyship."

We now resume Hume's correspondence. The letters of the last five years of his life, which have been preserved, are comparatively few; a circumstance which may be accounted for from his living, during that period, among his correspondents. On 28th January, 1772, he writes to Smith, that he would be glad to receive a visit from him; but that his house would be rather dull, from his sister having fever. In continuation he says:—

"I shall not take an excuse from your own state of health; which I suppose only a subterfuge invented by indolence and love of solitude. Indeed, my dear Smith, if you continue to hearken to complaints of this nature, you will cut yourself out entirely from human society, to the great loss of both parties.

"P.S.—I have not yet read 'Orlando Inamorato;' but intend soon to do it. I am now in a course of reading the 'Italian Historians,' and am confirmed in my former opinion, that that language has not produced one author who knew how to write elegant correct prose, though it contains several excellent poets." [1]

In the following letters, we find several details about that remarkable revulsion in the state of trade in Scotland, which, at the present day, is chiefly known by the quantity of decisions on points of bankruptcy law, with which it filled the Reports.

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH

"*St. Andrew's Square, 27th June*, 1772.

"We are here in a very melancholy situation,

[1] MS. R.S.E.

continual bankruptcies, universal loss of credit, and endless suspicions. There are but two standing houses in this place—Mansfields and the Coutses—for I comprehend not Cummin, whose dealings were always very narrow. Mansfield has paid away £40,000 in a few days: but it is apprehended that neither he nor any of them can hold out till the end of next week, if no alteration happen. The case is little better in London. It is thought that Sir George Colebroke must soon stop; and even the Bank of England is not entirely free from suspicion. Those of Newcastle, Norwich, and Bristol, are said to be stopped. The Thistle Bank has been reported to be in the same condition. The Carron Company is reeling, which is one of the greatest calamities of the whole, as they gave employment to near ten thousand people. Do these events any wise affect your theory, or will it occasion the revisal of any chapters?

"Of all the sufferers, I am the most concerned for the Adams, particularly John. But their undertakings were so vast, that nothing could support them. They must dismiss three thousand workmen, who, comprehending the materials, must have expended above £100,000 a-year. They have great funds; but if these must be disposed of in a hurry, and to disadvantage, I am afraid the remainder will amount to little or nothing. People's [compa]ssion I see was exhausted for John, in his last calamity, and every body asks why he incurred any more hazards. But his friendship for his brothers is an apology; though I believe he has a projecting turn of his own. To me the scheme of the Adelphi always appeared so imprudent, that my wonder is how they could have gone on so long.

"If Sir George Colebroke stop, it will probably

disconcert all the plans of our friends, as it will diminish their patron's influence; which is a new misfortune.

"On the whole, I believe that the check given to our exorbitant and ill grounded credit, will prove of advantage in the long run, as it will reduce people to more solid, and less sanguine projects, and, at the same time, introduce frugality among the merchants and manufacturers: what say you? Here is food for your speculation."[1]

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

"*St. Andrew's Square, 23d Nov.* 1772.

"DEAR SMITH,—I should agree to your reasoning, if I could trust your resolution. Come hither for some weeks about Christmas; dissipate yourself a little; return to Kirkcaldy; finish your work before autumn: go to London; print it; return and settle in this town, which suits your studious independent turn, even better than London. Execute this plan faithfully, and I forgive you.

"Ferguson has returned, fat and fair, and in good humour, notwithstanding his disappointment, which I am glad of."[2]

In 1772, Macpherson published a quarto volume, called "An Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland," of which Pinkerton, indignant at the Celtic spirit it displayed, said, "The empty vanity, shallow reading, vague assertion, and etymological nonsense, in this production, are truly risible." In a letter to Colonel Dow,[3] we find Hume criticising this book in a rather less emphatic manner.

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] MS. R.S.E.

[3] Of the East India Company's service, author of "The History of Hindostan, translated from the Persian," 1803.

"My compliments to Ossian. He has given us a work last winter, which contains a great deal of genius and good writing; but I cannot assent to his system. I must still adhere to the common opinion regarding our origin, or rather your origin; for we are all plainly Danes or Saxons in the low countries. But these subjects I reserve to a discussion over an evening fire on your return. I charge you not to think of settling in London, till you have first seen our New Town, which exceeds any thing you have seen in any part of the world." [1]

With the following letter, many readers may perhaps be familiar, but to those who have not already seen it, the curious historical incident it details, will give it much interest.

HUME *to* SIR JOHN PRINGLE.

St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, Feb. 10, 1773.

MY DEAR SIR, — That the present Pretender was in London, in the year 1753, I know with the greatest certainty; because I had it from Lord Marischal, who said, it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his lordship gave me this information, he told me, that the evening before, he had learned several curious particulars from a lady, (who I imagined to be Lady Primrose,) though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information; and entered the room when she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name. She thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him. But she had presence enough of mind, to call him by the name he assumed; to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants

[1] *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, Sept. 1810.

remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the prince's picture, which hung on the chimney-piece, in the very room in which he entered. My lord added, (I think from the authority of the same lady,) that he used so little precaution, that he went abroad openly in day-light, in his own dress; only laying aside his blue riband and star; walked once through St. James's, and took a turn in the Mall.

About five years ago, I told this story to Lord Holderness, who was secretary of state in the year 1753; and I added, that I supposed this piece of intelligence had at that time escaped his lordship. "By no means," said he, "and who do you think first told it me? it was the king himself, who subjoined, 'And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?'" Lord Holderness owned that he was puzzled how to reply; for if he declared his real sentiments, they might savour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it, by adding, "My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England, he will go abroad again." I think this story, for the honour of the late king, ought to be more generally known.

But what will surprise you more, Lord Marischal, a few days after the coronation of the present king, told me, that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London; or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. "Why," says he, "a gentleman told me so that saw him there; and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words: 'Your royal highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here.'—'It was curiosity that led me,' said the other; 'but I assure you,' added he, 'that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy the least.'" You see this story is so near traced from the fountain head, as to wear a great face of probability. Query, What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet? I find that the Pretender's visit in England, in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites; and some of them have assured me, that he took the oppor-

tunity of formally renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the new church in the Strand; and that this is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the court of Rome. I own that I am a sceptic with regard to the last particulars.

Lord Marischal had a very bad opinion of this unfortunate prince; and thought there was no vice so mean or atrocious of which he was not capable; of which he gave me several instances. My lord, though a man of great honour, may be thought a discontented courtier; but what quite confounded me in the idea of that prince, was a conversation I had with Helvétius at Paris, which, I believe, I have told you. In case I have not, I shall mention a few particulars. That gentleman told me, that he had no acquaintance with the Pretender; but, some time after that prince was chased out of France, "a letter," said he, "was brought me from him, in which he told me that the necessity of his affairs obliged him to be at Paris; and, as he knew me, by character, to be a man of the greatest probity and honour in France, he would trust himself to me, if I would promise to conceal and protect him. I own," added Helvétius to me, "although I knew the danger to be greater of harbouring him at Paris than at London; and although I thought the family of Hanover not only the lawful sovereigns in England, but the only lawful sovereigns in Europe, as having the full and free consent of the people; yet was I such a dupe to his flattery, that I invited him to my house; concealed him there, going and coming, near two years; had all his correspondence pass through my hands; met with his partisans upon Pont Neuf; and found, at last, that I had incurred all this danger and trouble for the most unworthy of all mortals; insomuch that I have been assured, when he went down to Nantz, to embark on his expedition to Scotland, he took fright and refused to go on board; and his attendants, thinking the matter gone too far, and that they would be affronted for his cowardice, carried him, in the night time, into the ship, pieds et mains liés." I asked him, if he meant literally? "Yes," said he, "literally. They tied him and carried him by main force." What think you now of this hero and conqueror?

Both Lord Marischal and Helvétius agree, that with all this strange character, he was no bigot; but rather had learned, from the philosophers at Paris, to affect a contempt of all religion. You must know that both these persons thought they were ascribing to him an excellent quality. Indeed, both of them used to laugh at me for my narrow way of thinking in these particulars.[1] However, my dear Sir John, I hope you will do me the justice to acquit me.

I doubt not but these circumstances will appear curious to Lord Hardwicke, to whom you will please to present my respects. I suppose his lordship will think this unaccountable mixture of temerity and timidity, in the same character, not a little singular. I am yours very sincerely.[2]

If there should be any doubts of the genuineness of this letter, from its having first appeared, unauthenticated, in a periodical work, they will be removed by the perusal of the following answer by Sir John Pringle, printed from the original manuscript.

SIR JOHN PRINGLE *to* HUME.

London, 5th November, 1773.

DEAR SIR,—I was much obliged to you for your letter of the 10th ult., as it furnished me with sufficient means for maintaining my credit with Lord Hardwicke, a person I have not the honour to be well known to; and I had the more occasion for such a testimony as yours, as the other earl, mentioned in your letter, has thought proper, (I presume since he has once more become a courtier,) to deny his knowing any thing of the story, when one of the company, (where I told the anecdote to Lord Hardwicke,) inquired of him about it.

Lord Hardwicke, not being in town when yours came to hand, I charged his intimate friend, Mr. Wray, who was going to visit him, with it. Yesterday, that gentleman returned, and, with the letter, sent me a line, expressing his lordship's great satisfaction in the communication; and with

[1] See above, p. 220.

[2] *Edinburgh Magazine*, 1788, p. 340.

many thanks to us both for it. I understand he is very curious in picking up such historical facts; and, if so, he certainly never met with any thing of that kind more suited to his genius. The most extraordinary circumstance is, that of the *pied et poing liés;* and yet your authority seems to be unexceptionable. What could be expected from an adventurer whom they had been obliged to treat in that humiliating manner? and whose timidity, they must believe, was every now and then to recur, to affront those that set him upon the enterprise? I know that *our* people were at great pains to decry his courage, after the battle of Culloden; but that I considered always as done upon a political, rather than an historical principle. I had good evidence for believing that, at Derby, he was, of the council of war, the person who stood longest out against the motion for returning, and not advancing to London. Again, he was for standing at the Spey; and, lastly, he did not retire from Culloden till his whole band was put to flight. It is true he never advanced nearer than the corps de réserve; but which corresponded to our second line, in which the Duke of Cumberland placed himself. I may add, that both of us have been informed, that he betrayed no unmanly concern, when he skulked so long with his female heroine; and then, surely, he was daily in the greatest danger of his life; had he been taken he would have met with no quarter. But, after all, these testimonies, in favour of his courage, must yield to such proofs as you bring to the contrary.[1]

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

"*St. Andrew's Square, 24th Feb.*, 1773.

"DEAR SMITH,—There are two late publications here which I advise you to commission. The first is Andrew Stuart's Letters to Lord Mansfield, which they say have met with vast success in London. Andrew has eased his own mind, and no bad effects are to follow. Lord Mansfield is determined, absolutely, to neglect them. The other is Lord Monboddo's treatise

[1] MS. R.S.E.

on the Origin and Progress of Language, which is only part of a larger work. It contains all the absurdity and malignity which I expected; but is writ with more ingenuity and in a better style than I looked for."[1]

"*St. Andrew's Square*, 10*th April*, 1773.

"To-day news arrived in town, that the Ayr Bank had shut up, and, as many people think, for ever. I hear that the Duke of Buccleuch is on the road. The country will be in prodigious distress for money this term. Sir G. Colebroke's bankruptcy is thought to be the immediate cause of this event.

"Have you seen Macpherson's Homer? It is hard to tell whether the attempt or the execution be worse. I hear he is employed by the booksellers to continue my History. But, in my opinion, of all men of parts, he has the most anti-historical head in the universe.

"Have you seen Sir John Dalrymple? It is strange what a rage is against him, on account of the most commendable action in his life. His collection[2] is curious; but introduces no new light into the civil, whatever it may into the biographical and anecdotical history of the times.

"Have you seen 'Alonzo?' Very slovenly versification, some pathetic, but too much resembling 'Douglas.'"[3]

We have found Gilbert Stuart deferentially courting Hume's notice of his earlier literary efforts. A few years of popularity as an author, and the com-

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, from the dissolution of the last parliament of Charles II. until the sea-battle of La Hogue, 3 vols. 4to.

[3] MS. R.S.E.

mand of a periodical work, had in the meantime changed the man's character, by developing all its arrogance, jealousy, conceit, and vindictiveness. He was one of those who indulge in the comfortable consciousness, that any comparison between their own genius and that of any other given person is supremely ludicrous; and as some one said of La Harpe, it might have proved a good speculation to buy him at what he was worth, and sell him at his own estimate of his value. Sick of the praises he heard bestowed on Robertson and the other eminent historians of his age, he thought it his duty to show the world how the lamp of such industrious drudges would grow pale before the lustre of true genius; and thus he favoured the public with some historical efforts, in which the curious reader of the present day, who takes them from forgotten shelves, is somewhat surprised to find how effectually well-turned periods, and a certain audacity of opinion, keep out of view the meagreness of the author's inquiries.

In 1773, Stuart began to edit the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review*. Periodical literature was the proper sphere for exhibiting his powers; which consisted in the ready acquisition of a superficial view of any subject, and a rapid, yet elegant style; occasionally magniloquent, and at other times descriptive or sarcastic. No other periodical work of that day equalled the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review*, in genius and originality. But the editor made it the vehicle of his tyrannical and vindictive spirit; and the purse and person of the proprietor— it might almost be said the peace of society, were endangered by so formidable a weapon remaining in such hands.[1]

[1] William Smellie, the respectable printer of the Magazine, seems to have led an uneasy life, between the quarrels and the dissipation of his editor, of which he has left some picturesque memorials.

At this time, the Rev. Robert Henry was publishing his valuable History of Britain, volume by volume. Stuart had vowed that he would crush this work; and the critical columns he concentrated against it, do great credit to his ability as a tactician. Hume was promised the privilege of reviewing the book in *the Magazine*, and probably Stuart thought that to arm him against an interloper in his own province was excellent policy; but when the article was written, and put in proof, it was found not adapted to the editor's purpose. We find him thus writing to a confederate:

David Hume wants to review Henry; but that task is so precious, that I will undertake it myself. Moses, were he to ask it as a favour, should not have it: yea, not even the man after God's own heart. I wish I could transport myself to London, to review him for the *Monthly:* a fire there and in the *Critical*, would perfectly annihilate him. Could you do nothing in the latter? To the former I suppose David Hume has transcribed the criticism he intended for us. It is precious and would divert you. I keep a *proof* of

Having come one night to Smellie's house on magazine business in a very advanced stage of intoxication, Stuart was charitably put to bed. Roused in the middle of the night by an immense outcry from the awakened editor, Smellie rushed to the bedroom in his night clothes. Stuart sitting up in bed and glaring around him, immediately associated the respectable printer's presence with the places in which he was himself accustomed to waken, and said,—"Smellie, I never expected to find *you* in such a place: put on your clothes, and go back to your wife and family, I shall never say a word about this." A journey of six miles, from Edinburgh to Musselburgh, made by Stuart and some of his companions, in which, by reason of the abundance of good cheer on the way, they occupied several days, seems to have been fruitful in adventures. One of the party falling asleep among the ashes of a steam engine, wakened in the night, and found himself in the presence of a great red furnace, surrounded by dusky figures clanging bolts and chains. Associating the exhibition with the course of life he had been running, and its probable reward, he was heard to exclaim, "Good God, is it come to this at last!"—See *Kerr's Memoirs of Smellie.*

it in my cabinet for the amusement of friends. This great philosopher begins to dote.[1]

A review of Henry's work *did* appear in *The Monthly Review*, but from a very different pen. The *proof*, however, which gave Stuart so much amusement, has fortunately been preserved. After giving a favourable analysis of Henry's second volume, it concludes with the following sentences, in many respects remarkable.

The reader will scarcely find in our language, except in the works of the celebrated Dr. Robertson, any performance that unites together so perfectly the great points of entertainment and instruction. It is happy for the inhabitants of this metropolis, which has naturally a great influence on the country, that the same persons who can make such a figure in profane learning, are intrusted with the guidance of the people in their spiritual concerns, which are of such superior, and indeed of unspeakable importance. These illustrious examples, if any thing, must make the infidel abashed of his vain cavils, and put a stop to that torrent of vice, profaneness, and immorality, by which the age is so unhappily distinguished.

This city can justly boast of other signal characters of the same kind, whom learning and piety, taste and devotion, philosophy and faith, joined to the severest morals and most irreproachable conduct, concur to embellish. One in particular, with the same hand by which he turns over the sublime pages of Homer and Virgil, Demosthenes and Cicero, is not ashamed to open with reverence the sacred volumes; and with the same voice by which, from the pulpit, he strikes vice with consternation, he deigns to dictate to his pupils the most useful lessons of rhetoric, poetry, and polite literature.[2]

[1] D'Israeli's Calamities of Authors, ii. 67. The letter, after such exhortations as the following,—"Strike by all means: the wretch will tremble, grow pale, and return with a consciousness of his debility," winds up with the assurance, "When you have an enemy to attack, I shall in return give my best assistance, and aim at him a mortal blow, and rush forward to his overthrow, though the flames of hell should start up to oppose me."

[2] The *proof*, with Hume's corrections, is in the possession of John Christison, Esq., who has kindly allowed me to make this use of it. The last paragraph is a manuscript addition made in correcting the proof. The substance of Hume's praise was probably given to

Hume was an early friend of Benjamin Franklin, whom he was instrumental in introducing to his Parisian friends.[1] The celebrated publication of the papers revealing the policy of the ascendency party, and the scene at the council board, of which Franklin so deeply cherished the memory, are thus alluded to in a letter to Smith, of 13th February, 1774:—

"Pray, what strange accounts are these we hear of Franklin's conduct? I am very slow in believing that he has been guilty in the extreme degree that is pretended; though I always knew him to be a very factious man, and faction, next to fanaticism, is of all passions the most destructive of morality. How is it supposed he got possession of these letters? I hear that Wedderburn's treatment of him before the council was most cruel, without being in the least blameable. What a pity!"[2]

The following, among the very few letters which Hume appears to have written at this period of his life, is addressed to John Home.

"*St. Andrew's Square, 4th June*, 1774.

"DEAR JOHN,—The enclosed came to hand to-day,

Henry in some other form; for a portion of the analytical part of the review is printed in a memoir of Henry, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, (vol. lxxi. p. 907,) as written by "one of the most eminent historians of the present age, whose history of the same period possesses the highest reputation."

[1] Madame Geoffrin, in writing to Hume, notices Franklin's imperfect acquaintance with the French language; this must have been one of the difficulties which his matchless perseverance conquered.

I may mention that, aware that Hume had written to Franklin, I thought it not unlikely that the letters might be incorporated in the elaborate edition of his "Life and Correspondence" by Sparkes. Unfortunately trusting to the copy in the British Museum, I found, at the last moment, that that copy was imperfect, and did not afford the means of ascertaining whether they were published in the work.

[2] MS. R.S.E.

and, as I take it to be directed to you, I have sent it you. If on opening it you find it otherwise, you may return it to me, that I may find the true owner.

"You have seen, no doubt, the specimen of a Scotch review.[1] My first conjecture was that Carlyle was the author; but Dr. Blair has convinced me that it is much more probably the production of your spiritual guide, Tom Hepburn;[2] but, whoever be the father, the child has a great deal of salt, and spirit, and humour. I wish he would continue, though at the hazard of my getting a rap over the knuckles from time to time; for I see in this hero the spirit of a Drawcansir, who spares neither friend nor foe. I think I can reckon about twenty people, not including the king, whom he has attacked in this short performance. I hope all his spleen is not exhausted. I should desire my compliments to him, were I not afraid that he would interpret the civility as paying black mail to him. I am, dear John, yours sincerely."[3]

The following appears to be the earliest letter in

[1] A specimen of the *Scots Review*, a thin duodecimo pamphlet, is now very rare. Its chief object of attention is "that great necromancer and magician David Hume." It is not inaptly described by the *Scots Magazine*:—

"It professes to give a prospectus, and a specimen of an intended new review; but the whole object seems to have been to laugh at some individuals obnoxious to the writer, and particularly to ridicule the virulence, and to lower the pretensions of those who had signalized themselves by their attacks upon the philosophical writings of Mr. Hume; a promise is held out, that this arch-infidel is himself to be reviewed in the first place; and next, those authors who have waged a holy war against him; of whom a list is given, with their characters, the delineation of which, in no very favourable colours, appears, as already mentioned, to have exhausted the main object of the piece, though one or two gentle hits are aimed at the historian himself.

[2] Rev. Thomas Hepburn, minister of Athelstaneford.

[3] *Scots Mag.* New Series. Vol. i.

which Hume expresses himself conscious of some unpleasant feelings, systematic of a decay of the physical functions.

HUME *to* COLONEL EDMONDSTOUNE.

"*Edinburgh, 23d March*, 1775.

"CARO GIUSEPPE,—No request can be more obliging than yours; and no party could have been proposed to any place, or with any company, more agreeable to me. But you remember what a plague I was to every body and to myself on my last journey; and you may recollect that I made a vow, in the bitterness of my distress, never more to leave my own house, nor lie out of my own bed. This vow I have religiously kept, except two or three days last autumn, when I went to my brother's; and though I could scarcely there esteem myself from home, I resolved never more to pay them a visit. You have not a bed cool enough for me, which proceeds not from any distemper or disorder, but from a peculiarity of constitution, that has been gradually increasing on me these last twelve years. I am in very good health: but let me tell you, that you express yourself strangely when you say I have been *complaining*. How could you imagine that I could ever complain, even though *fractus illabatur orbis?* I beseech you, know better the people to whom you speak, and the force of the terms you make use of. Miss Keiths desired me to tell you, that some time ago they had a letter from Sir Basil, by which they learn that your request with regard to Maillet's friend, is complied with.

"My compliments to Mrs. Edmondstoune; embrace Jean Jacques in my name. Dear Guidelianus, I am ever yours."[1]

[1] Original in possession of the Cambusmore family.

Colonel Edmondstoune's answer to these excuses is not a little curious.

DEAR OBSTINATE DAVID,

Pravum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor *recta* jubentium
Non vultus instantis *Baronnæ*
Mente quatit *stolida*.

Will nothing move you, you obdurate philosopher? Your reasons are not worth a straw; and I'll prosecute you for scandalizing my house. The room next to your last is as cool as any room ought to be. It looks to the north, and you was put into a south room, merely because it was thought that the sun's vivifying ray would be of use to a man that had been worn out and so much epuisé in France. Besides, you scrub, have I not seen you basking for hours together in the sun, contemplating Shellie, and burning with envy at his prowess? and I heard nothing about your being heated till we came to Killin, and that was Crichen's doing, to season you for still a hotter place.[1]

HUME *to his Nephew.*[2]

"*St. Andrew's Square, 30th August*, 1775.

"DEAR DAVY, — Your letter gave me satisfaction, and I approve very much of your course of study. But I think you are unreasonably diffident of yourself with regard to the *copia verborum*: you are not wanting in that particular [consider]ing you as a beginner; and the course you take will tend very much to [produce] greater facility as well as correctness of expression. Stylus est optimus [magis]ter eloquentiæ. These, if not the words, are the sense of Quinctilian, for I cite from memory. You know that the Roman stylus was the same as the pen.

"I had a letter to-day from Mr. Millar,[3] who tells

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] Addressed, "Mr. David Hume, at Ninewells, with a great coat."

[3] Professor Millar of Glasgow.

me that he expects to see you on the first Monday of November.

"I do not go to Inverara as soon as I proposed: it will be next week before I set out. I think I am the better for jaunting; though in the main I should like better to stay at home.

"My compliments to your mother; I am glad she has heard from Josey; but I wonder what has detained him so long at Paris.

"I fancy you and Jock are very happy at present in your field sports; and your father will not be displeased to see the favourable progress of the harvest. I am, dear Davy, your affectionate uncle."[1]

Hume *to* John Home.

St. Andrew's Square, Sept. 20th, 1775.

Dear John, — Of all the vices of language, the least excusable is the want of perspicuity; for, as words were instituted by men, merely for conveying their ideas to each other, the employing of words without meaning is a palpable abuse, which departs from the very original purpose and intention of language. It is also to be observed, that any ambiguity in expression is next to the having no meaning at all; and is indeed a species of it; for while the hearer or reader is perplexed between different meanings, he can assign no determinate idea to the speaker or writer; and may, on that account, say with Ovid, "Inopem me copia fecit." For this reason, all eminent rhetoricians and grammarians, both ancient and modern, have insisted on perspicuity of language as an essential quality; without which, all ornaments of diction are vain and fruitless. Quinctilian carries the matter so far, as to condemn this expression, *vidi hominem librum legentem;* because, says he, legentem may construe as well with *librum* as *hominem;* though one would think that the sense were here sufficient to prevent all ambiguity. In con-

[1] MS. R.S.E.

formity to this way of thinking, Vaugelas, the first great grammarian of France, will not permit that any one have recourse to the sense, in order to explain the meaning of the words; because, says he, it is the business of the words to explain the meaning of the sense—not of the sense to give a determinate meaning to the words; and this practice is reversing the order of nature; like the custom of the Romans (he might have added the Greeks,) in their Saturnalia, who made the slaves the masters; for you may learn from Lucian that the Greeks practised the same frolic during the festival of Saturn, whom they called Χρονος.

Now, to apply, and to come to the use of this principle: I must observe to you, that your last letter, besides a continued want of distinctness in the form of the literal characters, has plainly transgressed the essential rule above-mentioned of grammar and rhetoric. You say that Coutts has complained to you of not hearing from me; had you said either James or Thomas, I could have understood your meaning. About two months ago, I heard that James complained of me in this respect; and I wrote to him, though then abroad, making an apology for my being one of the subscribers of a paper which gave him some offence. I was afraid he had not received mine. The letter of Thomas, I conceived to be only a circular letter, informing me of a change in the firm of the house: and having answered it a few days ago, by giving him some directions about disposing of my money, which proved that I intended to remain a customer to the shop; it happens, therefore, luckily, that I had obviated all objections to my conduct on both sides.

In turning over my papers, I find a manuscript journal of the last rebellion, which is at your service. I hope Mrs. Home is better, and will be able to execute her journey. Are you to be in town soon? Yours without ambiguity, circumlocution, or mental reservation.[1]

Hume, though we have found him censuring the conduct of Franklin, was opposed to any attempt to coerce America. "I always thought," says Sir John

[1] Mackenzie's account of Home, p. 158.

Pringle, when writing to him, "you were in the wrong, when you supposed these colonies wanted only a pretext to shake off their subjection."[1] This subjection he seems to have thought they were entitled to throw off; for he was far more tolerant of the sway of individuals over numbers, which he looked upon as the means of preserving order and civilization, than of the predominance of one territory over another, which he looked upon as subjugation. Unfortunately, few of his opinions on this subject can be better ascertained than by the reflex light of the letters addressed to him, in answer to his remarks. With Strahan, the eminent printer, he carried on an extensive correspondence on political matters, of which the letters on his own side have unfortunately been lost.[2] The sentiments which Hume had expressed on the American war, are thus described, by contrast, in the words of that member of Parliament, to whom Franklin addressed his celebrated letter of defiance.

WILLIAM STRAHAN *to* HUME.

I differ from you *toto cœlo* with regard to America. I am entirely for coercive methods with those obstinate madmen; and why should we despair of success? Why should we suffer the empire to be so dismembered, without the utmost exertions on our part? I see nothing so very formidable in this business, if we become a little more unanimous, and could stop the mouths of domestic traitors, from whence the evil originated. Not that I wish to enslave the colonists, or to make them one jot less happy than ourselves;

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] Strahan's letters were carefully preserved by Hume. On application to those who would be likely to possess Hume's side of the correspondence, if it existed, I was informed that it was Mr. Strahan's practice to destroy all the letters addressed to him; but I was very politely favoured with a copy of one of his own letters, which Mr. Strahan had preserved.

but I am for keeping them subordinate to the British legislature; and their trade, in a reasonable degree, subservient to the interest of the mother country; an advantage she well deserves; but which she must inevitably lose, if they are emancipated, as you propose. I am really surprised you are of a different opinion. Very true, things look oddly at present; and the dispute hath, hitherto, been very ill managed; but so we always do at the commencement of every war. So we did, most remarkably, in the last. It is perhaps owing to the nature of our government, which permits not of those sudden and decisive exertions frequently made by arbitrary princes. But, so soon as the British lion is roused, we never fail to fetch up our lee-way, as the sailors say. And so I hope you will find it in this important case.[1]

The following letter, which is not, however, written in a spirit of entire earnestness or sobriety, has some reference to his views on the American question.

HUME *to* BARON MURE.

"*St. David's Street, Oct. 27th*, 1775.

"OH! DEAR BARON,—You have thrown me into agonies, and almost into convulsions, by your request. You ask what seems reasonable,—what seems a mere trifle; yet am I so unfit for it, that it is almost impossible for me to comply. You are much fitter yourself. That address, by which you gained immortal honour, was done altogether without my knowledge; I mean that after the suppression of the late rebellion. Here is Lord Home teazing me for an address from the Merse; and I have constantly refused him. Besides, I am an American in my principles, and wish we would let them alone to govern or misgovern themselves, as they think proper: the affair is of no consequence, or of little consequence, to us. If the

[1] MS. R.S.E.

county of Renfrew think it indispensably necessary for them to interpose in public matters, I wish they would advise the king, first to punish those insolent rascals in London and Middlesex, who daily insult him and the whole legislature, before he thinks of America. Ask him, how he can expect that a form of government will maintain an authority at three thousand miles' distance, when it cannot make itself be respected, or even be treated with common decency, at home. Tell him, that Lord North, though, in appearance, a worthy gentleman, has not a head for these great operations; and that, if fifty thousand men, and twenty millions of money, were intrusted to such a lukewarm coward as Gage, they never could produce any effect. These are objects worthy of the respectable county of Renfrew: not mauling the poor infatuated Americans in the other hemisphere."[1]

It has already been said, that Hume appears to have suspected that his nephew, David, was imbibing republican principles. It is well worthy of remark, that he does not appear to have considered the training of his young nephews, in political opinions different from his own, as at all to be deprecated; and David, to whom the following letter is addressed, was boarded with Professor Millar, afterwards author of the "Historical View of the English Government," who had even then shown himself as one of the most powerful antagonists of Hume's constitutional doctrines. It must be regretted that the letter is much mutilated; but enough of it is preserved to show how lightly Hume's political opinions hung on him — how little they possessed the character of a creed — how tolerant he was of any system of politics which bore the air of philosophy, and how curiously he could let his

[1] *Lit. Gazette*, 1822, p. 637. Corrected from original MS. R.S.E.

reason vibrate between opinions of the most opposite character in practical politics.

HUME *to his* NEPHEW.

"*Edinburgh, 8th December*, 1775.

"DEAR DAVY, — All your letters, both to me and to your father, have [given] great satisfaction, particularly your last; and, in return, I must give you [the] satisfaction of telling you, that Mr. Millar is very well pleased with you, [ ] no less than you with him. He complains only of one thing, which [is not the] usual complaint of tutors against their pupils; to wit, that he is afraid you [apply too] close, and may hurt your health by too assiduous study. I should not men[tion this] if I had the least apprehension that a hint of this nature would m[ake you] relax too much. But I cannot forbear saying, that every day, fair or foul, [you] ought to use some exercise. Relaxation from [for?] amusement, you may use, [or not,] as you fancy; but that, for health, is absolutely necessary. When I was [of your] age, I was inclined to give in to excesses of the same kind; and I remember [an anecdote] told me by a friend, the present Lord Pitfour. A man was riding, with [great] violence, and running his horse quite out of wind. He stopt a moment to [ask when] he might reach a particular place. In two hours, replied the countryman, [if you] will go slower; in four if you be in such a hurry. Bad health, be[sides other] inconveniencies, is the greatest interrupter to study in the world.

"I cannot but agree with Mr. Millar, that the republican form of government is by far the best. The ancient republics were somewhat ferocious and torn [ ] by bloody factions; but they were

still much preferable to the monarchies or [aristocracies] which seem to have been quite intolerable. Modern manners have corrected this abuse; and all the republics in Europe, without exception, are so well governed that one is at a loss to which we should give the preference. But what is this general subject of speculation to our purpose? For, besides that an established government [ ] without the most criminal imputation, be disjointed from any speculation, [ ] is only fitted for a small state; and any attempt towards it can, in our [ ] produce only anarchy, which is the immediate forerunner of despotism [ ] tell us what is that form of a republic which we must aspire to? Or [ ] stion be afterwards decided by the sword. [One] great advantage of a commonwealth over our mixed monarchy, is, that it [would consid]erably abridge our liberty; which is growing to such an extreme as to be incom[patible wi]th all. Such fools are they who perpetually cry out liberty, [and think to] augment it by shaking off the monarchy.

"I have not heard from Josey for some time, which, you may believe, has produced [ ] reflections in some of your friends. But to show you that you are not forgotten [ ] I showed Mr. Millar's letter to your mother. I am afraid, said she, that [ ] some symptoms of a consumption in poor Davy.

"[I a]m far from thinking Mr. Millar's demands in point of money unreas[onable.] On the contrary, I believe that I never laid out money to better purpose.

"[Ha]rrington is an author of genius, but chimerical. No laws, however rigorous, [would ma]ke his Agrarian practicable. And as the people have only a negative, the [ ] would perpetually gain ground

upon them. You remember that Montesquieu says, that Harrington establishing his "Oceana" in opposition to the English constitution, is like the blind men who built Chalcedon on the opposite [ ] to the seat of Byzantium. I ask your pardon for not writing to you [sooner,] but beg the continuance of your correspondence. My compliments to [Mr. Millar,] to whom I owe a letter. I am, your affectionate uncle."[1]

HUME *to* JOHN HOME.

"*Edinburgh, 8th February*, 1776.

"DEAR TYRTAEUS,—It is a remark of Dr. Swift's, that no man in London ever complained of his being neglected by his friends in the country. Your complaint of me is the more flattering.

"Two posts ago, I received, under a frank of General Fraser's, a pamphlet, entitled *A letter from an officer retired*. It is a very good pamphlet; and I conjecture you to be the author. Sallust makes it a question, whether the writer or the performer of good things has the preference? and he ascribes the greater praise to the latter. It is happy for you, that you may rest your fame on either. I here allude to what you have done for Ferguson.

"But, pray, why do you say, that the post of Boston is like the camp of Pirna? I fancy our troops can be withdrawn thence without any difficulty.

"I make no doubt, since you sound the trumpet for war against the Americans, that you have a plan ready for governing them, after they are subdued: but

[1] MS. R.S.E. Addressed, "Mr. David Hume, at Mr. Professor Millar's, at Glasgow." The blanks are caused by a stripe having been torn off the side of the letter.

you will not subdue them; unless they break in pieces among themselves—an event very probable. It is a wonder it has not happened sooner. But no man can foretell how far these frenzies of the people may be carried. Yours," &c.[1]

The following letter exhibits a feeling of impatience for the appearance of the long promised "Wealth of Nations." It shows, in discussing some questions in political economy, that, with his usual sagacity, Hume predicted that the loss of British supremacy over America, would not have that dire effect on our commercial prosperity, which had been anticipated.

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

"*Edinburgh, 8th Feb.* 1776.

"DEAR SMITH, — I am as lazy a correspondent as you, yet my anxiety about you makes me write. By all accounts your book has been printed long ago: yet it has never yet been so much as advertised. What is the reason? If you wait till the fate of America be decided, you may wait long.

"By all accounts, you intend to settle with us this spring: yet we hear no more of it: What is the reason? Your chamber in my house is always unoccupied. I am always at home. I expect you to land here.

"I have been, am, and shall be probably in an indifferent state of health. I weighed myself t' other day, and find I have fallen five complete stones. If you delay much longer I shall probably disappear altogether.

"The Duke of Buccleuch tells me that you are very zealous in American affairs. My notion is

[1] Mackenzie's Account of Home, p. 160.

that the matter is not so important as is commonly imagined. If I be mistaken, I shall probably correct my error when I see you, or read you. Our navigation and general commerce may suffer more than our manufactures. Should London fall as much in its size as I have done, it will be the better. It is nothing but a hulk of bad and unclean humours. Yours," &c.[1]

It is not perhaps uncharitable to suppose, that the following eulogium would have been more warm, had the person it was addressed to not been one of "the barbarians who inhabit the banks of the Thames."

HUME *to* GIBBON.

Edinburgh, 18th March, 1776.

DEAR SIR, — As I ran through your volume of history with a great deal of avidity and impatience, I cannot forbear discovering somewhat of the same impatience in returning you thanks for your agreeable present, and expressing the satisfaction which the performance has given me. Whether I consider the dignity of your style, the depth of your matter, or the extensiveness of your learning, I must regard the work as equally the object of esteem ; and I own, that if I had not previously had the happiness of your personal acquaintance, such a performance, from an Englishman in our age, would have given m some surprise. You may smile at this sentiment ; but as it seems to me that your countrymen, for almost a whole generation, have given themselves up to barbarous and absurd faction, and have totally neglected all polite letters, I no longer expected any valuable production ever to come from them. I know it will give you pleasure (as it did me,) to find that all the men of letters in this place concur in their admiration of your work, and in their anxious desire of your continuing it.

When I heard of your undertaking, (which was some time ago,) I own I was a little curious to see how you would ex-

[1] MS. R.S.E.

tricate yourself from the subject of your two last chapters. I think you have observed a very prudent temperament; but it was impossible to treat the subject so as not to give grounds of suspicion against you, and you may expect that a clamour will arise. This, if any thing, will retard your success with the public; for in every other respect your work is calculated to be popular. But, among many other marks of decline, the prevalence of superstition in England, prognosticates the fall of philosophy and decay of taste; and though nobody be more capable than you to revive them, you will probably find a struggle in your first advances.

I see you entertain a great doubt with regard to the authenticity of the poems of Ossian. You are certainly right in so doing. It is, indeed, strange, that any men of sense could have imagined it possible, that above twenty thousand verses, along with numberless historical facts, could have been preserved by oral tradition during fifty generations, by the rudest, perhaps, of all European nations; the most necessitous, the most turbulent, and the most unsettled. Where a supposition is so contrary to common sense, any positive evidence of it ought never to be regarded. Men run with great avidity to give their evidence in favour of what flatters their passions, and their national prejudices. You are, therefore, over and above indulgent to us in speaking of the matter with hesitation.

I must inform you, that we are all very anxious to hear that you have fully collected the materials for your second volume, and that you are even considerably advanced in the composition of it. I speak this more in the name of my friends than in my own; as I cannot expect to live so long as to see the publication of it. Your ensuing volume will be more delicate than the preceding, but I trust in your prudence for extricating you from the difficulties; and, in all events, you have courage to despise the clamour of bigots. I am, with regard," &c.[1]

At length appeared the long looked for work, in which the parent of the first elucidations of political

[1] Life of Gibbon.

economy was to see his own offspring eclipsed; and to see it with pride. One must be familiar with the unenvious friendship which Hume ever bestowed, on the fellow countrymen who joined him in the noble path of philosophical inquiry, to appreciate the genuine satisfaction with which he thus hailed the appearance of "The Wealth of Nations."

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

"*Edinburgh, 1st April,* 1776.

"EUGE! BELLE! DEAR MR. SMITH,—I am much pleased with your performance; and the perusal of it has taken me from a state of great anxiety. It was a work of so much expectation, by yourself, by your friends, and by the public, that I trembled for its appearance, but am now much relieved. Not but that the reading of it necessarily requires so much attention, and the public is disposed to give so little, that I shall still doubt for some time of its being at first very popular. But it has depth, and solidity, and acuteness, and is so much illustrated by curious facts, that it must at last take the public attention. It is probably much improved by your last abode in London. If you were here at my fireside, I should dispute some of your principles. I cannot think that the rent of farms makes any part of the price of the produce, but that the price is determined altogether by the quantity and the demand.[1] It appears to me impossible, that the King of France can take a seignorage of eight per cent upon the coinage. Nobody would bring bullion to the mint; it would be all

[1] From this it would appear that Hume had opened up in his own mind, the theory of rent, afterwards successively suggested by Dr. Anderson and Ricardo, without the latter, it is believed, knowing that he had been anticipated by the author of the *Bee*.

sent to Holland or England, where it might be coined and sent back to France, for less than two per cent. Accordingly, Necker says, that the French king takes only two per cent of seignorage. But these and a hundred other points are fit only to be discussed in conversation; which, till you tell me the contrary, I still flatter myself with soon. I hope it will be soon; for I am in a very bad state of health, and cannot afford a long delay. I fancy you are acquainted with Mr. Gibbon. I like his performance extremely, and have ventured to tell him, that, had I not been personally acquainted with him, I should never have expected such an excellent work from the pen of an Englishman. It is lamentable to consider how much that nation has declined in literature during our time. I hope he did not take amiss the national reflection.

"All your friends here are in great grief at present, for the death of Baron Mure, which is an irreparable loss to our society. He was among the oldest and best friends I had in the world."[1]

In April, 1776, the disease of which Hume subsequently died, had made alarming progress. The little autobiographical sketch, called "my own Life," was finished on the eighteenth of that month; and he there speaks of the rise and progress of his disorder, and of his feelings under the expectation of a speedy termination of his life, in the following terms:—

In spring, 1775, I was struck with a disorder in my bowels, which at first gave me no alarm, but has since, as I apprehend it, become mortal and incurable. I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder; and what is more strange, have, notwithstanding the great decline of my person, never suffered a

[1] MS. R.S.E.

moment's abatement of my spirits; insomuch, that were I to name the period of my life which I should most choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this latter period. I possess the same ardour as ever in study, and the same gaiety in company. I consider, besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and though I see many symptoms of my literary reputation's breaking out at last with additional lustre, I knew that I could have but few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present.

It was probably early in the year, and before the disease had made such progress, as to make his friends in general anticipate its fatal conclusion, that Dr. Black wrote the following undated letter on the subject to Smith:—

"I write at present, chiefly to acquaint you with the state of your friend David Hume's health, which is so bad that I am quite melancholy upon it, and as I hear that you intend a visit to this country soon, I wish if possible to hasten your coming, that he may have the comfort of your company so much the sooner. He has been declining several years, and this in a slow and gradual manner, until about a twelvemonth ago, since which the progress of his disorder has been more rapid. One of his distresses has been a sensation of excessive heat, chiefly in the night time, and which was only external, for it occasioned no internal distress, or anxiety, or thirst."

Black then proceeds to describe with more minuteness, than would be either pleasing or instructive to unscientific readers, a series of symptoms from which he infers that the most serious part of his patient's disorder, is a hemorrhage in the upper part of the intestines.[1] He continues,—

[1] The letter is of such a character, as one medical man might be supposed to write to another. Black was no pedant, and he

"His mother, he says, had precisely the same constitution with himself, and died of this very disorder; which has made him give up any hopes of his getting the better of it." He concludes by saying,—

"Do not, however, say much on this subject to any one else; as he does not like to have it spoke of, and has been shy and slow in acquainting me fully with the state of his health."

In preparation for the event, which could not be far distant, he had executed a settlement of his estate, so early as the 4th of January. He left the bulk of his fortune to his brother, or, in the case of his predeceasing him, to his nephew David, burdened in the latter case with special legacies to his other nephews and his nieces. He left his sister £1200. Along with some legacies to a few obscure private friends and to his servants, he left £200 to D'Alembert, and the same sum to Adam Ferguson.[1] He appointed Smith his

writes as if his correspondent knew the technicalities of the science in their full practical meaning,—an addition to the many illustrations of the varied range of scientific knowledge, at the command of the master of political economy.

[1] The following provision is in a codicil: "I also leave for rebuilding the bridge of Churnside the sum of a hundred pounds; but on condition that the manager of the bridge shall take none of the stones for building the bridge from the quarry of Ninewells, except from that part of the quarry which has been already opened." With reference to this, Dr. Cullen, in the letter cited, p. 516, says, "In the neighbourhood of his brother's house, in Berwickshire, is a brook, by which the access in time of floods is frequently interrupted. Mr. Hume bequeaths £100 for building a bridge over this brook, but upon the express condition that none of the stones for that purpose shall be taken from a quarry in the neighbourhood, which forms part of a romantic scene, in which, in his earlier days, Mr. Hume took particular delight." This is the only authenticated instance that I remember to have met with of Hume's attachment to local scenery. It is a tradition in Edinburgh, that he was fond of walking along the base of Salisbury Crags.

literary executor, in the following terms:[1] "To my friend Dr. Adam Smith, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow, I leave all my manuscripts without exception, desiring him to publish my 'Dialogues on Natural Religion,' which are comprehended in this present bequest; but to publish no other papers which he suspects not to have been written within these five years, but to destroy them all at his leisure. 'And I even leave him full power over all my papers, except the Dialogues above mentioned; and though I can trust to that intimate and sincere friendship, which has ever subsisted between us, for his faithful execution of this part of my will, yet, as a small recompense of his pains in correcting and publishing this work, I leave him two hundred pounds, to be paid immediately after the publication of it."

Smith subsequently refused to receive payment of the legacy; and it was the cause of a long friendly discussion with Mr. Home of Ninewells, who, in opposition to his argument, that it was bequeathed as a remuneration for editorial labours, which by a subsequent alteration of the bequest did not require to be performed, urged such pleas as this, "My brother, knowing your liberal way of thinking, laid on you something as an equivalent, not imagining you would refuse a small gratuity from the funds it was to come from, as a testimony of his friendship."[2] But he

[1] In 1773, Smith, apparently in bad health, wrote to Hume, desiring him to take charge of his manuscripts in case of his own predecease, (MS. R.S.E.) This, and some other letters by Smith, I might have been tempted to print in this work, had I not the satisfaction of knowing that they are likely soon to be published under the auspices of Lord Brougham.

[2] MS. R.S.E.

pleaded in vain; and Smith continued to refuse the bequest, with all the firmness of his unmercenary nature.

Previous to his journey to Bath, which has to be presently narrated, Hume appears to have informed Smith of the desire expressed in his will, that he should undertake the publication of the "Dialogues on Natural Religion." The intimation was probably verbal, as it does not form part of any letter among Hume's papers. Elliot was opposed to the publication of this work. Blair pleaded strongly for its suppression; and Smith, who had made up his mind, that he would not edit the work, seems to have desired that the testamentary injunction laid on him might be revoked. Hume, however, before his death, took effectual steps to guard against its suppression.

Thus, after having good-naturedly abstained, for nearly thirty years, from the publication of a work, which might give pain and umbrage to his dearest friends; at the close of life, and when the lapse of time since it was written might have been supposed to render him indifferent to its fate,—because there appeared some danger of its final suppression, he took decided and well pondered steps to avert from it this fate. Such was the character of the man!

HUME *to* ADAM SMITH.

"*London, 3d May*, 1776.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I send you enclosed an ostensible letter, conformably to your desire. I think, however, your scruples groundless. Was Mallet any wise hurt by his publication of Lord Bolingbroke? He received an office afterwards from the present king and Lord Bute, the most prudish men in the world; and he always justified himself by

his sacred regard to the will of a dead friend. At the same time, I own that your scruples have a specious appearance. But my opinion is, that if upon my death you determine never to publish these papers, you should leave them sealed up with my brother and family, with some inscription that you reserve to yourself the power of reclaiming them whenever you think proper. If I live a few years longer, I shall publish them myself. I consider an observation of Rochefoucault, that a wind, though it extinguishes a candle, blows up a fire.

"You may be surprised to hear me talk of living years, considering the state you saw me in, and the sentiments which both I and all my friends at Edinburgh entertained on that subject. But though I cannot come up entirely to the sanguine notions of our friend John, I find myself very much recovered on the road, and I hope Bath waters and farther journeys, may effect my cure.

"By the little company I have seen, I find the town very full of your book, which meets with general approbation. Many people think particular points disputable; but this you certainly expected. I am glad that I am one of the number; as these points will be the subject of future conversation between us. I set out for Bath, I believe, on Monday, by Sir John Pringle's directions, who says, that he sees nothing to be apprehended in my case. If you write to me (hem! hem!) I say if you write to me, send your letter under cover to Mr. Strahan, who will have my direction."[1]

The "ostensible letter" which was to serve as Smith's justification, if he should decline to follow the injunctions of the will, is as follows:—

[1] MS. R.S.E.

"*London, 3d May*, 1776.

"My dear Sir, — After reflecting more maturely on that article of my will by which I left you the disposal of all my papers, with a request that you should publish my 'Dialogues concerning Natural Religion,' I have become sensible that, both on account of the nature of the work, and of your situation, it may be improper to hurry on that publication. I therefore take the present opportunity of qualifying that friendly request. I am content to leave it entirely to your discretion, at what time you will publish that piece, or whether you will publish it at all.

"You will find among my papers a very inoffensive piece, called "my own Life," which I composed a few days before I left Edinburgh; when I thought, as did all my friends, that my life was despaired of. There can be no objection, that the small piece should be sent to Messrs. Strahan and Cadell, and the proprietors of my other works, to be prefixed to any future edition of them."[1]

Smith did not absolutely refuse to edit the "Dialogues," but Hume saw pretty clearly that it was a task that would not be performed by him. That he was correct in this supposition, appears by a letter from Smith to Strahan after Hume's death, where he says:

"I once had persuaded him to leave it entirely to my discretion either to publish them at what time I thought proper, or not to publish them at all. Had he continued of this mind, the manuscript should have been most carefully preserved, and upon my decease restored to his family; but it never should have been

[1] MS. R.S.E.

published in my lifetime. When you have read it, you will perhaps think it not unreasonable to consult some prudent friend about what you ought to do." [1]

By a codicil to his will, dated 7th August, he thus altered the arrangement referred to in these letters. "In my later will and disposition, I made some destinations with regard to my manuscripts: All these I now retract, and leave my manuscripts to the care of Mr. William Strahan of London, member of Parliament, trusting to the friendship that has long subsisted between us, for his careful and faithful execution of my intentions. I desire that my 'Dialogues concerning Natural Religion' may be printed and published, any time within two years after my death." After making the bequest to John Home which is mentioned farther on, leaving to Blair, Smith, Home, and Edmondstoune, "all of them persons very dear to me, and whose affection to me I know by repeated proofs to have been mutual," each a copy of the new edition of his works, and to Miss Ord, ten guineas to buy a ring, "as a memorial of his friendship and attachment to so amiable and accomplished a person," the codicil is signed. There is then a new paragraph appended as follows:

"I do ordain that if my 'Dialogues,' from whatever cause, be not published within two years and a half after my death, as also the account of my life, the property shall return to my nephew, David, whose duty in publishing them, as the last request of his uncle, must be approved of by all the world." [2]

Both Hume and Smith seem to have thought that Strahan would undertake the publication as a mere matter of business. But this book, like the little hunchback in the "Arabian Nights," was a commo-

[1] MS. R.S.E.

[2] MS. R.S.E.

dity which every one seemed anxious to transfer to his neighbour. Strahan declined to undertake the task, and the "Dialogues" did not appear until 1779, when they were published by their author's nephew.

Smith cheerfully agreed to undertake the superintendance of the new edition of his friend's works, then at press. They appear to have been all in a state of very finished preparation for the press, and an edition of the "Inquiries" and the miscellaneous essays was published in 1777, from a copy in which the author had completed that removal of passages of a democratic tendency, which has been so frequently alluded to.

By the entreaties of several friends, who believed that travelling might have a favourable influence on his health, Hume undertook a journey to London towards the end of April. At Morpeth he met with Adam Smith and John Home, on their way from London, to visit him in Edinburgh, in consequence of a letter which the former had received from Ferguson, who says, "David, I am afraid, loses ground. He is cheerful and in good spirits as usual; but I confess that my hopes, from the effects of the turn of the season towards spring, have very much abated."

Smith proceeded to Edinburgh, but Home went back to London with his friend, and fortunately preserved a diary of the journey, so very interesting, and containing so lively a picture of Hume's state of mind and habits, that, though already published,[1] the reader would not excuse its omission on this occasion.

Note by Mr. John Home.

Soon after Mr. Home received the letter from Dr. Ferguson, he left London, and set out for Scotland with Mr. Adam

[1] In the Appendix to Mackenzie's Account of the Life of Home.

Smith. They came to Morpeth on the 23d of April, 1776, and would have passed Mr. David Hume, if they had not seen his servant, Colin, standing at the gate of an inn. Mr. Home thinks that his friend, Mr. David Hume, is much better than he expected to find him. His spirits are astonishing: he talks of his illness, of his death, as matters of no moment, and gives an account of what passed between him and his physicians since his illness began, with his usual wit, or with more wit than usual.

He acquainted Mr. Adam Smith and me, that Dr. Black had not concealed the opinion he had of the desperateness of his condition, and was rather averse to his setting out. "Have you no reason against it," said David, "but an apprehension that it may make me die sooner?—that is no reason at all." I never saw him more cheerful, or in more perfect possession of all his faculties, his memory, his understanding, his wit. It is agreed that Smith shall go on to Scotland, and that I should proceed to Bath with David. We are to travel one stage before dinner, and one after dinner. Colin tells me that he thinks Mr. Hume better than when he left Edinburgh. We had a fine evening as we went from Morpeth to Newcastle. David seeing a pair of pistols in the chaise, said, that as he had very little at stake, he would indulge me in my humour of fighting the highwaymen. Whilst supper was getting ready at the inn, Mr. Hume and I played an hour at picquet. Mr. David was very keen about his card-playing.

Newcastle, Wednesday, 24th April.

Mr. Hume not quite so well in the morning—says, that he had set out merely to please his friends; that he would go on to please them; that Ferguson and Andrew Stuart, (about whom we had been talking,) were answerable for shortening his life one week a-piece; for, says he, you will allow Xenophon to be good authority; and he lays it down, that suppose a man is dying, nobody has a right to kill him. He set out in this vein, and continued all the stage in his cheerful and talking humour. It was a fine day, and we went on to Durham—from that to Darlington, where we passed the night.

In the evening Mr. Hume thinks himself more easy and

light, than he has been any time for three months. In the course of our conversation we touched upon the national affairs. He still maintains, that the national debt must be the ruin of Britain; and laments that the two most civilized nations, the English and French, should be on the decline; and the barbarians, the Goths and Vandals of Germany and Russia, should be rising in power and renown. The French king, he says, has ruined the state by recalling the parliaments. Mr. Hume thinks that there is only one man in France fit to be minister, (the Archbishop of Toulouse,) of the family of Brienne. He told me some curious anecdotes with regard to this prelate; that he composed and corrected without writing; that Mr. Hume had heard him repeat an elegant oration of an hour and a quarter in length, which he had never written. Mr. Hume, talking with the Princess Beauvais about French policy, said that he knew but one man in France capable of restoring its greatness; the lady said she knew one too, and wished to hear if it was the same. They accordingly named each their man, and it was this prelate.[1]

Thursday, 25th.

Left Darlington about nine o'clock, and came to Northallerton. The same delightful weather. A shower fell that laid the dust, and made our journey to Boroughbridge more pleasant. Mr. Hume continues very easy, and has a tolerable appetite; tastes nothing liquid but water, and sups upon an egg. He assured me, that he never possessed his faculties more perfectly; that he never was more sensible of the beauties of any classic author than he was at present, nor loved more to read. When I am not in the room with him he reads continually. The post-boys can scarcely be persuaded to drive only five miles an hour, and their horses are of the same way of thinking! The other travellers, as they pass, look into the chaise, and laugh at our slow pace. This evening the post-boy from Northallerton, who had

[1] It is curious to observe, that the object of this united prediction was that same Loménie de Brienne, who was put at the head of affairs before the outbreak of the revolution, and who left behind him so undisputed a character of utter incapacity to be a statesman in difficult times.

required a good deal of threatening to make him drive as slow as we desired, had no sooner taken his departure to go home, than he set off at full speed. "*Pour se dédommager*," said David.

Friday, 26th, Boroughbridge.

Mr. Hume this morning not quite so well. He observes, and I see it, that he has a good day and a bad one. His illness is an internal hemorrhage, which has been wasting him for a long time. He is so thin that he chooses to have a cushion under him when he sits upon an ordinary chair. He told me to-day, that if Louis XV. had died in the time of the regency, the whole French nation were determined to bring back the King of Spain to be King of France, — so zealous were they for preserving the line of succession. This evening Mr. Hume not quite so well, and goes to bed at a more early hour than he used to do.

Ferrybridge, Sunday, 28th.

Mr. Hume much better this morning. He told me, that the French nation had no great opinion of Cardinal Fleury; that the English had extolled him, in opposition to their own minister Sir Robert Walpole; but that Fleury was a little genius, and a cheat. Lord Marischal acquainted Mr. Hume with a piece of knavery which his lordship said nobody but a Frenchman and a priest could have been guilty of. The French ambassador at Madrid came to Lord Marischal one day, and told him, that he had a letter from the French minister at Petersburgh, acquainting him that General Keith was not pleased with his situation in Russia, and wished to return to the Spanish service, (where he had formerly been;) that it would be proper for Lord Marischal to apply to the court of Spain. Lord Marischal said nothing could be more agreeable to him than to have his brother in the same country with him; but that, as he had heard nothing from himself, he could not make any application in his name. The French minister still urged him to write to the Spanish minister, but in vain. When the brothers met, several years after, they explained this matter. Keith had never any intention of coming into the Spanish service again; and if Lord Marischal had applied to the court of Spain, measures were taken to intercept the letter, and send it to

the court of Russia. General Keith, who commanded the Russian army in the field against the Swedes, would have been arrested, and sent to Siberia; and the moment he had left the army, the Swedes were to attack the Russians. Mr. Hume told me, talking of Fleury, that Monsieur Trudent,[1] who was his eléve, acquainted him with an anecdote of that minister and the late French king, which he, Mr. Hume, believes Trudent had never ventured to tell to any body but him; and he (David) had never told it to any body but me. Now, since Fleury, Trudent, and Lewis, are all dead, it may be told. Trudent took the liberty of observing to Fleury, that the king should be advised to apply a little more to business, and take some charge of his own affairs. Fleury, the first time Trudent spoke to him upon this subject, made him no answer; but upon his speaking again on the same subject, he told him, that he had entreated the king to be a man of business, and assured him that the French did not like an inactive prince; that in former times, there had been a race of indolent princes who did nothing at all, and were called *Les Rois Fainéants;* that one of them had been put into a convent. The king made no reply; but some time afterwards, when Fleury resumed the subject, the king asked him, whether or no the prince that was put into the convent had a good pension allowed him? [2]

Mr. Hume this day told me, that he had bought a piece of ground; and when I seemed surprised that I had never heard of it, he said it was in the New Church-yard, on the Calton Hill, for a burying-place; that he meant to have a small monument erected, not to exceed in expense one hundred pounds; that the inscription should be

DAVID HUME.

I desired him to change the discourse. He did so; but seemed surprised at my uneasiness, which he said was very

[1] Probably M. Trudaine de Montigny, frequently mentioned above, whose son translated Hume's "Natural History of Religion." See above, p. 167.

[2] This anecdote is told nearly in the same words, in one of Walpole's posthumous works. Memoirs of George III. vol. ii. p. 240.

nonsensical. I think he is gaining ground; but he laughs at me, and says it is impossible; that the year ('76,) sooner or later, he takes his departure. He is willing to go to Bath, or travel during the summer through England, and return to Scotland to die at home; but that Sir John Pringle, and the whole faculty, would find it very difficult to boat him, (formerly an usual phrase in Scotland for going abroad, that is, out of the island, for health.) This day we travelled by his desire three stages, and arrived with great ease at Grantham.

Monday, 29th.

From the treatment Mr. Hume met with in France, he recurred to a subject not unfrequent with him—that is, the design to ruin him as an author, by the people that were ministers, at the first publication of his History, and called themselves Whigs, who, he said, were determined not to suffer truth to be told in Britain. Amongst many instances of this, he told me one which was new to me. The Duke of Bedford, (who afterwards conceived a great affection for Mr. Hume,) by the suggestions of some of his party friends, ordered his son, Lord Tavistock, not to read Mr. Hume's History of England; but the young man was prevailed upon by one of his companions (Mr. Crawford of Errol) to disobey the command. He read the History, and was extremely pleased with it.

Mr. Hume told me, that the Duke de Choiseul, at the time Lord Hertford was in France, expressed the greatest inclination for peace, and a good correspondence between France and Britain. He assured Lord Hertford, that if the court of Britain would relinquish Falkland Island, he would undertake to procure from the court of Spain the payment of the Manilla ransom. Lord Hertford communicated the proposal to Mr. Grenville, who slighted it. Lord Hertford told Mr. Hume the same day an extraordinary instance of the violence of faction. Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign, when the Whig ministers were turned out of all their places at home, and the Duke of Marlborough still continued in the command of the army abroad, the discarded ministers met, and wrote a letter, which was signed by Lord Somers, Lord Townshend, Lord Sunderland, and Sir Robert Walpole,

desiring the duke to bring over the troops he could depend on, and that they would seize the queen's person, and proclaim the Elector of Hanover Regent. The Duke of Marlborough answered the letter, and said it was madness to think of such a thing. Mr. Horace Walpole, Sir R. Walpole's youngest son, confirmed the truth of this anecdote, which he had heard his father repeat often and often; and Mr. Walpole allowed Mr. Hume to quote him as his authority, and make what use he pleased of it. When George I. came to England, he hesitated whether to make a Whig or a Tory administration; but the German minister, Bernstorf, determined him to take the side of the Whigs, who had made a purse of thirty thousand guineas, and given it to this German. George I. was of a moderate and gentle temper.—He regretted all his life, that he had given way to the violence of the Whigs in the beginning of his reign. Whenever any difficulty occurred in parliament, he used to blame the impeachment of the Tories,—"Ce diable de impeachment," as he called it.

The Whigs, in the end of Queen Anne's reign, bribed the Emperor's ministers, not to consent to the peace, and to send over Prince Eugene with proposals to continue the war.

This anecdote from Lord Bath. Another anecdote Mr. Hume mentioned, but distrusted the authority, for it was David Mallet who told Mr Hume, that he had evidence in his custody of a design to assassinate Lord Oxford.

Prior, after the accession, was reduced to such poverty by the persecution he met with, that he was obliged to publish his works by subscription. Lord Bathurst told Mr. Hume, that he was with Prior reading the pieces that were to be published, and he thought there was not enough to make two small volumes. He asked Prior if he had no more poems? He said, No more that he thought good enough.—"What is that," said Bathurst, pointing to a roll of paper. "A trifle," said Prior, "that I wrote in three weeks, not worthy of your attention or that of the public." Lord Bathurst desired to see it. This neglected piece was *Alma*.

Tuesday, 30th.

Last night, when Mr. Hume was going to bed, he complained of cold. One part of his malady had been a conti-

nual heat, so that he could not endure a soft or warm bed, and lay in the night with a single sheet upon him; he desired to have an additional covering. Colin observed to him, that he thought it a good symptom. Mr. Hume said he thought so too, for it was a good thing to be like other people. This morning he is wonderfully well; which is visible in his countenance and colour, and even the firmness of his step. Talking of the state of the nation, which he continually laments, he mentioned an anecdote of the former war. He was at Turin with General Sinclair, after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and, considering the superiority which the French arms had gained, he could not conceive why France granted such good terms to Britain. He desired General Sinclair to touch upon that subject with the King of Sardinia. That prince, who was very familiar with the General, said he was at a loss to give any account of that matter; but, many years after, when Hume was minister in France, and lived in great intimacy with Monsieur Puysieux, Secretary of State, who had negociated the peace of Aix, Mr. Hume asked him the reason of the conduct of France at that time? Puysieux told him, that it was the king's aversion to war; that he knew more of it than any man alive, for, the year before the peace, he was ordered by the king to propose pretty near the same terms. He remonstrated against making the offer; said that at least the proposal should come from England; and that there was always some advantage to be gained by receiving, rather than propounding terms. The king was impatient, and obliged Puysieux to write the letter, (which General Ligonier carried,) with those terms which next year were agreed to by the British court. Mr. John Home said he knew that the King of France promoted the peace of Paris from the aversion he had to war; and the peace was made at a time when it seemed impossible for Britain to carry on a war of such extent, and retain her scattered conquests. Mr. Hume mentioned another singular anecdote concerning the beginning of the last war. When a squadron of the English fleet attacked and took two French men of war, the Alcide and the Lys, Louis XV. was so averse to war, that he would have pocketed the insult; and Madame Pompadour said it was better to put up with the affront,

than to go to war without any object but the point of honour. It is known, that neither the king nor the ministers of England wished for war. The French king abhorred the thought of war!—What then was the cause? Chiefly the fear of the popular clamour, and of the opposition, in the Duke of Newcastle's mind. Mr. Hume thinks Lord North no great minister, but does not see a better; cannot give any reason for the incapacity and want of genius, civil and military, which marks this period. He looks upon the country as on the verge of decline. His fears seem rather too great, and things are not quite so bad as he apprehends; but certainly the first show of statesmen, generals, and admirals, is, without comparison, the worst that has been seen in this country. I said to Mr. Hume, that I thought the great consideration to be acquired by speaking in Parliament, was the cause of that want of every other quality in men of rank: they do speak readily, but there are many orators who can neither judge nor act well.

Wednesday, 31st April.

Arrived in London, where we saw Sir John Pringle, who thought Mr. Hume much better than he expected to see him, and in no immediate danger. We staid a few days in London, and then set out for Bath.

In travelling from London to Bath, we had occasion frequently to make our observations on the passengers whom we met, and on those who passed us, as every carriage continued to do. Nothing occurred worthy the writing down, except Mr. David's plan of managing his kingdom, in case Ferguson and I had been princes of the adjacent states. He knew very well, he said, (having often disputed the point with us,) the great opinion we had of military virtues as essential to every state; that from these sentiments rooted in us, he was certain he would be attacked and interrupted in his projects of cultivating, improving, and civilizing mankind by the arts of peace; that he comforted himself with reflecting, that from our want of economy and order in our affairs, we should be continually in want of money; whilst he would have his finances in excellent condition, his magazines well filled, and naval stores in abundance; but that his final stroke of policy, upon which he depended, was to

give one of us a large subsidy to fall upon the other, which would infallibly secure to him peace and quiet, and after a long war, would probably terminate in his being master of all the three kingdoms. At this sally, so like David's manner of playing with his friends, I fell into a fit of laughing, in which David joined; and the people that passed us certainly thought we were very merry travellers.

We have the following account from his own pen of his sojourn at Bath.

HUME *to* DR. BLAIR.

"*Bath, 13th May*, 1776.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR, — You have frequently heard me complain of my physical friends, that they allowed me to die in the midst of them without so much as giving a Greek name to my disorder: a consolation which was the least I had reason to expect from them. Dr. Black, hearing this complaint, told me that I should be satisfied in that particular, and that my disorder was a hemorrhage, a word which it was easy to decompose into αιμος[1] and ῥηγνυμι. But Sir John Pringle says, that I have no hemorrhage, but a spincture in the colon, which it will be easy to cure. This disorder, as it both contained two Greek appellations and was remediable, I was much inclined to prefer; when, behold! Dr. Gustard tells me that he sees no symptoms of the former disorder, and as to the latter, he never met with it and scarcely ever heard of it. He assures me that my case is the most common of all Bath cases, to wit, a bilious complaint, which the waters scarcely ever fail of curing: and he never had a patient of whose recovery he had better hopes.

"Indeed the waters, in the short trial which I have made of them, (for I have been here only four days,) seem to agree very well with me; and two days ago

[1] αιμα.

I found myself so well, that, for the first time, I began to entertain hopes of a reprieve. Yesterday I was not so well, from a misunderstanding in new lodgings with regard to my bedding. My whimsicalness in this particular surprises Dr. Gustard, and he knows not what to make of it. By the by, this Dr. Gustard is an excellent kind of man, very friendly, and I believe very intelligent. He assures me, as do several others, that the summer is the best time for Bath waters: and if they continue to agree with me I shall probably pass here that season. I promised to General Conway, and Lady Aylesbury, that if I had recovered so much health as to venture myself in company, I should pass some weeks of the autumn at Park place. This is the only retardment I can foresee to my return to Scotland before winter. My wishes carry me thither; though the grievous loss we have suffered in friends makes the abode in that country less pleasing to my fancy than formerly.

"You must have heard of the agreeable surprise which John Home put upon me. We travelled up to London very cheerfully together, and thence to this place, where we found Mrs. Home almost quite recovered. Never was there a more friendly action, nor better placed; for what between conversation and gaming, (not to mention sometimes squabbling,) I did not pass a languid moment; and his company I am certain was the chief cause why my journey had so good an effect: of which, however, I suppose he has given too sanguine accounts, as is usual with him.[1]

"Be so good as to read this letter to Dr. Black and to Mr. Ferguson. When I write to one, I suppose myself writing to all my friends: and I also wish to comprehend the Principal in the number.

[1] This paragraph is printed by Mackenzie.

Pray tell him that Mrs. Macauley is settled in Bath, and though her muse seems now to be mute, she is, if not a more illustrious, yet a more fortunate historian than either of us. There is one Dr. Wilson, a man zealous for liberty, who has made her a free and full present of a house of £2000 value, has adopted her daughter by all the rites of Roman jurisprudence, and intends to leave her all his fortune, which is considerable.

"Two ladies of my acquaintance have laid a scheme of bringing Lady Huntingdon and me together, for her or my conversion. I wish I may have spirits to humour this folly.[1]

On 10th June, Strahan wrote to Adam Smith, to say that he finds in a letter from Sir John Pringle, giving an account of Hume's health, "that all the good symptoms that attended his first trial of the Bath waters are now vanished. His distemper has returned with its usual violence, so he intends to leave that place and try Buxton."[2] He seems not to have attempted this change, but returning straight from Bath, he sent, on the way, invitations to a party of his friends to meet him at dinner. The note addressed to Dr. Blair is as follows:

"Mr. John Hume,[3] alias Home, alias The Home, alias

[1] MS. R.S.E. [2] MS. R.S.E.

[3] David Hume, as many of his letters must have shown, persisted in spelling his friend's name thus. To commemorate this dispute, and Home's dislike of port wine, he added this codicil to his will on 7th August: —

"I leave to my friend Mr. John Home of Kilduff, ten dozen of my old claret, at his choice; and one single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave to him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his hand, signed John *Hume*, that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession, he

the late Lord Conservator, alias the late minister of the gospel at Athelstaneford, has calculated matters so as to arrive infallibly with his friend in St. David's Street, on Wednesday evening. He has asked several of Dr. Blair's friends to dine with him there on Thursday, being the 4th of July, and begs the favour of the Doctor to make one of the number.[1]

Thus did this knot of men, united in friendship by the greatness of their talents, and their superiority to all things small and mean, meet for the last time round the social board, to bid, as it were, a farewell to him who had been the chief ornament and distinction of their circle. The eyes of these affectionate friends sedulously and anxiously watched the expiring flame—their pens have recorded the last scenes of its existence, and leave to the ordinary biographer only the task of embodying their statements in deferential silence. Nothing, therefore, remains, but to put together, along with the few remaining letters by Hume himself, the accounts furnished us by those who had the best means of knowing the manner in which he spent the last few days of his life.

The following is his last letter to John Home.

"*Edinburgh, 6th August*, 1776.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I shall begin with telling you the only piece of good news of the family, which is, that my nephew, in no more than two days that he has staid here, has recovered so surprisingly, that he

will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us concerning temporal matters." The original is in the MSS. R.S.E.

[1] Subjoined to the card, there is this note in Dr. Blair's handwriting :—"*Mem.* —This the last note received from Mr. David Hume. He died on the 25th of August, 1776." —*Mackenzie's Account of Home.*

is scarcely knowable, or rather is perfectly knowable, for he was not so on his first arrival.[1] Such are the advantages of youth! His uncle declines, if not with so great rapidity, yet pretty sensibly. Sunday, ill; half of yesterday the same; easy at present; prepared to suffer a little to-morrow; perhaps less the day after. Dr. Black says, I shall not die of a dropsy, as I imagined, but of inanition and weakness. He cannot, however, fix, with any probability, the time, otherwise he would frankly tell me.

"Poor Edmondstoune and I parted to-day, with a plentiful effusion of tears; all those *Belzebubians*[2] have not hearts of iron. I hope you met with every thing well at Foggo, and receive nothing but good news from Buxton. In spite of Dr. Black's caution, I venture to foretel that I shall be yours cordially and sincerely till the month of October next."[3]

[1] His nephew, Joseph, had just returned from abroad in very bad health.

[2] Colonel Edmondstoune was a member of what was called the Ruffian Club; men whose hearts were milder than their manners, and their principles more correct than their habits of life. *Mackenzie.*

[3] Mackenzie's Account of Home. On the 13th he wrote thus to his brother:—

"Dear Brother,—Dr. Black tells me plainly, like a man of sense, that I shall die soon, which was no disagreeable news to me. He says I shall die of weakness and inanition, and perhaps give little or no warning. But though I be growing sensibly weaker every day, this period seems not to be approaching; and I shall have time enough to inform you, and to desire your company, which will be very agreeable to me. But at this time your presence is necessary at Ninewells, to settle Josey, and comfort his mother. Davie will be also very useful with you. I am much pleased with his tenderness and friendship. I beg, therefore, that neither you nor he may set out; and as the communication between us is open and frequent, I promise to give you timely information."—*Lit. Gaz.* 1822, p. 746. MS. R.S.E.

Next in date is the following affectionate and considerate letter to his nephew.

"*Edinburgh, 15th August*, 1776.

"DEAR DAVY,—You need not doubt but your company, as well as your father's, would have been very agreeable to me, especially at present, for the consolation of your company; but I see the immediate inconveniences that attend it. You cannot be well spared from Josey, whose state of health, I am sorry to find, is still somewhat precarious; and there is no immediate call for your being here. For besides that you would but pass a melancholy time with me, however your affection might cover it and relieve it, I am weakening very gradually, and am not threatened with any immediate incident. I shall probably have more warning, in which case I shall not fail to summon you; and I shall never die in satisfaction without embracing you. I doubt not but my name would have procured you friends and credit, in the course of your life, especially if my brother had allowed you to carry it, for who will know it in the present disguise? But as he is totally obstinate on this head, I believe we had better let him alone. I have frequently told him, that it is lucky for him he sees few things in a wrong light, for where he does he is totally incurable. I am very much at my ease to-day. I beg my compliments to all your family. Your affectionate uncle."[1]

Of the manner in which he conducted himself when he had come near to the end of his days, Adam Smith tells us:—

His cheerfulness was so great, and his conversation and amusements run so much in their usual strain, that, notwithstanding all bad symptoms, many people could not believe he was dying. "I shall tell your friend, Colonel Edmond-

[1] MS. R.S.E.

stoune," said Dr. Dundas to him one day, "that I left you much better, and in a fair way of recovery." "Doctor," said he, "as I believe you would not choose to tell any thing but the truth, you had better tell him, that I am dying as fast as my enemies, if I have any, could wish, and as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire." Colonel Edmondstoune soon afterwards came to see him, and take leave of him; and on his way home, he could not forbear writing him a letter, bidding him once more an eternal adieu, and applying to him, as to a dying man, the beautiful French verses in which the Abbé Chaulieu, in expectation of his own death, laments his approaching separation from his friend, the Marquis de la Fare.[1] Mr. Hume's magnanimity and firmness were such, that his most affectionate friends knew that they hazarded nothing in talking or writing to him as to a dying man, and that so far from being hurt by this frankness, he was rather pleased and flattered by it. I happened to come into his room while he was reading this letter, which he had just received, and which he immediately showed me. I told him, that though I was sensible how very much he was weakened, and that appearances were in many re-

[1] Colonel Edmondstoune's letter has been preserved, and is as follows:—

"*Linlithgow, Wednesday.*

"MY DEAR, DEAR DAVID,—My heart is very full. I could not see you this morning. I thought it was better for us both. You can't die, you must live in the memory of all your friends and acquaintances, and your works will render you immortal. I could never conceive that it was possible for any one to dislike you or hate you. He must be more than savage who could be an enemy to a man of the best head and heart, and of the most amiable manners.

O toi, qui de mon ame es la chère moitié;
Toi, qui joins la délicatesse
Des sentimens d'une maitresse
À la solidité d'âne sure amitié,
David, il faut bien-tôt que la parque cruelle
Vienne rompre des si doux noeuds,
Et malgré nos cris et nos voeux
Bien-tôt nous assuirons une absence eternelle.

Adieu! adieu!" — MS. R.S.E.

spects very bad, yet his cheerfulness was still so great, the spirit of life seemed still to be so very strong in him, that I could not help entertaining some faint hopes. He answered, "Your hopes are groundless. An habitual diarrhœa of more than a year's standing, would be a very bad disease at any age: at my age it is a mortal one. When I lie down in the evening, I feel myself weaker than when I rose in the morning; and when I rise in the morning, weaker than when I lay down in the evening. I am sensible, besides, that some of my vital parts are affected, so that I must soon die." "Well," said I, "if it must be so, you have at least the satisfaction of leaving all your friends, your brother's family in particular, in great prosperity." He said that he felt that satisfaction so sensibly, that when he was reading, a few days before, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, among all the excuses which are alleged to Charon for not entering readily into his boat, he could not find one that fitted him; he had no house to finish, he had no daughter to provide for, he had no enemies upon whom he wished to revenge himself. "I could not well imagine," said he, "what excuse I could make to Charon in order to obtain a little delay. I have done every thing of consequence which I ever meant to do; and I could at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better situation than that in which I am now likely to leave them. I therefore have all reason to die contented." He then diverted himself with inventing several jocular excuses, which he supposed he might make to Charon, and with imagining the very surly answers which it might suit the character of Charon to return to them. "Upon further consideration," said he, "I thought I might say to him, 'Good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time, that I may see how the public receives the alterations.' But Charon would answer, 'When you have seen the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses; so, honest friend, please step into the boat.' But I might still urge, 'Have a little patience, good Charon; I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfal of some of the prevailing systems of

superstition.' But Charon would then lose all temper and decency. 'You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy loitering rogue.'"

But, though Mr. Hume always talked of his approaching dissolution with great cheerfulness, he never affected to make any parade of his magnanimity. He never mentioned the subject but when the conversation naturally led to it, and never dwelt longer upon it than the course of the conversation happened to require.[1]

[1] It is from more, perhaps, than the mere force of contrast, that, after reading this account of the manner in which the dying philosopher's thoughts were occupied,—the spelling of the family name, the imagined interview with Charon, &c. the following letter, addressed to him by a distant friend, possesses a peculiarly solemn interest.

WILLIAM STRAHAN *to* HUME.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Last Friday I received your affectionate farewell, and therefore melancholy letter, which disabled me from sending an immediate answer to it, as I now do, in hopes this may yet find you, not much oppressed with pain, in the land of the living. I need not tell you, that your corrections are all duly attended to, as every particular shall be that you desire or order. Nor shall I now trouble you with a long letter.

"Only permit me to ask you a question or two, to which I am prompted, you will believe me, not from a foolish or fruitless curiosity, but from an earnest desire to learn the sentiments of a man, who had spent a long life in philosophic inquiries, and who, upon the extreme verge of it, seems, even in that awful and critical period, to possess all the powers of his mind in their full vigour, and in unabated tranquillity.

"I am more particularly led to give you this trouble, from a passage in one of your late letters, wherein you say, *It is an idle thing in us to be concerned about any thing that shall happen after our death; yet this*, you added, *is natural to all men.* Now I would eagerly ask, if it is *natural to all men*, to be interested in futurity, does not this strongly indicate that our existence will be protracted beyond this life?

"Do you *now* believe, or suspect, that all the powers and faculties of your own mind, which you have cultivated with so much care and success, will cease and be extinguished with your vital breath?

How much his mind continued to be occupied with all that it had taken interest in, in the days of his health and enjoyment, the following letter, written five days before his death, will show: —

HUME *to the* COMTESSE DE BOUFFLERS.

"*Edinburgh, 20th of August*, 1776.

"THOUGH I am certainly within a few weeks, dear madam, and, perhaps, within a few days of my own death, I could not forbear being struck with the death of the Prince of Conti—so great a loss in every particular. My reflection carried me immediately to your situation in this melancholy incident. What a difference to you in your whole plan of life! Pray write me some particulars; but in such terms that you need not care, in case of decease, into whose hands your letter may fall.

"My distemper is a diarrhœa, or disorder in my bowels, which has been gradually undermining me these two years; but, within these six months, has

"Our soul, or immaterial part of us, some say, is able, when on the brink of dissolution, to take a glimpse of futurity; and for that reason I earnestly wish to have your *last thoughts* on this important subject.

"I know you will kindly excuse this singular application; and believe that I wish you, living or dying, every happiness that our nature is capable of enjoying, either here or hereafter; being, with the most sincere esteem and affection, my dear sir, faithfully yours."—MS. R.S.E.

"London, *August* 19, 1776."

This letter, if it ever reached him for whom it was designed, must have done so too late to receive an answer. But if he did peruse it, with his mind so collected and clear, yet so close on the point of being severed from those objects of literary ambition which had been its chief glory and occupation, how valuable would have been the first thought that passed across it, when the great question was brought thus so distinctly before his understanding!

been visibly hastening me to my end. I see death approach gradually, without any anxiety or regret. I salute you, with great affection and regard, for the last time."[1]

Smith, proceeding with his narrative, says, "He had now become so very weak, that the company of his most intimate friends fatigued him; for his cheerfulness was still so great, his complaisance and social disposition were still so entire, that when any friend was with him, he could not help talking more, and with greater exertion, than suited the weakness of his body. At his own desire, therefore, I agreed to leave Edinburgh, where I was staying, partly upon his account, and returned to my mother's house here, at Kirkaldy, upon condition that he would send for me whenever he wished to see me; the physician who saw him most frequently, Dr. Black, undertaking, in the mean time, to write me, occasionally, an account of the state of his health.

"On the 22d of August, the Doctor wrote me the following letter:—

"'Since my last, Mr. Hume has passed his time pretty easily, but is much weaker. He sits up, goes down stairs once a-day, and amuses himself with reading, but seldom sees any body. He finds that even the conversation of his most intimate friends fatigues and oppresses him; and it is happy that he does not need it, for he is quite free from anxiety, impatience, or low spirits, and passes his time very well with the assistance of amusing books.'

"I received, the day after, a letter from Mr. Hume himself, of which the following is an extract.

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, xvii. 306.

'*Edinburgh 23d August*, 1776.

'My dearest Friend, — I am obliged to make use of my nephew's hand in writing to you, as I do not rise to-day. . . . . .

'I go very fast to decline, and last night had a small fever, which I hoped might put a quicker period to this tedious illness; but, unluckily, it has, in a great measure, gone off. I cannot submit to your coming over here on my account, as it is possible for me to see you so small a part of the day; but Doctor Black can better inform you concerning the degree of strength which may, from time to time, remain with me. Adieu,' &c.[1]

"Three days after I received the following letter from Doctor Black:—

'*Edinburgh, Monday, 26th August*, 1776.

'Dear Sir, —Yesterday, about four o'clock, afternoon, Mr. Hume expired. The near approach of his death became evident in the night between Thursday and Friday, when his disease became excessive, and soon weakened him so much that he could no longer rise out of his bed. He continued, to the last, perfectly sensible, and free from much pain or feelings of distress. He never dropped the smallest expression of impatience; but, when he had occasion to speak to the people about him, always did it with affection and tenderness. I thought it improper to write to you to bring you over, especially as I heard that he had dictated a letter to you desiring you not to come. When he became very weak, it cost him an effort to speak; and he died in such a happy composure of mind that nothing could exceed it.'"

The world is fortunately in possession of an account of this event, by another scientific man of no less eminence, the great Dr. Cullen. From a letter which

[1] This letter, and Dr. Black's, are in the MSS. R.S.E.

he wrote to Dr. Hunter, on 17th September, the following extracts are made:

You desire an account of Mr. Hume's last days, and I give it you with some pleasure; for, though I could not look upon him in his illness without much concern, yet the tranquillity and pleasantry which he constantly discovered did, even then, give me satisfaction; and, now that the curtain is dropped, allows me indulge the less alloyed reflection. It was truly an example "des grands hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant;"[1] and to me, who have been so often shocked with the horrors of the superstitious on such occasions, the reflexion on such a death is truly agreeable. For many weeks before his death, he was very sensible of his gradual decay; and his answer to inquiries after his health was, several times, that he was going as fast as his enemies could wish, and as easily as his friends could desire. He was not, however, without a frequent recurrence of pain and uneasiness; but he passed most part of the day in his drawing-room, admitted the visits of his friends, and with his usual spirit conversed with them upon literature, politics, or whatever else was accidentally started. In conversation he seemed to be perfectly at ease, and to the last abounded with that pleasantry, and those curious and entertaining anecdotes, which ever distinguished him. This, however, I always considered rather as an effort to be agreeable, and he at length acknowledged that it became too much for his strength. For a few days before his death, he became more averse to receive visits; speaking became more and more difficult for him; and, for twelve hours before his death, his speech failed altogether. His senses and judgment did not fail till the last hour of his life. He constantly discovered a strong sensibility to the attention and care of his friends, and, amidst great uneasiness and languor, never betrayed any peevishness or impatience. . . . . .[2]

These are a few particulars, which may perhaps appear

[1] In reference to a work so entitled, published at Amsterdam.—*Dr. Thomson.*

[2] The passage here omitted describes the conversation about Lucian, and other incidents which have been already narrated.

trifling, but to me no particulars seem trifling that relate to so great a man. It is perhaps from trifles that we can best distinguish the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the philosopher, at a time when the most part of mankind are under disquiet, anxiety, and sometimes even horror. I consider the sacrifice of the cock as a more certain evidence of the tranquillity of Socrates, than his discourse on immortality.[1]

The death and burial of so distinguished a fellow citizen, were naturally the objects of much attention among the inhabitants of Edinburgh. On the one hand his unpopular opinions; on the other, the blameless character of his life and his great genius, excited conflicting opinions, and these giving zest to public attention and curiosity, attracted crowds to witness his funeral, and to look with mingled feelings, on the spot where his remains were, by the injunctions of his will, deposited.[2]

[1] Thomson's Life of Cullen, p. 607.

[2] In a little book, called "Supplement to the Life of David Hume, Esq." there is the following curious statement.

"The anxious attention with which the public viewed every circumstance respecting Mr. Hume's illness was not terminated even by his death. From the busy curiosity of the mob, one would have presumed them to entertain notions that the ashes of Mr. Hume were to have been the cause or the object of miraculous exertion. As the physicians of London and Edinburgh were divided about the seat of his disorder, those of the city where he died proposed that his body should be opened; but this his brother, who was also his executor, agreeably to the orders of the deceased, would not permit. It is hardly to be credited that the grave-diggers, digging with pick-axes Mr. Hume's grave, should have attracted the gaping curiosity of the multitude; that, notwithstanding a heavy rain which fell during the interment, multitudes of all ranks gazed on the funeral procession, as if they had expected the hearse to have been consumed in livid flames, or encircled with a ray of glory; that people in a sphere much above the rabble would have sent to the sexton for the keys of the burying-ground, and paid him to have access to visit the grave. And that on a Sunday evening, (the gates of the burying-ground being opened for another funeral,)

On the declivity of the Calton Hill there is an old grave-yard, which seventy years ago was in the open country beyond the boundary of the city of Edinburgh, and even at the present day, when it is the centre of a wide circumference of streets and terraces, has an air of solitude, from its elevated site, and the abrupt rocky banks that separate it from the crowded thoroughfares. There, on a conspicuous point of rock, beneath a circular monument built after the simple and solemn fashion of the old Roman tombs, lies the dust of David Hume. Whither the immortal spirit that gave life to it is gone, let no man too presumptuously pronounce; but let us rather contemplate with respectful awe, that unseen essence which the Deity had imbued with so great a power over the intellects of men, and believe that this wide sway over the destinies of the human species had its own wise and beneficent design, and was no produce of malign influences or untoward accidents. Fallacies may be the brilliant insects of a day, but truth is eternal; and when the searcher in philosophy groping amid the darkness of man's imperfect reason, produces falsehoods, they are speedily forgotten; but if he develop great truths, they live to bless his species for ever. There are few who will now deny that mankind have learned many valuable truths of David Hume. The wide influence of his mind over thought and action, during the last hundred years, is expressed in the mere naming of the systems of which he was the author or suggester.

His Metaphysical labours gave birth to two great

the company from a public walk in the neighbourhood flocked in such crowds to Mr. Hume's grave, that his brother actually became apprehensive upon the unusual concourse, and ordered the grave to be railed in with all expedition."

schools of philosophy. The one rising at his own door, endeavoured by powerful and earnest efforts to reconstruct in a more rational and substantial form the old system which he had sapped — the other in a distant land, where new lights of science had begun to burn, sought to raise mental philosophy from its original elements, purified of the dross and rubbish that had rendered the old materials cumbrous and unsafe, and to endow the whole with fresh life and a new form and structure.[1]

In Ethics he was the first to make an Utilitarian morality assume the aspect of a theoretical system, which it was the task of a great successor, aided by subordinate labourers, to apply to the practical operations of mankind, and to spread widely over the earth.

In History he was the first to divert attention from wars, treaties, and successions, to the living progress of the people, in all that increases their civilization and their happiness. The example thus set has been the chief service of the "History of England;" yet, with all the faults of its matter, its purely literary merits have been so great, that, as a classical and popular work, it has hitherto encountered no rival.[2]

But his triumphs in Political Economy are those

[1] On peut dire que Hume est la fantôme perpétuel de Kant. Dès que le philosophe Allemand est tenté de faire un pas en arrière, dans l'ancienne route, Hume lui apparaît et l'en détourne, et tout l'effort de Kant est de placer la philosophie entre l'ancien dogmatisme et le sensualisme de Locke et de Condillac, a l'abri des attaques du scepticisme de Hume. — *Cousin, Leçons sur la Philosophie de Kant*, 18.

[2] While this sheet is passing through the press, the French newspapers announce a new translation of Hume's History, "precedée d'un essai sur la vie et les écrits de Hume, par Campenon, de l'académie Française."

which, in the present day, stand forth with the greatest prominence and lustre. In no long time, a hundred years will have elapsed from the day when Hume told the world, what the legislature of this country is now declaring, that national exclusiveness in trade was as foolish as it was wicked; that no nation could profit by stopping the natural flood of commerce between itself and the rest of the world; that commercial restrictions deprive the nations of the earth "*of that free communication and exchange, which the author of the world has intended by giving them soils, climates, and geniuses, so different from each other;*" and that, like the healthy circulation of the blood in living bodies, Free Trade is the vital principle by which the nations of the earth are to become united in one harmonious whole.[1] Those who, with a reverential eye, have marked the wonders of the animal structure, and discovered beauty, utility, and harmonious purpose, where presumptuous ignorance has found uselessness or deformity; or have seen the lower animals, each working in its own blind ignorance, gregariously constructing a fabric more perfect, on philosophical principles, than human science can create,—have thence drawn vivid pictures of the wisdom and goodness with which the world is ordered. May we not extend

[1] In one of his epistles to the great Frederic, Voltaire says of the distribution of the fruits of the earth:—

> Il murit, à Moka, dans le sable Arabique,
> Ce caffé nécessaire aux pays des frimats;
> Il met la fièvre en nos climats,
> Et le remède en Amerique.

But the policy of the earth's distribution, with many other truths not to be at once penetrated, even by the keenest mortal vision, were mysteries to the auto-theist, and being so, were therefore to his self-sufficient wisdom, absurd and ludicrous. Could that be right of which the sage of Ferney could not understand the ruling principle!

this harmony to the social economy of the globe and say, that the spirit of activity and enterprise, harmonizing with the dispersal of the different bounties of Providence in the distant regions of the globe, are part of the same harmonious system; that the love of commerce and the desire of aggrandisement, which in the eye of a narrow philosophy assume the air of selfish and repulsive passions, represent themselves, when they are left to their legitimate course, as motives implanted in us for the great purposes of securing mutual dependance and kind offices, and their fruits, peace and good-will, throughout the great family of mankind. To be the first to teach that the earth is not doomed to the eternal curse of rivalry and strife, and to open up so wide a prospect of beneficence, may be an atonement for many errors, and in the eye of good taste may justify the brief assumption of conscious superiority, in which the subject of this memoir indulged, when he desired that the inscription on his monument should contain only his name, with the year of his birth and of his death. *Leaving it to posterity to add the rest.*

INDEX.

Abercrombie—General James, i. 212, 222, 311.
Abingdon—Lord, ii. 185.
Adam—John, architect, ii. 174, 187, 195, 286.
———, William—Lord Chief Commissioner, ii. 174. His notices of Hume, 439.
———, Mrs, ii. 174, 286.
Advocates' Library. Hume as librarian, i. 367. Its extent, 373. French works removed from, as improper, 395. Hume resigns librarianship of, ii. 18.
Aguillon—Duchesse de, ii. 175.
Albemarle—Lord, i. 245-246.
Alembert—D', i. 94; ii. 181. Hume's friendship with, 218, 270, 323, 345, 348, 350, 354, 355, 377, 589.
Allen—Dr., his inquiry into the rise and progress of the royal prerogative, ii. 122.
Amelia—The Princess, ii. 292.
Ancient Nations—Essay on the populousness of, i. 363.
Anderson—Revd. George, i. 425. His writings against Hume and Lord Kames, 428. His death, 432.
Anderson—Dr. Walter, i. 424.
Annandale—Marquis of. His invitation to Hume, i. 170. His mental condition, 172. Hume's residence with, 170, *et seq.*
———, Marchioness-Dowager of, i. 185. Letter to, 203.
Anson—Madame, ii. 236.
Anstruther—General, i. 383.
Antiquaries. Their use to the historian, ii. 122-123.
Antiquity, the populousness of. Dissertation on, i. 326.
Aquinas—His theory of association, i. 286. Its alleged similarity to Hume's, 287.
Argyle—Duke of, ii. 55.
Armstrong—Dr. ii. 64, 148.
Arnauld—Antony, i. 432.
Artois—Comte d', ii. 178.
Assembly—General. Its proceedings against Hume, i. 429. Overture to, regarding him, 430.
Association—Hume's theory of, i. 286.
Aylesbury—Lady, ii. 305, 385.

Bacon—Lord, ii. 67.
Balance of trade—Hume's opinions on, i. 358.
Balcarras—Earl of, letter to, i. 412. His appearance, 413.
Balfour—James of Pilrig, i. 160, 345, ii. 192, 414, 415.
Bank—Cash credit in. Its nature, i. 359.
Banking—Hume's remarks on, i. 359.
Barbantane—Marquise de, ii. 280, 309, 322, 360.
Barré—Colonel, ii. 150, 289.
Bastide—M. ii. 236, 241.
Bath—Hume's visit to, ii. 495, *et seq.*
Bayard—The Chevalier, ii. 441.
Beauchamp—Lord, ii. 161, 162, 171, 183, 204, 245, 268, 287.
Beauvais—Princess, ii. 497.
Beauveau—Madame de, ii. 206.
Beccaria, i. 121.
Bedford—Duke of, ii. 279, 280, 285, 290.
———, Duchess of, ii. 279.
Bellman's Petition, i. 315, 317.
Belot—Madame, her translation of Hume's works, ii. 176.
Bentham, i. 121, 384.
Berri—Duc de, ii. 178.
Bertrand—Professor, ii. 187.
Betham—Mr. and Mrs., i. 411.
Birch—Dr., i. 416, 436; ii. 82.
Black—Joseph. Letters from, ii. 488, 514-515.
Blacklock—Thomas, i. 385. Hume's first acquaintance with, 388. His ideas of light and colours, 389. Account of his early life, 390. Publication of his poems, 392. Miscellaneous notices of, 393, 398; ii. 164, 454. Letters from, 399.

Blacklock—Mrs., ii. 401.
Blackwell—Hume's criticism on his Court of Augustus, i. 434.
Blair—Dr. i. 427; ii. 86, 115, 117, 139, 153, 167, 175, 192, 198. Letters to, 180, 181, 193, 229, 265, 267, 286, 288, 297, 310, 312, 318, 344, 365, 371, 386, 395, 421, 472.
—— Robert, President of the Court of Session, ii. 423.
Blanc—Abbé le, i. 365. His translations from Hume, 366. Letter to, 406, 409; ii. 347.
Bologna—University of, i. 151.
Bon—Abbé le, his death, ii. 428.
Bonne—Hume's account of, i. 249.
Boswell—James, received Johnson in Hume's house, ii. 138, 139, 307, 441.
Boufflers—Madame de, ii. 72. Account of, 90. Her letters to Hume, 94, 99, 106, 110. Letters to, 114, 205, 246, 247. Notice of, 251, 279, 280, 298, 303, 323, 330, 346, 352, 353, 429. Last letter to, 513.
Bourgés—University of, i. 151.
Bower—Archibald, ii. 58.
Boyle—The Honourable Mr., i. 293.
Brand—Mr., ii. 225.
Breda—Hume's account of, i. 244.
Brest, ii. 63.
Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse, ii. 283, 497.
Bristol—Lord, ii. 407.
Brodie—George, ii. 66.
Brougham—Lord, ii. 348. His opinion of Hume's Political Discourses, i. 354.
Brown—Dr. John, ii. 23.
Browne—Sir Thomas, i. 94.
Bruce—Professor, ii. 192.
Bruyére—La, i. 148.
Buccleuch—Duke of, ii. 58, 227, 467.
Buchan—Lord, ii. 455.
Buckingham—Mrs., ii. 186.
Buffon—M. de, ii. 181, 299.
Bunbury—Mr. afterwards Sir Charles, ii. 159, 164, 189, 239, 277, 280.
—— Lady Sarah, ii. 239.
Burke—Edmund, i. 351, 353; ii. 59, 333, 449.
Burnet—James, Lord Monboddo, i. 394; ii. 204, 231.
Bute—Lord, ii. 34, 149, 159, 162, 163, 187, 258, 265, 282, 290, 334, 407, ii. 418.
Butler,—Samuel, ii. 90.
—— Bishop, i. 64, 143.

Caldwell—Sir James, i. 260.
Calton Hill—Hume's monument on, 518.
Campbell—Dr. George, ii. 115, 116. Letter to, 118. Letter from, 119. Notice of, 154.
Carlyle—Dr., ii. 88, 164, 266, 472.
Carraccioli, ii. 53.
Carre—George, of Nisbet, i. 115.
Cause and Effect—Hume's views of, i. 79. Their effect on Kant, ib.
Causes—unseen, aptly illustrated by Hume, i. 83.
Charles Edward—his insurrection, i. 175. Anecdotes of, ii. 462.
Charlemont—Lord. Description and anecdotes of Hume by, i. 270, 394; ii. 116, 223.
Chatham—Lord, ii. 396, 406, 418. Hume's dislike to, ii. 420, 422.
Chaulieu, 510.
Chesterfield—Lord, ii. 131, 160.
Cheyne—Dr. George, i. 42. His work, "The English Malady," i. 43.
Chivalry—Essay on, i. 18-25.
Choiseul—Duc de, ii. 228, 500.
—— Duchesse de, her civilities to Hume, ii. 169.
Choquart—Abbé, ii. 242, 261, 262, 271, 273.
Christianity — cannot be injured by theories purely metaphysical, i. 86, 88.
Church—Catholic. Hume's treatment of, ii. 5.
—— Scottish Episcopal. Its condition in Hume's time, ii. 6.
—— English. Hume's sympathies with, ii. 9.
Churchill—Charles, ii. 148.
Chute—Mr. ii. 225.
Cicero—Orations of. Essay on, i. 144, 145.
Clagenfurt in Carinthia. Hume's account of, i. 264.
Clairaut—M., ii. 295.
Clarendon—as a historian, i. 404.
Clark—General, ii. 172, 195.
Clarke—Dr. Staniers, ii. 179.
Cleghorn—William. Appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy, i. 170.
Clephane—Dr. Letters to, i. 314, 376, 379, 381, 384, 397, 408, 433; ii. 38, 443.
Clow—Mr., Professor of logic in the University of Glasgow, i. 351; ii. 199.
Club—The Poker. Its proceedings, ii. 456.
Coblentz—Hume's account of, i. 249.
Cockburn—Mrs. Letter from, ii. 250, 424, 449.
Coke—Sir Edward, ii. 69.
Colebroke—Sir George, ii. 460, 467.

Coleridge—His charge against Hume, i. 286. How disproved, 287.
Cologne—Hume's account of, i. 248.
Condé—Prince of, ii. 92.
Constitutional theories—Hume's, ii. 65, 67, 73.
Conti,—Prince of ii. 90, 221, 246, 297, 307.
—— Princess of, ii. 245.
Conway — Marshal, ii. 156-157, 283, 284, 305, 307, 324, 326, 351, 365, 371, 374.
—— Appoints Hume under-secretary, ii. 382, 396, 407.
Corby castle, i. 226.
Corneille, ii. 196.
Coutts—Provost, i. 165.
—— Thomas, ii. 476.
—— James, ii. 476.
Cowley, ii. 90.
Craigie—Professor, i. 350.
Crawford—James, i. 233; ii. 149, 500.
Crebillon—His "L'Ecumoire," i. 395; ii. 428.
Crowle—Anecdote regarding, i. 306.
Cudworth, i. 94.
Cullen—Dr. Letter to, i. 350, 418. Notice of, 411; ii, 199. Letters from, 489, 515; ii. 488.
Currency—Hume's views on, ii. 426.

D'Angiviller—M., ii. 216.
Dalrymple—Sir David, i. 395; ii. 413, 416.
—— Sir John, ii. 37, 467.
Dauphin of France—His attentions to Hume, ii. 177-178. Notice of, 286.
Davenport—Richard, ii. 313. Gives Rousseau a retreat at Wooton, 319. Notice of, 323, 327, 328. Letter from, 335, 336, 343, 345, 364, 367, 368, 370. Notice of, 374, 378, 379.
Deffand—Madame du. Character of, ii. 214. Her quarrel with Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse, 215.
De Lolme, i. 137.
D'Epinay—Madame. Anecdote from, ii. 224.
Dettingen—Battle-field of, i. 252.
Deyverdun, ii. 410.
Dialogues concerning Natural Religion —Their characteristics, i. 328-330. Account of them in a letter to Sir Gilbert Elliot, 332; ii. 490.
Dickson—David, ii. 383.
Diderot, ii. 181, 220.
D'Ivernois—M. ii. 325.
Divine right—Hume's opinions on, i. 123-124.
Dodwell—Mr., ii. 386.
Donaldson—Alexander, i. 431; ii. 4, 82.
Douglas—Mr., ii. 204.
—— Dr., afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, ii. 78, 87.
—— cause, ii. 150, 163, 203, 421, 423.
—— of Cavers, ii. 407.
—— Duchess of, ii. 232.
—— Lady Jane, ii. 424.
—— Tragedy of. Hume's criticism on, i. 419. Rehearsal of, 420.
Dow—Colonel, ii. 461.
Duclos, ii. 181, 347.
Dupré de St. Maur—Madame, ii. 168, 347.
Durand—M. ii, 378.
Dysart—Mrs., of Eccles. Hume's correspondence with, i. 337.
Dyson—Mr., ii. 132, 408.

Earthquakes—Fears regarding, i. 298.
Economy — Political. *See* Political Economy.
Edmondstoune—Colonel, i. 212, 397, 409. Letter to, ii. 182. Letter from, to Hume, 185. Letters to, 187, 473. Letter from, 474, 508.
Education—On the influences of, i. 85.
—— State of, in Scotland, in 17th and 18th centuries, i. 151.
Egmont—Countess of, ii. 299.
Election—Westminster, in 1749, i. 305.
Elibank—Lord, letters to, i. 192, 387; ii. 167, 252, 256, 257, 260.
Elliot—Sir Gilbert, of Minto. Hume's intercourse with, i. 320. Letters to, 321, 324. His criticism on Hume's Dialogue, 323. Hume's reply to, 324. Account of the "Epigoniad" to, ii. 25. Letter to, 32. Letters to, 144, 159, 189. Letter from, 233. Reply, 235. Letters to, 240, 244, 261, 270, 273, 280, 406, 407, 414. Letter from, 415. Letters to, 432, 434.
—— Gilbert, younger of Minto, afterwards Governor-general of India, ii. 233, 262, 271, 273, 281.
Elliot—Sir John, of Stobs, ii. 407.
—— Anne, ii. 345.
—— Hugh, ii. 262, 271, 273, 281.
—— Lady, ii. 415, 446.
—— Miss, ii. 62, 90.
—— Peggy, ii. 62.
"Emile"—Criticism on, ii. 114.
England—History of. Rapidity with which it was composed and printed, i. 381; ii. 121.
"English Malady," by Dr. Cheyne—Extracts from, i. 43-46.
Entails—Device for breaking, ii. 32.

Epicurean—The. Remarks on, i. 142.
Epicurus, i. 142.
"Epigoniad." Some account of, ii. 25. Hume's partiality to, 31. Its rejection by the public, 34, 37.
Eriot—Professor, ii. 241.
Erskine—Sir Harry, i. 212. Letter to, 219. His illness, 264, 397, 409; ii. 159.
Erskine—John, ii. 453.
Essay—Historical, on chivalry and modern honour, i. 18, 25.
Essays—Moral and Political, when published, and how, i. 136. Their success, 143. Third edition of, 289.
—— on Suicide and the Immortality of the Soul, ii. 13.
—— on Political Economy, i. 354, 363.
Eugene—Prince. His palace, i. 262, 501.

Fairholms—Bankruptcy of, ii. 195.
Falconer—Sir David, of Newton, i. 1.
Farquhar—John, ii. 154.
Ferguson—Sir Adam, ii. 451, 457.
—— Professor Adam. Hume's commendation of, ii. 32. Notice of, 34. Appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy, 45. Notice of, 56. "Sister Peg" attributed to him, 83. Hume's mystification on the subject, 88. Letter to, 172. Letter from, 175. His Essay on the History of Civil Society, 385, 409, 440, 461.
—— a painter, ii. 409.
Fitzmaurice—Mr., ii. 163, 171.
Fitz-roy—Charles, ii. 407.
Fléche—La. Hume's residence in, i. 57. Jesuit's College of, ib.
Fleury—Cardinal, 498.
Fontaine—La, Les Contes de, removed from the Advocates' Library, i. 395.
Forester—Colonel James. His connexion with the Marquis of Annandale, i. 174. Verses on his travelling to the Highlands of Scotland, ib.
Fourqueux, ii, 348.
France—State of morality in, during Hume's time, ii. 91.
—— Manners in, i. 53-54, 55-56; ii. 208.
Frankfort—Hume's account of, i. 251, 252.
Franklin—Benjamin, ii. 426, 427, 471, 476.
Fraser—James, i. 305. Hume's character of, 308.
Free Trade—Hume, as the founder of the principles of, ii. 520.
French literature. Its licentious features, i. 395.

Galliani—Abbé, ii. 428.
Garden—Francis, ii. 204.
Garrick—David, ii. 141, 309, 421.
Gascoigne—Chief-justice, ii. 69.
Genlis—Madame de, ii. 221, 301.
Geoffrin—Madame. Her position in Paris, ii. 210. Specimen of her handwriting, 211. Character of, 212, 471.
Geometry and Natural Philosophy—Dissertation on, i. 421.
Gerard—Alexander, ii. 55, 154, 155.
Gibbon—Edward, ii. 409. Letter from, 410. Letter to, 411, 484.
Gillies—Adam, ii. 138.
Glamorgan—Lord, ii. 77, 78.
Glanvill—Joseph, i. 83.
Glover—Richard, ii. 141.
Goodall—Walter, i. 374. Anecdote regarding him, ib.; ii. 254.
Gordon—Father, ii. 201.
Government—Monarchical. Hume's partiality for, i. 140.
Gower—Lord, i. 305.
Graffigny—M., ii. 390.
—— Madame de, ii. 391.
Grafton—Duke of, ii. 284, 397, 407, 432.
Grammont—Madame de, ii. 206.
Gregory—Dr., ii. 154, 155.
Grenville—George, ii. 191, 226, 265, 272, 274, 282.
Greville—Mrs. Her Ode to Indifference, i. 228.
Grimm—Baron de, ii. 168, 223.
Guerchy—M. de, ii. 290, 373.
Guichiardin, i. 113. His character of Alexander VI. 113-114.
Guigne—M. de, ii. 446.
Gustard—Doctor, ii. 504.

Hague—The. Hume's account of, i. 243.
Hamilton—Duke of, i. 417.
—— Sir William, i. 288; ii. 153.
Halifax—Lord, ii. 160, 277.
Hall—Edward, ii. 72.
Hallam—Henry, ii. 66.
Hardwicke—Lord, ii. 465.
Harrington—Hume's opinion of, i. 361; ii. 481.
Hawke—Admiral, ii. 63.
Hay—Secretary to Prince Charles Edward, ii. 203.
Helvétius—His "De l'Esprit," i. 121; ii. 52. Proposes Hume to translate it, 52. Hume excuses himself, 53. Notice of, 54, 57, 168, 181, 387. His intercourse with Prince Charles Edward, ii. 464.
Henault—President, ii. 181, 266, 269.

Henry—Robert. His History of Britain, ii. 469. Hume's review of it, 470.
Hepburn—Rev. Thomas, ii. 472.
Herbert—Mr., ii. 162.
Hertford—Marquis of. His appointment to the French Embassy, ii. 156. Invitation to Hume, 156, 158. Notice of, 159, 161, 164, 171, 172, 181. Hume's opinion of, 183, 188, 197, 205, 232, 258, 269, 272, 274, 278. Appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, 282, 284, 388.
—— Marchioness of, ii. 92, 161, 171, 280.
Hervey—Lady, ii. 225.
Historians—Benefit to, from being familiar with military service, i. 218, 221.
—— Knowledge requisite in, ii. 123-127.
History—Essay on, ii. 123, 126.
—— of England—Hume's. Preparation of, i. 378. Rapidity of composition, 381. Its reception, 414.
Hobbes—Hume's remarks regarding, i. 77, 94.
Holbach—Baron d', ii. 346, 353, 357.
Holderness—Lord, ii. 194, 386, 463.
Holingshed—Raphael, ii. 73.
Holland—Lord, i. 403; ii. 239.
Home—Alexander, Solicitor General, i. 208.
—— Alexander, of Whitfield. Letter to, i. 2-3.
—— Lord. His relationship to the Humes, i. 3.
—— Henry. Letters to, i. 62, 105, 144. Letter from, 204. His Essays, 426. Anderson's writings against, 428. Attacked in the General Assembly, 429. His Law Tracts, ii. 56, 131, 195, 454.
—— John. His "Douglas" noticed, i. 316, 392, 411; ii. 17. Hume's interest in him, i. 418. Hume's opinion of his "Douglas," i. 419; ii. 32. Suppressed dedication to, 16. His "Siege of Aquileia," 81, 159, 166, 188, 191, 199, 383, 444, 456, 475, 482. His diary of a journey with Hume, 495. Bequest of port wine to, 506, 507.
—— of Ninewells. *See* Hume.
—— Mrs., ii. 404.
—— Sir James of Blackadder, i. 3.
Hope—Lord, ii. 56.
Human Nature, treatise of i. 66. Character of the work, 66, 97. Its Style, 91.
——— Understanding, Philosophical Essays concerning, i. 271. Inquiry concerning, 271.
Human Actions, as the object of inductive philosophy, i. 275. Application of this theory to history, 276.
Hume—David, his birth and parentage, i. 2-3. Account of his family, 2-7. His opinions on the philosophy of family pride, 5. Scenes of his boyhood, 8-9. Account of his early years, 10-11. Education, ib. Early correspondence, 12-16. Ambitious projects, 17. Early writings 18-19. Essay on chivalry, 18-25. Deserts the law, 26. Letter to a physician, 30-39. Goes to Bristol, 39. Leaves Bristol for France, 48. Visit to Paris, 49. Residence at Rheims, 51-56. Residence at La Flèche, 57. Correspondence with Home, 62-65. Preparing his treatise for press, 65. Treatise of Human Nature, 66. Treatise on the Passions, 99. Review of Treatise in "Works of the Learned," 109. Anecdote on the subject, 110. Intercourse with Hutcheson, 112. Application for a situation, 115. Treatise on Morals, 120. Extracts from memorandum book, 127-135. Moral and Political Essays, their publication, 136. Their character, 137-143. His partiality for monarchical government, 140. Opinions on the liberty of the press, 137-139. Criticism on Cicero, 144-146. Correspondence with Hutcheson, 146. Correspondence with Mure, 153, 158. Thoughts on religion, 162. On prayer, 163. Endeavours to obtain the professorship of moral philosophy, 165. Opposition, 168-169. Unsuccessful, 170. Residence with the Marquis of Annandale, ib. Dissension there, 182-190. Its effect on Hume, 191. He resigns the appointment, 193. Different views of his resignation, 194. State of society in Scotland at that time, 196. Difficulty of means of subsistence, 196-197. Position of the poor scholar, 199. Offer from General St Clair of the Secretaryship accepted, 208. Expedition to the coast of France, 210. One of the historians who have been familiar with military service, 218. Letter to Sir Harry Erskine, 219. To Henry Home, 220. To Col. Abercrombie, 222. Desponding remarks on public affairs, 224. Returns to Ninewells, 225. Supposed character of

himself, found amongst his papers, 226. His poetical attempts, 227-229. Question whether he was ever in love, 231. Poetic epistle to John Medina, 234. Appointment as secretary to the mission to the court of Turin, 235. Letter to James Oswald, 236. Views regarding history, ib. Disinclination to leave his studies, 239. New edition of his Essays, ib. Philosophical Essays, ib. His position with General St. Clair, 240. Extracts from the Journal of his journey to Italy, 240-271. Hague, 242. Breda, 244. Nimeguen, 247. Bonne, 249. Coblentz, ib. Frankfurt, 251. Wurtzburgh, 252. Ratisbon, 255. Vienna, 257. Knittlefeldt, 262. Trent, 264. Mantua, 265. Turin, 266. Publication of his Philosophical Essays, 271. Inquiry concerning Human Understanding, 272. Doctrine of Necessity, 275. Doctrines on Miracles, 279-285. His mode of treating the subject, 281. Leading principle of his theory concerning, 282. Third edition of Essays, Moral and Political, 289. His mother's death, 291. Silliman's story, 292. Disproved, 293. Correspondence with Dr. Clephane, 296. Westminster election, 305. Document regarding James Fraser, 308. Letters to Col. Abercrombie, 311, 312. To Dr. Clephane, 314. Bellman's Petition, 315, 317. Correspondence with Sir Gilbert Elliot, 324. Dissertation on the Populousness of Antiquity, 326. Dialogues concerning Natural Religion, 328. Their character and tendency, 330. Writes to Elliot regarding them, 331. His brother's marriage, 337. Letter to Mrs. Dysart, ib. The independence of his mind, and moderation of his wishes, 340. Letter to Michael Ramsay, 342. His domestic arrangements, 344. His theory of morals, 346. Utilitarian system, 344. Limited extent to which Hume carried it, 347. Charge against it, 349. Publication of Political Discourses, 350. Is unsuccessful in his application for the chair of logic in Glasgow, 350. Letter to Dr. Cullen, 350. Unfitness to be a teacher of youth, 352. Political Discourses, 354. Political economy, 355, 366. Appointment, as keeper of the Advocates' Library, 367. Letter to Dr. Clephane, 369, 376. Account of domestic arrangements, 377. Preparation of the History, 378. Letter to Dr. Clephane, 379, 381. Absorbing nature of his studies, 382. Kindness to Blacklock, 385. Letter to Joseph Spence, 388. To Adam Smith, 393. Gives Blacklock his salary as librarian, 393. History of the Stuarts, 397. Letter to Dr. Clephane, 397. Conflicting opinions regarding the History of the Stuarts, 400. Misapprehension regarding state of constitution, 403. Inconsistencies between his philosophical and historical works, 405. Letter to the Abbé le Blanc, 406. To Dr. Clephane, 408. To William Muro of Caldwell, 409. To Mrs. Dysart, 410. To Andrew Millar, 415. To Adam Smith, 417. Criticism on Home's "Douglas," 419. *Edinburgh Review*, 422. Attacked by Anderson, 429. By the church courts, 430. The second volume of the History of the Stuarts, ii. 5. Its reception, ib. Apologies for his treatment of religion, 10. Unpublished preface, 11. Essay on Suicide, 13. Natural History of Religion, ib. The suppressed Essays, ib. Resigns the office of librarian, 18. Dedication to Home, 21. Third volume of the History, 22. "Epigoniad," 25. Warburton's attack, 35. Goes to London, 47. Correspondence with Dr. Robertson, 48. Returns to Scotland, 65. History of the Tudors, ib. His constitutional theories, 67. Alterations of the History in the direction of despotic principles, 73. Specimens of alterations, 74-77. Specimens of alteration in style, 79, 80. Letter to Millar, 81. To Robertson, 83. Macpherson's "Ossian," 85. Letter to Dr. Carlyle, 88. To Adam Smith, 89. Madame de Boufflers, 90. Correspondence with Madame de Boufflers, 94-98, 102. Rousseau, 102. Letters from Earl Marishal, 104. Criticism on "Emile," 114. Publication of the History anterior to the accession of the Tudors, 120. Intention to write an Ecclesiastical History, 130. Correspondence with Millar, 132. Residence in James's Court, 136. Corrections of his works, 144. His projects, 144-146. Douglas cause,

150. Criticisms on Reid's "Inquiry into the Human Mind," 153. Accepts the office of secretary to the French embassy, 157. Correspondence on the occasion, 157-160. His celebrity in Paris, 167. Feelings on the occasion, 171-172. Attentions of the dauphin, 177. Memoirs of James II., 179. Advice to a clergyman, 185. Secretaryship of the embassy, 188. His pension, 191. Letters from Paris, 193. Madame de Boufflers, 205. Social position in France, 207. Notices by H. Walpole, 225. Takes charge of Elliot's sons, 235. Settles them in Paris, 244. Liability to anger, 251. Letter to Lord Elibank, 252. Care of Elliot's sons, 273. Secretaryship of legation, 278-281. Is appointed to it, and to receive the salary, 284. Expects to be secretary to Lord Hertford, as Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, 287. Is disappointed, 289. Rousseau, 293. Hume's first opinion of him, 299. Brings him to England, 303. Settles him at Wooton, 319. Rousseau's quarrel, 326-380. Publication of it, 354-360. Walpole, 361. Kindness to Rousseau, 381. Appointed under secretary of state, 382. His amiability of character, 390. Compared with his nephew, Baron Hume, 402. His interest in the education of his nephews, 403. Influence in church patronage, 406. His picture, 408. Criticism of Robertson's Charles V., 412. Views on currency, 426. Returns to Edinburgh, 429. Education of his nephews, 430. His dislike of the English, 433. His social character, 437. Temper and disposition, 441. His own account of his character, 442. His conversation, 451. Traditional anecdotes, 457. Incidents regarding Prince Charles Edward, 462. Review of Henry's History, 469. Political opinions, 479. Impatient for Smith's "Wealth of Nations," 483. His last illness, 487, *et seq.* His will, 489. Disposal of his manuscripts, 490. Publication of the "Dialogues on Natural Religion," 491-493. Negotiations with Smith on the subject, ib. His journey to Bath, 495, *et seq.* John Home's account of their journey, ib. His return, 506. Party to bid him farewell, 507. Correspondence, ib. Smith's account of his latter days, 514. Account of his death by Dr. Black and Dr. Cullen, 515. His funeral and monument, 517-518. Influence of his works on the opinions of the world, 519.

Hume, or Home of Ninewells—Anecdote of, i. 6, 7.

—— John of Ninewells, brother to Hume, i. 213. Narrative of the Expedition to the coast of France, addressed to, 213-217. His marriage, 337. Letters to, ii. 290, 308, 396. His character, 398.

—— David, afterwards Baron, ii. 400. Compared with his uncle, 402, 405, 425, 474, 479, 480.

—— Joseph, of Ninewells, i. 1.

—— Joseph, younger. His education, ii. 174, 175, 292, 398, 403, 404.

—— Director, i. 387.

—— John. *See* Home—John.

—— Mrs., verses by, i. 295.

—— Frank, ii. 199.

Huntingdon—Lady, ii. 506.

Hurd—Warburton's letter to, ii. 35. Notice of, 50.

Hutcheson—Francis, i. 111. Hume's correspondence with, 112. His reflexions on Hume's papers, 112. Letter to, 117, 146.

Ideas—Hume's theory of, i, 70.

Impressions—Hume's theory of, i. 73.

Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals, i. 344. Its tendency, ib.

—— concerning Human Understanding, its publication, i. 273. Views developed in it, 274.

Irvine—Colonel, ii. 160.

James II.—Memoirs of, ii. 179, 200.

James's Court—Hume's residence in, description of, ii. 136.

Jardine—Dr., ii. 197, 230, 286. His death, 317, 318.

Jeffrey—Lord, i. 403.

Jenyns—Soame, ii. 55, 59.

Johnson—Dr., ii. 122. Anecdote of, 138, 420.

Johnstone of Hilton—Anecdote of, i. 6, 7.

—— Colonel John, i. 185.

—— Sir James—of Westerhall, i. 175, 176. Letters to, 182, 184, 192. Letter to, from Henry Home, 204.

Johnstone—Sir William, ii. 168.

Journal—Hume's, of his journey to Italy, i. 240, 271.

Judge Advocate—Hume appointed, i. 212. Claim for half-pay, 222.

Justice Clerk—The, ii. 47.

Kames—Lord. *See* Home—Henry.
Kant—Effect of Hume's Theory of Cause and Effect on, i. 79. His justification of Hume, 88.
Keith—Mr., ii. 431.
Keith—General, i. 498.
Kenrick—William Shakspere, editor of *The London Review*, i. 110.
Kincaid—Alexander, i. 431 ; ii. 4, 81, 82.
Kirkpatrick—James, i. 387.
Knittlefeldt in Styria, Hume's account of it, i. 262.
Knox—John, ii. 58.

La Chapelle, ii. 270.
La Harpe, ii. 468.
Lansdowne—Lord, ii. 146.
Larpent—Mr. ii. 245, 271.
Law and government—first principles of, Hume's remarks on, i. 122.
Leechman—Dr., i. 160. Hume's criticism on his sermon, 161, 411.
Legge, H. B. ii. 54.
Leslie—Sir John. His professorship, i. 89.
L'Espinasse—Mademoiselle de. Her position with Madame du Deffand, ii. 215. D'Alembert's attachment to her, ib. Notice of, 237.
Lestock—Admiral Richard, i. 210.
Leyden—University of, i. 151.
Lindsay—Lord, i. 413.
—— Lady Anne. Her remembrances of Hume, ii. 445.
Liston—Mr., afterwards Sir Robert, ii. 245, 270, 271, 273, 280, 414.
Literature, French—State of, ii. 166. *Locke, i. 94 ; ii. 68.*
Logic—chair of, in Glasgow, i. 350.
L'Orient—Port of, i. 211. Expedition against, i. 211.
Loughborough—Lord, ii. 425.
Louis XV—Anecdotes of, 499.
Lounds—Mr., ii. 368.
Lyttelton—George Lord, i. 391, 433; ii. 55, 58, 79, 82, 226, 345.
Luze—M. de, ii. 303-305.

Macdonald—Sir James, ii. 228, 229, 257, 267, 272, 349.
Mackenzie—Henry, i. 58. His ideas of Hume, ii. 438, 444.
Mackenzie, Stuart, ii. 258, 259.
Mackintosh—Sir James, i. 287.
Macpherson—James, i. 462; ii. 85, 461.
Malesherbes, ii. 219.
Maletête—M., ii. 428.
Mallet—David, ii. 3, 79, 82, 131, 140, 141. Letter from, to Hume, 142. Notice of, 144, 187, 232. His death, 273.
—— Mrs., ii. 62, 141, 200, 232.
Malthus, i. 364.
Mansfield—Lord, ii. 163, 386, 415, 424, 466.
Mantua—Hume's account of, i. 265.
March—Lord, ii. 240, 241, 242, 245.
Marchmont—Lord, extraordinary adventure of, i. 237.
Marischal—Lord, ii. 103. Letters from, 104, 105. Notice of, 113, 139, 175, 179, 182, 217, 293, 295, 306, 313, 354, 464, 465.
Markham—Sir George, ii. 146.
Marlborough—Duke of, ii. 141.
—— Duchess of, ii. 141.
Marmontel, ii. 181, 196.
Martigny, ii. 52.
Masserane—Prince, ii. 428.
Mathematics. Hume's application of, i. 73.
Mauvillon—Eléazar, i. 365.
Maxwell—Sir John, ii. 455.
Mead—Dr., i. 316.
Medina—John, poetic epistle to, by Hume, i. 234.
Memorandum book—Hume's. Extracts from, i. 126-135.
Mesnières—President, ii. 177.
Metaphysics. Theories purely such not dangerous to religion, i. 86, 88.
Millar—Andrew, i. 415. His views for Hume, ib. Correspondence with, 421 ; ii. 2, 22, 34. Notice of, 57, 64, 81. Letters to, 130, 134, 135, 136, 138, 143, 147, 179, 199, *200, 231, 263, 264, 272, 393, 408.*
—— Mrs., ii. 180, 200, 232.
—— Professor, ii. 474, 479, 480, 481.
Milton—Lord, ii. 46, 199.
Minto—Lord, i. 320 ; ii. 203.
Mirabeau, the elder, i. 365, 366.
Miracles—Doctrines on, i. 279-286.
Mirepoix—Madame de, ii. 244, 245.
Monarchical character—sacredness of, Hume's ideas on, ii. 70.
Monboddo—Lord, ii. 467. *See* Burnet.
Moncrief—David, ii. 431.
Money—Letter on the value of, i. 301.
—— Elements of the value of, according to Hume, i. 358-360.
Montesquieu, i. 92, 139. His Esprit des Loix, i. 304. His appreciation of Hume's critical works, 305, 365, 387. Letters from, to Hume, 426.

Montigny—Trudaine de, letter from, ii. 167, 352.
—— Madame, ii. 348.
Moore—Mr. ii. 436.
Moral and Political Essays, their publication, i. 136.
—— Sentiments—Theory of, by Adam Smith, ii. 55. Hume's appreciation of it, ib.
Morals—Treatise on, i. 120. Principles of, inquiry concerning, 344. The utilitarian, limited extent to which it was carried by Hume, 347. Charge against it, 349.
Morellet—The Abbé, ii. 276, 337, 425. Letter to, 426.
Morrice—Corbyn, ii. 147.
Mount Stuart—Lord, ii. 184.
Muirhead—Mr., i. 411.
Mure—William, of Caldwell, i. 380. Letters to, i. 153, 158, 162, 165; ii. 19, 158, 165, 199, 200, 390, 391, 436, 478.
Murray—Lady Elliot, letter from, ii. 446.
—— Alexander, i. 306; ii. 93, 101, 168, 258, 259.
—— Mrs., ii. 281.
—— of Broughton, i. 167.
Musset Pathay, ii. 322, 325, 329, 330.

Nairne—Mr. ii. 456.
National characters—Essay on, i. 290.
Nationality—Hume's spirit of, ii. 31.
Natural Philosophy—Hume's notes on, i. 95-96.
Natural Religion—Dialogues concerning, i. 328, 330. Arrangements regarding their publication, ii. 490-493.
Necessity—Doctrine of, i. 275.
Necker, ii. 487.
Neville—Mr., ii. 171.
Nicholas—Sir Harris. His chronology of history, ii. 123.
Nicol—Miss, ii. 361.
Niebuhr, i. 218.
Nimeguen—Hume's account of, i. 247.
Ninewells, family residence of the Humes, i. 1, 8.
Nivernois—Duc de, ii. 286, 431, 449.
Nominalism—Hume's, a system of, i. 73.
North—Lord, ii. 479.
Norwich—Bishop of, ii. 54.
Note-book—Hume's, extracts from, i. 126-135.

Obedience—Passive, Hume's opinions on, ii. 70.
Orange—Prince of. His popularity, i. 242.
Ord—Baron, ii. 436.
—— Miss, ii. 436, 494.
Original Contract—Essay of the, i. 290.
Orleans—Duke of, ii. 269.
—— Duchess of, ii. 269.
Ormond—James Butler, Duke of, ii. 77.
Ossian's Poems, ii. 85. Essay on the authenticity of, 86. Notice of, 180.
—— Papers regarding, i. 462.
Ossory—Lord, ii. 322.
Oswald—Sir Harry, ii. 188, 191.
—— James, of Dunnikier, i. 156, 222. Letter to, 236, 301, 380. Notice of, ii. 58. Letter to, 149. Notice of, 188. Letter to, 275.

Page du Boccage—Madame de, ii. 213.
Paley—William, i. 152.
Palgrave—Sir Francis, ii. 122.
Paoli, King of Corsica, ii. 307.
Paris—Abbé, miracles at his tomb, i. 49-50.
—— Hume's first visit to, i. 49-51.
—— University of, i. 151.
Passions—Treatise on, i. 99. Some account of, 104. Dissertation on, 421.
Passive obedience—Essay of, i. 220.
Percy—Bishop, ii. 385.
Peyrou, du, ii. 335.
Philosophical Essays concerning the Human Understanding. When published, i. 271.
Philosophy—System of, in the Treatise of Human Nature, i. 66, 97. Its characteristic, 97.
Physician—Letter to, i. 30-39, 41, 42.
Piozzi—Mrs., ii. 139.
Pitcairne—Dr., ii. 390.
Pitfour—Lord, ii. 480.
Pitt—William, i. 392; ii. 63, 159, 160, 162, 163.
Platonist—The, i. 141.
Pluche—The Abbé, i. 52.
Plutarch—Hume's project of translating, i. 415, 417.
Poetry by Hume, i. 228.
—— by Mrs. Home of Ninewells, i. 295.
—— By Miss A. B., to Mrs. H——, by her Black Boy, i. 296.
Political Discourses—Publication of, i. 350. Their character, 354.
—— Economy. Hume's ideas on, i. 355. How received, 356. State

of opinion on, in the time of Hume, i. 355-356. Effect of the French Revolution on, 357.
Political Doctrines — Hume's, i. 123. Their inconsistency with his historical works, 405.
Pompadour—Madame de, ii. 169.
Populousness of Ancient Nations—Essay on, i. 326, 363.
Praslin—Duc de, ii. 172, 283, 290.
—— Duchess de, ii. 173.
Press—Liberty of, i. 137-138.
Prevôt—Abbé, i. 408 ; ii. 52.
Primrose—Lady, ii. 462.
Pringle—Sir John, president of the Royal Society of London, i. 165. Letter to, ii. 462. Letter from, 465, 476.
Protestant Succession—Essay on, i. 365.
Provence—Comte de, ii. 178.
Prussia—King of, ii. 306, 309, 363.
Prynne—William, i. 405.
Puysieuls—Mons. de, ii. 204, 266.

Quesnay, i. 365.

Rabutin—Bussy, i. 396.
Ralph—Mr., ii. 148.
Ramsay—Allan, i. 421; ii. 135.
—— The Chevalier, i. 12, 53.
—— Michael, an early correspondent of Hume's, i. 11, 51, 107, 116. Letter to, ii. 342.
Ratisbon—Hume's account of, i. 255.
Raynal — The Abbé, i. 365.
Record Commission. Works prepared by, ii. 121.
Reid — Dr. Thomas; his "Inquiry into the Human Mind," ii. 151. Intercourse with Hume, 153. Letter from, 154.
Religion — Hume's thoughts regarding, i. 162-164, 279. His treatment of, ii. 5. Tone in speaking of the Roman Catholic religion, ii. 6.
—— Hume's apologies for his treatment of, ii. 10.
—— Natural. Dialogues concerning, i. 328; ii. 490. Their character and tendency, i. 330.
Republicanism—Hume's estimate of, ii. 481.
Review—The original *Edinburgh*. Its origin, i. 422.
Rheims—Hume's residence in, i. 51-56.
Rianecourt—Madame, ii. 351.
Riccoboni—Madame, ii. 350.
Richmond—Duke of, ii. 282, 290, 326.
Rivière, i. 365.
Robertson—Dr. William. Hume's commendations of, ii. 32, 43. Letter to, regarding Queen Mary, 48. Correspondence with Hume, 49-55. Notice of, 58. Correspondence and notices, 83, 100, 176, 229, 252, 266, 270, 286, 383. Remarks by Hume on his History of Charles Fifth, 412, 445, 453, 470.
Robinson—Sir Thomas, i. 257.
Roche—La. Story of, i. 58.
Rockingham—Lord, ii. 282, 395, 396.
Rodney—Admiral, ii. 61.
Rohan—Louis, Prince de, ii. 221.
Rollin, ii. 50.
Romilly—Sir Samuel, ii. 220.
Rougemont—M., ii. 330.
Rousseau—Jean Jacques, ii. 102, 110, 112-113, 114, 187. Takes up his abode at Motier Travers, 293. Removes to St. Pierre, 294. Goes to Strasburg, 296. To Paris, ib. The enthusiasm for him at Paris, 299. Goes to England, 303, 308, 311, 312. Hume's account of him, 315. His judgment on his own works, 316. Settlement at Wooton, 319. Walpole's letter, 321. Pension from the King of England, 324. Quarrel with Hume, 326-380.
Ruat—Professor, ii. 56, 62.
Ruddiman—Thomas, i. 367; ii. 19.
Russel—J., ii. 192.
Rutherford—Dr., ii. 199.

Saducismus Triumphatus, i. 83.
Sandwich—Lord, ii. 160.
Sarsfield—Count, ii. 388.
Saurin, ii. 387.
Sceptic—The, i. 141. Character of, 143.
Scholar—The poor. His position in Hume's time, i. 199.
Scott of Scotstarvet, i. 416.
—— Sir Walter. His remarks on Hume's poetical attempts, i. 226, 227; ii. 137.
Selwin—George, ii. 240.
Shaftesbury—Lord, i. 384.
Sharp—Matthew, of Hoddam. Letter to, i. 178-180, 386.
Sheffield—Lord, ii. 409.
Shelburne—Lord, ii. 405, 406.
Short,—Mr. ii. 64.
Silliman—the American traveller. His story regarding Hume, i. 291-293.
Smellie—William, ii. 469.
Smith—Adam. His first introduction to Hume, i. 117. His appointment

to the chair of Moral Philosophy, 350. The method of his political economy, 361. Letters to, and notices of, 375, 393. His correspondence with Hume, 417. Letter to, ii. 16. Hume's commendation of, 32. Notice of, 58, 59. Correspondence with, 89, 148, 150, 157, 160, 168, 227, 228, 348, 349, 353, 388, 390, 395, 426, 429, 432, 433, 459, 461, 466, 471. Letter to, on his "Wealth of Nations," 486. Appointed Hume's literary executor, 490. Letters to, 491. Revocation of the nomination, 494. His account of Hume's last moments, 509.

Smollett—Tobias, ii. 53. Hume's interest in, 405. Letter from, 418. Letter to, 419.

Solitude—Hume's opinion on, i. 99.

Spence—Joseph. Letter to, i. 388. Notice of, 435.

Spinoza, i. 89.

St. Clair—General. His invitation to Hume, to act as secretary to the expedition to the Coast of France, i. 208. His expedition, ib. 440. Appoints Hume secretary to the mission to the Court of Turin, 235, 372.

Stanislaus Augustus, King of Poland, ii. 91.

Stevenson—John, ii. 46.

Stewart—Dugald, i. 88, 89.

—— John, ii. 168, 180, 311, 321.

Stobo—Captain Robert, ii. 418.

Stoic—The, i. 141.

Strahan—William, ii. 82-83, 412. Hume's papers left to the charge of, 494. Letters from, 477, 512.

Stuart—Andrew, ii. 168, 175, 203, 423, 424, 466.

—— Dr., ii. 454.

—— Mackenzie, Mr., ii. 25n.

—— Gilbert, ii. 414, 416, 467. His opinion of himself, 468. Anecdotes regarding, 469. His malignity, ib. 470.

Stuarts—History of the, i. 399. Character of the work, ib. Conflicting opinions regarding, 400. Charge brought against, 401. Tendency, 402. Its reception, 414. Second volume, ii. 2.

Suard—M. Letter to, ii. 357.

Suicide—Hume's ideas on, ii. 15.

Sympathy—Criticism on Smith's ideas on, ii. 60.

Tate—Christopher, ii. 432.

Tavistock—Lord, ii. 239.

Teacher of youth—Hume's unfitness for, i. 352. Qualifications requisite, ib.

Temple—Lord, ii. 163.

Tessé—Countess of, ii. 206.

Thomson—Dr. John, i. 351, 353.

Torbay, ii. 63.

Townsend—Lord, ii. 407.

—— Charles, ii. 58, 132, 133, 134, 304, 305.

—— Mrs., ii. 305.

Trade—Free. *See* Free Trade

Tragedy—Dissertation on, i. 421.

Trail—Dr. ii. 204, 245, 456.

Treatise of Human Nature, when published, i. 66. Character of the work, 66-97. Its service to philosophy, 90. Characteristics of the system, 97. Hume's condition during its composition, 96. Its reception, 107-109. Treatise on the Passions, some account of, 99. Treatise on Morals, its character, 120-123.

Trent—Hume's account of, i. 264.

Trentham—Lord, i. 305.

Tronchin, ii. 186, 338, 345.

Tucker. His Light of Nature, i. 150.

—— Dr., ii. 428.

Turgot, i. 365. Hume's friendship with, ii. 219, 351, 354. Letters from, 352, 381, 428.

Tweeddale—Marquis of, ii. 383.

Understanding—The. Treatise on, i. 99.

Universities—foreign. The resort of Scottish youth, i. 150.

Utilitarian system—Hume's development of, i. 121, 344. Limited extent to which he carried it, 347

Vain man—Hume's character of, i. 104.

Vallière—Duc de, ii. 268.

Vandeput—Sir George, i. 105.

Vauban, i. 365.

Vasseur—Therèse le, ii. 294, 299, 305, 307, 323, 352, 366, 370.

Verdelin—Madame de, ii. 295.

Vienna. Hume's account of the court there, and his introduction, i. 257-259.

Vincent—Captain Philip, i. 177, 180. His position with the Marquis of Annandale, 181, 186-189. Letter from, 189. Terms specified by, of Hume's engagement with the Marquis of Annandale, 201, 203.

Voltaire, i. 219; ii. 57, 126, 166, 184, 195, 323, 348, 358. His "Henriade." Hume's opinion of, 440.

Walker—Professor, ii. 334.

Wallace—Dr. Robert, i. 364, 387 ii. 193.

Walpole, Lady, ii. 138.
———, Sir Robert. Hume's character of, i. 289.
———, Horace. Anecdote from, i. 197; ii. 54, 55, 159. His notices of Hume, 226. Account of his own reception in Paris, 226. His letter in the name of the King of Prussia, 306, 321. His Memoirs of George III., 282, 345, 351. Letter to, 355, 361.
Warburton—Bishop. His letter to Hurd, i. 285. Notice of, ii. 35. His letter against Hume, ib. His Remarks on Hume's essays, ib. Notice of, 38, 64, 454.
Warton—Thomas, ii. 51.
Wealth of Nations—Hume's opinion of the, ii. 486.
Wedderburn—Alexander, i. 379; ii. 471.
Westminster election, in 1749, i. 305.
Weymouth—Lord, ii. 384.
Wilkie—William. His "Epigoniad," ii. 25, 29. His education, 26.
Wilkes—John, ii. 148, 202, 282, 422.
Wilson—Mr. type-founder, ii. 59.
Wood—Mr. ii. 63, 182.
Worcester—Marquis of. *See* Glamorgan—Lord,
Wray—Mr., ii. 465.
Wroughton—Mr., ii. 272.
Wurtzburg—Hume's account of, i. 252.
York—Archbishop of, ii. 386.
———, Duke of, ii. 310.
Yorke—Mr., ii. 59.

ERRATA.

Vol. i. p. 361, for *Harrison* read *Harrington*.
Vol. ii. p. 14, in the reference in the note, p. 246, read p. 216.
——— p. 215, for *protégé* read *protégée*.

00024325

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 23 March, 2016